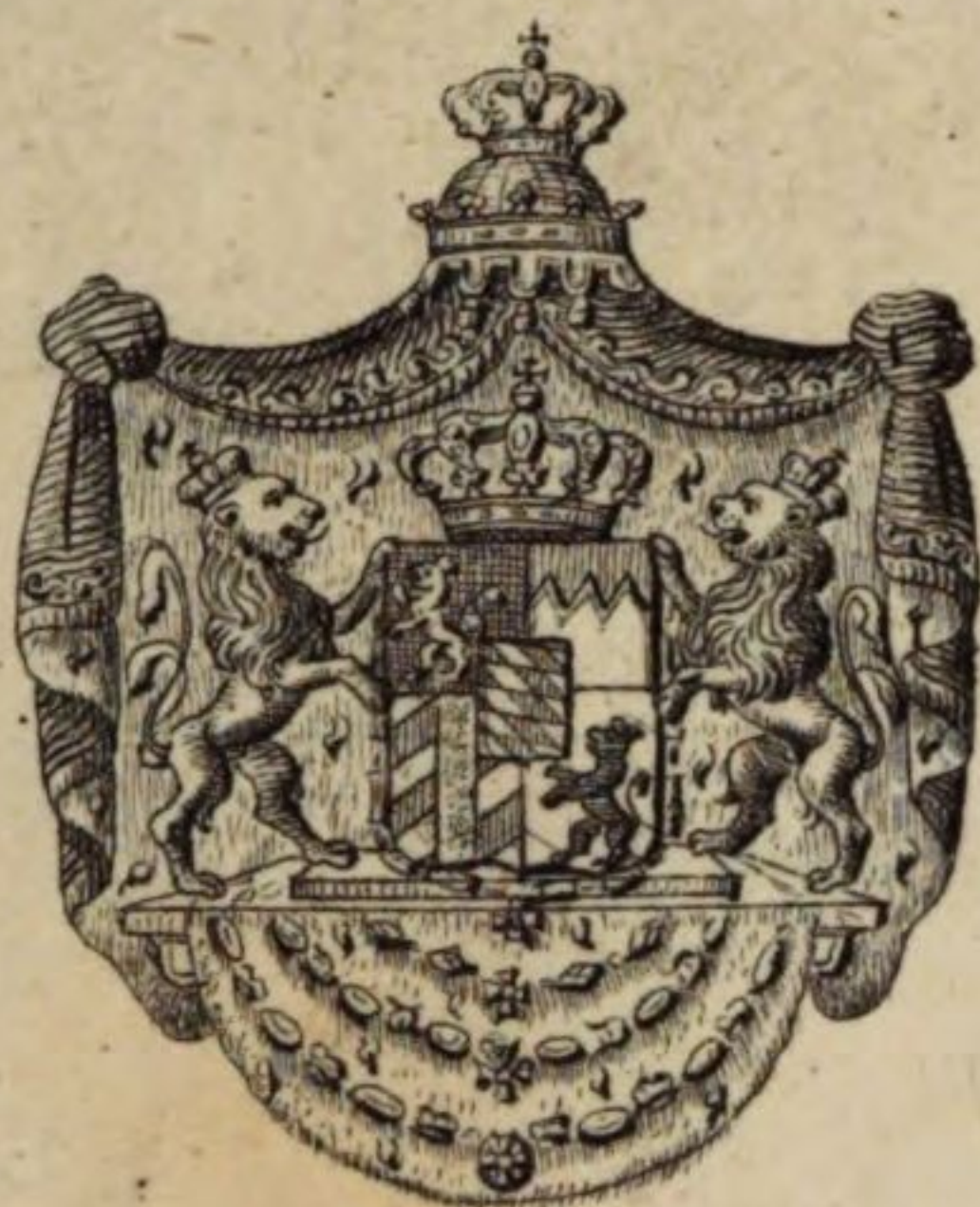


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THE BUDGET
OF
THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

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THE BUDGET

OF

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

BY

LADY LYTTON BULWER,

AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY."

Frangas non flectas.

"The business of mankind is strangely trifling and transient. Things are so hollow, and so quickly hurried off, that the world looks somewhat like a scene of necromancy, and seems to be more apparition than real life."—*Meditations of the EMPEROR MARCUS ANTONINUS.*

Ridendo dicere verum.—HORAT.

"Bubble! bubble! toil and trouble!"—MACBETH.



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THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

—
1840.

44.D

THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

OF

LADY LYTON BUBBLE.

ACTION OF "CHERRY.".

Prologue and Act I.

"The business of mankind is strangely trifling and transient. Things are so hollow, and so quickly hurried off, that the world looks somewhat like a scene of nocturnity, and seems to be more apparition than real life."—Meditations of the Empress.

History of the scene.—H. G. G.

"Bubble: bubble, tail and rattle!"—H. G. G.



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1840.

DEDICATION.

TO FRANCES TROLLOPE.

MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

IN dedicating this book to you, do not suppose that I am actuated by the vanity (laudable as it might be) of publicly associating my name with yours, or even that I am instigated by an admiration of your talents; no, for the latter feeling I long ago invested in the treasury of public opinion, from whence you derive your fame; so that since I have had the real honour and happiness of knowing you personally, you have received nothing further from me on that score; indeed I have almost forgotten that you have talents, so merged has my affection and admiration been for qualities in the possession of which you are, alas! almost unique.

Alphonse Karr says in one number of his admirable "Guêpes," that till the Emperor of China went to war, he had always believed China to be an imaginary place, like Swift's Lilliput! In like manner, till I knew you, I confess I had reason to believe that honesty and justice were fabulous virtues. You have convinced me to the contrary, and my gratitude is as immutable as your integrity. In your ethics, you admit but two principles, RIGHT and WRONG; the former has been your choice, and neither bribes nor threats can ever induce you from expediency to discover an imaginary intermediate path that may eventually lead to the latter. But while all admire your incorruptible honesty, which in you amounts to sublimity, some in detracting from your courage confess their own moral turpitude, by asserting that you stand too high, and are too independent, to suffer from being just and staunch even to me! You do indeed stand too high, but not from the reasons they assign; but because your unflinching integrity approaches you, on all oc-

casions and under all circumstances, to the divine source from whence it emanates. However, in expressing my gratitude to you, I do not wish to appear ungrateful to others; for their kind words to, and commiseration of, me, I thank them; and for their timid silence to others I do not even blame them, but cannot help regretting the truth of Chamfort's assertion: "Que les gens faibles sont les troupes légères de l'armée des méchants, ils font plus de mal que l'armée même, ils infestent et ils ravagent." And now, farewell, till we meet on our pleasant journey. At Venice even the walls of the Inquisition may "prate of my whereabouts," if they please, for I shall be with you. But with you, or away from you, you will ever have the fervent blessing of,

MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

Your affectionate and grateful,

Though obliged,

ROSINA LYTTON BULWER.

Paris, July 13, 1840.

PREFACE.

THIS Book was to have appeared last March. As usual, every thing possible, and almost impossible, has been done to prevent its appearing at all; but as I merely write for bread, I shall continue to write, and to publish what I do write. With regard to the different personages of the "Bubble Family," I have no doubt that their characters will be thought overdrawn—I can only assure the public, for whose opinion I alone care, that every one of their sayings, doings, seeings, and adventures, are subdued far under the originals. I think it, however, right to state, that none of them live in Shropshire; and furthermore, that I myself have never been there, except to change horses at Shrewsbury;—but as people must live somewhere, I thought it as well to build Bubble Hall where "cakes and ale" still abound. N. B.—Lord John Bubble is not Lord John Russell, who, though a Whig, I believe to be an excellent man and thorough gentleman, worthy of the untainted stock from whence he comes. For the abuse heaped upon my last book, I return my sincere thanks, as it came from those whose praise is a blot, and whose support is a degradation. As I am on my way to Italy, and shall therefore have no opportunity of correcting the proofs of this book, I make a generous present of all the misprints in which it may abound, to the liberal (!) press as a foundation whereupon to erect a colossal superstructure of invective; and to the un-

bought and unbuyable part of the press, the “Diomedæ Aves,”—in fact, who had the courage and the justice to defend me against the literary and political Hectors of Cliqueism on a former occasion,—I gratefully commit myself on this, convinced that there will be more than one Macedonius amongst them, capable of victoriously carrying off and destroying the consecrated palladium of puffery and party.

Paris, July, 1840.

THE BUDGET OF THE BUBBLE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

A STAGE COACH.—SIMPSON AND CO.'S FIGURES, WITHOUT TROPES.—“TEARS OF
BOYHOOD'S YEARS.”

AT an epoch like the present, when the political hemisphere of Great Britain is dazzling the world with its brightness, owing entirely to those stars of the Bubble Family which now sway its destinies—it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to descant, physiologically, or even historically, upon their well-known attributes; suffice it to say, that they have been from time immemorial *Whigs*—a term in itself comprising, and implying that love of civil and religious liberty, which makes men Arians, or any-thing-Arians, as occasion, or that most colossal of Whig bulwarks, expediency, may require. Of the antiquity of this widely-spread, and most aristocratic family, no one can be ignorant, who is even slightly acquainted with sacred or profane history; in the former they may trace their descent from Jacob; and every Bubble can to this day say with him, “I am a smooth man,” being equal adepts in pseudology, with that brother-cheating patriarch. In the latter it will be seen that their blood has flowed through countless ages in the veins of the most distinguished poets, painters, warriors, philosophers, and statesmen; but why should I go back to Sallust or Alcibiades, when a subject the Bubbles have always had most at heart, now engrosses my attention,—I mean their own affairs; but this I say in strict confidence to *you*, my dear reader, for it is one of the greatest charms of their name that they always *appear* more interested about others than themselves; and I have no doubt that it was some of their Norman ancestors who first gave our Gallic neighbours the idea of that tapestry for which they have since been so celebrated, and wherein are produced the most high-coloured,

smooth, and beautiful effects, on the outward and visible side, by the most cross-grained and contradictory workings on the reverse or invisible one. But, I forget myself! a most unpardonable thing to do, especially in ladies' society, as I venture to hope I now am.

Our hero, Mr. Cecil Bubble Howard's mother, was a very distant connexion of the Bubble Family; but, being both a beauty and an heiress, and marrying his father, then a man about town, an 'habitué' of Carlton House, a flash speaker in *the* House, a boon companion of Fox and Sheridan, the third wit at Brookes's, and in the *nominal* receipt of ten thousand a-year, the whole family took care to cousin her, while they *cozened* him still more; for the Whigs of his day were not sufficiently pure to shudder at poor relations, as they have virtuously done, since patronage has succeeded patriotism in their calendar.

As for Cecil I confess he had little of the Bubble in him, and had therefore a much more natural leaning towards the Howards, notwithstanding that from the Bubbles came rocking-horses, and Shetland ponies, which gifts were sweetened and cemented with forty-thieve-like jars of marmalade and strawberry jam, and golden tips, upon each of his half yearly flittings from Upper Brook Street to Eaton. Children proverbially delight in Bubbles; it was a wonder then that he should not have doated on such great and glorious ones as these; even the great-unknown, who lived in the English Siberia, Suffolk and Norfolk, forget not their Christmas contributions of turkies, hams, and Ripston pippins; and had 'detur pulchriori' been inscribed upon each of them, they could not have occasioned greater discord between his brothers and himself than they invariably did.

The only one of the family he ever came personally in contact with, was Lord John Bubble, a personage eminently disqualified for winning the youthful heart, whether male or female; his face always reminded him of the scales of his mother's medicine chest, in which her maid used with dun-like punctuality to weigh out for nursery consumption, three times a-week, equal portions of rhubarb and magnesia; for his hair was of a dingy red, and his face of spotless white, with a good substratum of bilious-looking brass, like the scales aforesaid; and his long, lanky, spiral figure was not inaptly represented by the narrow shadowy strings; his hands were particularly odious, being large, flat and freckled, like the back of a plaice; and in order effectually to keep them from picking and stealing, he always kept them in his pockets—which were in those days as empty as his head. His summer dress invariably consisted of obliterated nankeens, and gaiters to match, terminated by very thick-soled shoes, badly cleaned, a bottle-green coat, gilt buttons, white cravat, and buff marsalla waistcoat, spotted like a seed-cake. At the time alluded to, Lord John was five-and-thirty,

and considered even by his own party a most unpromising *youth*, but he has since attained to office and to fifty, and he is now looked upon by them as a *most promising young man*; his voice was thin and hollow, like the north wind whistling through a key-hole; and he had the very disagreeable peculiarity of never smiling when he bowed, though I firmly believe he was solely indebted to this hiatus in good-breeding for having since obtained the character of a great statesman and a profound thinker. At least I do not know what else it has arisen from, as the world in general is still unacquainted with the fact of his once having given Cecil a tip of ten pounds for murdering Demosthenes' oration for the liberty of the Rhodians, while he and Mr. Howard were prosing over their claret. At that moment Cecil certainly thought him the wisest and best of men; and, had the matter been put to the ballot, he would undoubtedly have voted to that effect; but a boy of fourteen may be forgiven for forming a hasty judgment; and ten pound voters *then* were not a whit wiser than they are now.

Things were progressing in this state, when his poor mother caught a severe cold at a ball, of which in a few days she died, leaving his father the most resigned of widowers, and an example to all those ill-regulated minds who are wont to indulge inordinate sorrow on such occasions. His mourning was irreproachable; and his respect to his wife's memory equally so, for he never married again, but devoted himself entirely to patriotism, that is, giving dinners to his friends, spending thousands at elections to forward the interests of political aspirants of his own party, and beef-staking it at Bellamy's every day of a great 'delicé.' What was the self-immolation of M. Curtius to this? And, verily, he had his reward, for he lived to see the reform bill passed, his friends in office, and himself forgotten! The *relative* position of the first Whig premier prevented his doing any thing for him, even the trifling favour of getting his son Cecil made paid 'attaché,' after fourteen years pen-nibbing in Spain, Vienna, the United States, and elsewhere; and each succeeding Whig cabinet were too indefatigably employed evincing their greatness of mind in conciliating their enemies, to be guilty of the vulgar prejudice of attending to their friends.

There is something exceedingly martial in the tactics of Whig policy; all their achievements are conducted upon the plan of a siege, wherein the scaling-ladder is of no use when once the fortress is gained, and may be thrown aside as soon as possible; while the weapons so lately hostilely pointed against them are secured without loss of time, and taken every possible care of, as the chief dependance of those at whose destruction they so long had aimed. But death 'æquo pede' knocks at the door of the happy and the unhappy, the prince and the pauper, the fortunate and the unfortunate; and he called upon Cecil's father, just as his other friends

had begun to be less frequent in their visits. Peace be to his manes ! He died, leaving our hero his broken fortunes, two brothers, and a sister unprovided for ; and the bitter fruits of his dear-bought experience. To do the world justice, for the first few months after his father's demise, before the house in town, and the villa at Wimbledon were sold, and it was ascertained without a doubt that they were beggars, it was more assiduous than ever in its attentions, and proffers of kindness ; but the world is a shrewd world, and seems to have the Spanish proverb always ringing in its ear, which says, " Never take to thy arms him upon whom fortune frowns, lest her displeasure extend to thyself ; for misery, like the plague, is apt to be contagious." All that astonished him was, that that portion of society, which is always deemed, and which he had always thought, the most heartless and hollow, namely, the great and the gay, were the only portion of it that continued towards them any particle of that kindness, and good-will, which had formerly greeted them on every side, while the low parasites, whom their former bounty had fed, fled from them like rats from a sinking ship—thereby proving that puddle-blood will tell in them as in beasts.

Lady John Bubble—for Lord John had lately accumulated a wife—and a hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds, kindly recommended that his sister Gertrude should go 'en pension' to some school where she might live cheaply, by assisting in the tuition of the pupils ! While Lady Mary Leslie, whom Lady John had been indefatigable in warning her against, as a heartless, extravagant, and improper companion, now came forward in the kindest manner, pressing her to live with her, and assuring her that the obligation was all on her side, as she was too happy to have such a clever, handsome, and agreeable girl staying with her.

Both his brothers were abroad, and poor Gertrude being thus in a manner provided for, Cecil resolved upon visiting some of the numerous zoologicals of his mother's family, scattered about the different parts of the United Kingdom. Previous to his leaving London, he however resolved to make one more effort to obtain his brother George's promotion, who had been broiling as a Lieutenant for the last ten years in India. He was sanguine of success, from a great friend of his father's, an old Colonel Dragglesfar, who being Deputy-Adjutant-General, albeit unlike most old Colonels, was the most sentimental of men, and romantically chivalric in his defence of the oppressed, provided their wrongs were literary, or had become historical. With regard to the living he was more prudent, always bearing in mind, that " discretion is the wisest part of valour." His magnanimity with regard to the injured, extended even to works of supererogation ; for long after Lord Byron had ceased to be attacked,—but, on the contrary, when a re-action had taken place in his favour,—he published an elaborate defence of him,

which, however, had the bad effect of throwing an odium upon that mighty name, which its bitterest enemies had never been able to do before—that of ridicule. However, love and literature were the poor Colonel's stumbling-blocks, and he was eternally floundering over the one or the other; and such sympathy was there in both, that the former always produced the same effect as the latter, and the latter as the former—laughter! but what was all this to Cecil, when he recollected that in his boyish days, he was wont to rate him as an embryo Cicero; and that, moreover, upon once landing at Plymouth, where he was only to remain two days, he had taken the trouble of posting all the way to Eaton, to see him for half-an-hour! These were obligations not easily forgotten, at least by one who had never as yet received greater from any of his fellow-creatures; so accordingly to the Horse-guards he repaired by twelve the next morning, and urged his request with all the eloquence he was master of. Nothing could be more hand-shakingly kind than Dragglefar's reception of him; still he could not but observe, that instead of his former professions of going through fire and water to serve him, capped with a climax of—"Sir, the word *difficulty* is not to be found in my vocabulary, where a friend is to be served,"—he had an oracular shrug of the shoulders, and an owl-like elevation of his ludicrously arched eyebrows, as a sort of running accompaniment to "Why, you see my dear fellow, the bars of military favour are very unbending, but on the *wool*," (as he always called whole), "I'll see what can be done for you; so don't leave town till you hear from me; where are you? eh?"

"At No. — Wilton Street," said Cecil, putting out his hand as he rose to depart.

"Good bye, good bye," said the Colonel, going with him to the door, where stretching his neck into the passage, his adieu terminated in "Ho! Orderly, take this up to the Commander-in-Chief's office," placing a large official packet in the soldier's hand, and waving his own to Cecil, as he retraced his steps into the room, and closed the door. Formerly he would have accompanied him across the court, and have given him a protocol of farewells and professions at the last gate, but 'non sum qualis eram,' thought he; and how could he expect to find others less changed than himself.

The now faint hope of doing something for his brother George, detained him three weeks longer in town; and having resolved upon a visit to the sister-kingdom, he determined upon distributing himself among his relations, and therefore selected some of the Shropshire Bubbles for his first experiment, as he could take them 'chemin faisant.' Accordingly he dispatched an epistle to Sir Romulus Bubble, Bart., of Bubble Hall, Shropshire, a forty-fifth cousin of his mother's, duly apprizing him of his intention, to which he received the following answer by return of post:—

“To CECIL BUBBLE HOWARD, ESQ.

“No. — Wilton Street,

“Belgrave Square,

“London.

“Dear Cousin Howard,

“In reply to your's of yesterday, I have to say, that I and Lady B. shall be happy to see you here as soon as suits convenience, (your convenience understood), as well your cousins Cosmo, Betsey, and Lucy, also their uncle and aunts, my brothers and sisters, Marmaduke, Lucretia, and Prudence. Sorry to hear of your dreadful accident, hope you won't be the worse of it all your life ; glad, however, that your sister is going to be so well married, though cork-legs are now brought to such exactness, no one would ever be the wiser as I'm told. Have goodness to bring me the last number of the Sporting Magazine, and a guinea cannister of Lundyfoot's Irish Blackguard, which is to be had at Pontet's in Pall-Mall.

“Your affectionate Cousin,

“ROMULUS BUBBLE.

“P. S. Dine at seven precisely.

“P. S. Though I hope no pharisee, I'm certainly not a scribe as you'll see ; for, on looking over this, I find I've put the cork-leg in the wrong place, but of course you'll understand its meant for you, and not your sister, or the marriage.”

Had this precious document been written in Hebrew, it would have been equally intelligible to Cecil ; and the explanatory postscript respecting himself and the cork-leg, only made ‘confusion worse confounded ;’ however, the part he did understand, namely, that about the commissions, he lost no time in attending to—so having ordered his servant Girouette (who, though a Frenchman and a fop, would not forsake him in his fallen fortunes), to take places in the Salopian coach for the next morning, he sallied forth to execute the worthy Baronet's commissions. Just as he was crossing from the colonnade of the Opera to go to Pontet's, Dragglefar, “with his long sword, saddle, bridle,” galloped past him at such a rate, that he nearly rode over him ; but seeing him, or rather two very pretty women getting out of their carriage to go into a shop, he pulled up with an “Ah, my dear Howard, delighted to see you. Sorry I've been unsuccessful about your brother,” (this was his first intimation of the fact.) “I've called on you repeatedly at Brookes's, but have never been fortunate enough to find you.”

“I don't live at Brookes's,” said Cecil coldly, and fixing his eyes steadily upon him.

“Ah true—well, a—but I've not been very well,” said this vera-

cious friend, stroaking the gold lace down his right leg, though he he had met him on an average three times a-week riding out to Richmond, "and a—I—a could not get as far as your end of the town."

"Good morning, Colonel Dragglesfar," said Cecil, taking off his hat in the most respectful manner, as he turned into Pontet's, in quest of the other blackguard specified in Sir Romulus Bubble's commission.

On his return home, he found Girouette surrounded by a chaos of portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and dressing-boxes, perched upon one of the former, mopping his forehead with a silk pocket-handkerchief, and looking the very type and picture of desolation. "Well Girouette," said he, "have you taken the places for to-morrow?"

"Ah yes, I take dem, but a—Monsieur nevere like him!"

"Like who?" said Cecil.

"Dat vieille canaille de coach."

"Why?" enquired his master, endeavouring not to laugh.

"Ah bah! c'est une chose ridicule même à voir. No reading lamp, no manière de faire une dormeuse.—No, noting tall."

"As to that, Girouette," said he soothingly, "one cannot expect a public conveyance to be either as convenient or as comfortable as one's own carriage."

"Ah yes, dere it is comfortable comfortable; et ce maudit coach, he know noting tall bout *comfortable*;" and here poor Girouette recommenced folding and unfolding divers and sundry waistcoats and pairs of stockings which lay macadamized about the room—lightening his labours with a few half muttered 'sacres,' which burst into audible thunder at some half-dozen successive knocks at the dressing-room door—all of which heralded in long parallelogramish bluish paper letters, branded with the dim insignia of red and yellow wafers, which instead of handing to his master, he pettishly threw upon the table.

"Who are those letters for?" said Cecil.

"Pardon, Monsieur, they are no lettre tall, dey are only bills."

"I'm afraid," said he smiling, as he walked over to the table, and opened them one after another, "they have been ordered to lay on the table so often that they must be passed at last."

"Well, den, saire, pass dem over till your return to town."

No bad idea this, but like many other fine conceptions, it was admirable in theory, with the slight drawback of being impracticable.

"I have no time just now, in the hurry of packing, for metaphysics," thought Cecil; "but query, did Bishop Berkeley, or Kant, ever pay a bill?—No—Q. E. D.—or they never would have raved the anti-reality nonsense they did; for when one's purse becomes a Republic, and one's last sovereign has quitted the 'bel

retiro' of its silken domicile, in the discharge of some odious debt—how touching is the Ophelia-like vacuity of that purse! to look upon it, one could almost fancy we heard it exclaim with Medora, 'It is *no* dream and I am desolate!'

Apropos of dreams, having to rise at six the next morning, Cecil thought it as well to go to bed at a primitive hour; but alas! like the hero in Lover's charming song of Molly Carew:—

"There was no use at all in his going to bed,
For 'twas dreams and not sleep that came into his head."

He turned and tossed, and tossed and turned, and in that half-real half-imaginary phantasmagoria which passes through one's brain between sleeping and waking—at one moment he beheld Lord John Bubble in all his senatorial dignity, standing up in his place in the House, advocating the rights of his injured countrymen; and proposing, in a torrent of eloquence, which came on his sleeping ear like the sound of the Falls of Niagara, as heard forty miles off—that the tax be taken off French brandy, and laid upon English mouse-traps—"hear, hear," from the opposition benches, whilst a murmur of disapprobation arose among the tail, and Mr. O'Connell's voice was heard, sweet as the "first flower of the earth," and clear as the first "*jim* of the *say*," above it all, exclaiming "Oh murder, murder, he'll be at the *rat*-traps next, and that'll be contimpt of the House. Sure, and then we'll have to divide (no great matter for that, to be sure, as I'll still govern), but if we've to take the sense of the House, what'll we do *then*? for 'ex nihilo nihil fit; for, as the landlord of the Crown and Py, said of the small-beer, the last time I went down to Derrynane, '*Sure what's in it is out.*'" Still Lord John's eloquence flowed "on and on for ever," like the mighty torrent already alluded to, and still his right hand thumped with convincing effect the table-rock of the House of Commons, while his ample shirt-collar rising like the white cliffs of his native isle, far above his ears, seemed to give a broad and decisive negative to any modern Marc Antony who should ask him to "lend him his ears." But lo! "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream"—St. Stephen's vanished, Lord John's voice was hushed, and Cecil himself was bounding about a smooth green "plaisaunce" with Betsey Bubble, whose hands he thought were red—but oh her nose was redder. Lucy was thumping Sir Roger De Coverly on a spinet; and Lady Bubble, a sort of tableau-vivant of the dome of St. Paul's—her face being the cross on the top of it, was playing piquet with an umbrella-like looking old gentleman by the fire; which, strange to say, with the spinet, formed part of the *al fresco* paraphernalia of Bubble Hall, as represented in his dream. Presently Sir Romulus himself entered. His '*abord*' was pie-bald with awe and affability: he advanced—Ho-

ward advanced—he extended his hand, Cecil extended his, and grasped—an enormous cork-leg!—this was too much! He awoke with a start, and found Girouette shivering by his bed-side, telling him that the sun had risen, and it was time he should follow his example, as the Rocket coach started at six.

“Starts at six does it?” said he, starting with horror, as he jumped out of bed and began his hasty toilet.

Arrived at the White Horse Cellar, Cecil looked in vain for one of those pretty, interesting, mysterious, and captivating looking young ladies, who invariably form one of the passengers of every mail-coach in a novel—but alas! he only saw a very fat lady in a snuff-coloured cloth pelisse, the waist of which resembled “the soul of wit,” inasmuch as that brevity was its chief characteristic. Her head-gear consisted of what (he has since learned from Sally the house-maid at Bubble Hall), is called a Tuscan straw-bonnet, and black lace veil; her capillary ornaments were a few mangy looking dun-coloured ringlets, ycleped by ladies on the other side Temple Bar, ‘a front;’—her eyes were a lightish green, something like badly bottled gooseberries, to which her ample and peony tinged cheeks, formed a glowing contrast, rising rampant as they did on either side of a nose, not unlike a white-washed ace of clubs; her under lip, notwithstanding it projected like the spout of a butter-boat, was nevertheless eclipsed by the upper one, which had two long buttress-like teeth to prop it up or rather out—her wrists were protected against the morning air by a pair of buff worsted “comforters,” which forming a border as it were to her fresh, red, raw, damp-looking fat hands, gave them the exact appearance of a nice tender beef-steak just severed from the rear of a defunct ox in Mr. Gibley’s shop; while the thick and tightly laced black leather boots in which her feet were ensconced, evinced that feline antipathy to wet feet, which most of the biped portion of the tribe have in common with their quadruped peers. A flat, narrow, and high covered basket, a green cotton umbrella, and a short stumpy apple-pudding faced boy, with a white night-cap surmounted by a brown beaver hat, secured to his head by the protecting medium of a pink and white cross-barred cotton pocket-handkerchief, seemed the peculiar care of this “interesting female,” as the police-reports have it, in cases of infanticide. Just as he arrived, the guard was in the act of shampooing the fat lady into the coach, while the coachman was bawling out, “I say, Marm, that ere basket of happles can never go hinside, unless so be as the young gemman likes to go houtside, for there haint no room for it, haint indeed.”

“Ho! dear, ho! dear,” said the fat lady almost retrograding, to the frustration of the guard’s long and arduous labours, “ho! dear, my James can *niver* go for to ride houtside. What would

Mrs. Whabble and the Major say, if they heerd on it? for poor dear child he's so delicate like, and haint been used to no such thing."

"Vel then, marm," responded John, with a chuckle at his own wit, as he shoved the basket of apples on the top of the coach. "the happles wont take no hurt from a little fresh hair; cause vy? they been used to be houtside passengers." This important matter being arranged, and "James" having been stowed by the side of the fat lady (who from the reverential fears expressed by her of Mrs. Whabble and the Major, was evidently not the maternal perpetrator of the night-capped youth), Cecil turned to reconnoitre his other 'compagnon de voyage,' who was patiently waiting his turn to get into the coach. He was a tall, dingy, bilious-looking man, of about six-and-twenty, who, judging by his unshorn chin and ebony-tipped nails, laboured under a sort of personal hydrophobia; a long French cloak was flung over his left shoulder, while a large anchor of brilliants, attached by a chain to an ample heart, of the same costly gems, transfixes with an arrow (which gave it much the appearance of a plump widgeon ready skewered for the spit), adorned a rather Ethiopian looking shirt; under his arm was a bright purple silk umbrella, with a pink border, carefully protected by a cover of the same; in his right hand was what (if we could have suspected a man of his appearance of such a thing), would have been taken for a dressing-box. Seeing a large brass plate upon it, Cecil could not resist reading the following inscription: "Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Esq. M. C. B. W. New York." While he was puzzling his brain to know what the M. C. and B. W. could possibly mean, and just as he was deciding that M. C. stood godfather to master of the ceremonies all the world over, Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson put down the box in question, and withdrew from a fob, deep, dark (and it might be dangerous) as the Gulf of Mexico, a blue enamel watch, set round with pearls, the watch itself being about the size in diameter and flatness of a breakfast plate. Instead of the ordinary black Roman numbers, which designate the hours, they were allegorically, poetically, and tastefully represented by small roses, and "Forget-me-nots," wreathed into figures on the showy dial plate; in the centre of which, in plain unadorned black copperplate, stood the following announcement:—

JOHN SCRAGGS, MAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

This beautiful touch of simplicity, in the midst of so much magnificence, could not fail to remind one of the story of the eastern king, who caused a triumphal arch of the utmost splendor to be built, whereon was emblazoned *his* name and his achievements!

But lo ! the tide of ages swept over it, the splendor vanished, and dust was in its stead ; but, within the keystone of the arch, appeared, what the pomp of its former greatness had hitherto concealed, the name of the architect, in small deep unobtrusive letters. So, thought Cecil, will it be with Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's watch, when its flowers shall have faded, "as fade they must;" and when its glories shall have passed away, then shall the name (hallowed by the classic touch of time) of John Scraggs alone stand forth to tell of the mighty things that were ! There is no knowing to what altitudes such a sublime train of thought might have led him, had not Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, at that moment having finished winding his beautiful parterre of a watch, and replunged it into its broad-cloth abyss, accosted him with much nasal dulcetness in the following words : — "Are you part of our fare, sir, cause I calculate we're full late as it is, so you'd better get in, unless you are going outside."

Cecil having proclaimed his destination to be inside, he made way for Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson to enter the vehicle ; but he with equal consideration and good-breeding gave place to him, which was an additional corroboration in his mind, of his being a Master of the Ceremonies, with whom, as he once heard an old lady at Margate remark, "*manners is everything.*" So in he got, followed by Simpson and Co. that is, himself, his watch, his diamond shirt anchorage, his brass-plated box, and his cerulean umbrella. The fat lady was busily employed in tugging at Master Whabble's nose, with a thick cotton pocket-handkerchief, which had other military symptoms about it besides being scarlet, for it had evident marks of having been for some time on active service. After every blow, Master Whabble impartially divided his attentions between a large Bath bun that he held in his right hand, and a large green apple that graced his left ; and the considerate fat lady filled up the interstices by cramming lumps of Spanish liquorice into his mouth—announcing as she did so, that it was the best possible thing for a cold ; while the liquorice oozing out of the corners of his mouth, "cast a browner honour" over his already lachrymose face. A negative turn of the head on the part of the fortunate youth, had just given his fat friend unequivocally to understand that he "could no more;" Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson had buttoned the last button of his bran-new and most respectable spinach-green surtout ; Cecil had pulled down the moleskin ears of his green-velvet travelling cap, and all things seemed ready for their departure, when Girouette opened the coach-door, leading poor Bruno, a large black blood-hound of his master's, by a silk handkerchief, and thrusting his head into the vehicle, extended his hand with an inviting air to Master Whabble, while he addressed the fat lady in the blindest tones to the following

effect : — “ If de little bon homme wil come on de top, it will be more ‘ agréable’ to Monsieur to have de dog inside.” The substance of this speech had to be repeated twice, before the fat lady could prevail upon herself to comprehend that such an inhuman proposition could be addressed to her ; however, at length closing her lips, as nearly as her teeth would allow, in order to open them again, with a torrent of abuse upon poor Girouette, she thus began : “ Why did I ever ! vell such a piece of hinsolence I never heerd on in hall my born days ; but all them furrineers is the most hun-natteralist houllandishest creturs as hever vas, for to go for to turn hout a christian to make room for a dum hanimal has haint paid for his place nor nothink—but its plain to see, munseer, as you haint no nature, or children, or wife, or nothink.” Here the eloquent speaker was compelled to pause for want of breath ; but true to her charge, she kept a convulsive grasp of Master Whabble’s shoulder.

“ Why no,” said Girouette, with the most provoking calmness, as he pushed Bruno into the coach, “ I have not got no natural children, but for a wife, yes ; I have been married dese ten year ; my wife is dirty (thirty), and I am dirty two.”

“ Oh ! as to that,” said the fat lady, “ I haint no doubt whatever of you and your wife both being dirty, for hall you furrineers his nasty filthy creturs.”

Here she gave a practical illustration of the superiority of English cleanliness, by another tug at Master Whabble’s nose, with the antique Tyrian purple handkerchief aforesaid. As soon as the convulsion of laughter Cecil was in would allow him to speak, he interfered, commanding Girouette to take Bruno outside with him, and leave Master Whabble in unmolested possession of the place he had paid for. Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, at the same time turning to him, and observing, as he pantomimically washed his hands, “ Well sir, I think you’ve done the right, thing, for we gentlemen must not allow the ladies to be annoyed in any way we can prevent. I hope, ma’am, my legs are not in your way ?” continued he, addressing the fat lady with a graceful jerk of the knees, which Cecil thought could only belong to the master of the ceremonies at New York.

“ Oh dear no, not at all, sir, by no means,” responded the fat lady, “ I have been so used to Mr. Jinks, my usband’s legs, which is so terrible long, that I thinks nothink of any one helses.”

Peace being restored through “ the polite attentions,” or as Mrs. Jinks expressed it, the genteel behaviour of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson ; and the “ all right” of the guard having been answered by the crack of the coachman’s whip, the party at length found themselves ‘ en route.’

Cecil was lost in a reverie, painting the Miss Bubbles in the co-

lours of his imagination.—Betsy he had dashed in, in good broad touches, as a brown bouncing dairy-maid-looking girl;—Lucy was tall, fair, and sentimental, with those half soft, half sparkling play-the-d—I kind of eyes, which always convey to one the idea of nature's having paused over their creation, uncertain whether their possessor should be a victim or a vixen; and budding and blooming like a moss rose in June, all blushes, dimples, and timidity. He was just giving the last 'piquante' turn to her nose, when he was interrupted by the nasal tones of Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson's voice propounding the following query:—"Going all the way to Ireland, sir, or only going as far as Shropshire?" Recollecting Benjamin Franklin's grand junction preventive safety-valve for Yankee curiosity, he adopted it, by responding in a clear and audible voice,

"I live in Wilton-street when in London; I am not going to Ireland at present, but intend doing so eventually; to-day I go no further than Bubble Hall, in Shropshire, on a visit to a relation of mine."

"Oh indeed, sir!" said Mr. Simpson, evidently disappointed that he had not been allowed transatlantically to acquire this important intelligence by interrogatory instalments; and then ensued a pause of some minutes, when Simpson resumed,—“This is *my* first visit to Europe, sir, and I confess I am much surprised at the freedom and immorality of Europeyan (vulgo European) manners.”

“Bad enough, certainly,” agreed Cecil.

“Then I'm also greatly surprised at the effeminacy of English gentlemen;—you'll excuse me, sir, but I mean in *high life*.” (!)

“I cannot coincide in that opinion,” replied Cecil, “for I think manliness of character and bearing is almost the only ancestral virtue left to us; but what is it, may I ask, that has impressed you with such an unfavourable idea of us?”

“Oh sir,” responded Mr. Simpson, still politely taking the utmost pains to exclude Cecil from the upper classes; “I only mean those chaps in the fashionable world; for what can be more effeminate than shaving every day, and dressing for dinner?”

With difficulty preventing himself from laughing outright, Mr. Howard ventured to suggest, that according to his notions, there could not well be a more unfeminine proceeding than that of shaving, but his Yankee opponent was not to be bearded out of his opinion. Curiosity certainly must be infectious, for Cecil was waxing exceedingly anxious to know the exact meaning of the mystic letters inscribed upon Mr. Simpson's dressing box, or whatever box it was he held upon his knee; but not having had the good fortune to be born at the other side of the Atlantic, he was vainly endeavouring to hit upon an expedient whereby he might appease his curiosity, when Master Whabble, for the first time,

favoured them with the sound of his voice, by saying, as he crammed the last lump of apple into his mouth, and pointing with his thereby vacant hand to Mr. Simpson's box,—

“I say, gran ma, what do them letters mean?”

“My dear James, niver pint,” said the Chesterfieldian Mrs. Jinks, without even attempting to convey to her grandson the knowledge for which he was thirsting; “it haint genteel; but I’m sure, sir, you’re too purlite not to hexcuse him?”

Simpson nodded assent; while James returned to the charge, by reiterating in his former contralto drawl, “Yes, but I say, what are them letters though?”

“Those letters, my little man,” said Mr. Simpson, with the most winning affability, “those letters after my name, stand for, Member of Congress, Broadway, New York; — Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson, Member of Congress, Broadway, New York.”

“Oh!” grunted James, evidently no wiser than he had been before, as he leant his head on Mrs. Jinks’s shoulder, and returned tenderly and confidingly into his left hand the only thing on the world that he did seem to understand, namely, the Bath bun, which he had been previously discussing. From the moment Cecil Howard discovered the interesting fact of Mr. Simpson’s being a member of Congress, the conversation became political; Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson lauding a republic beyond every other form of government, and stoutly refuting Cecil’s objection, that some nations were essentially anti-republican in their feeling.

“No, sir, no,” said Mr. Simpson, emphatically thumping the large square box on his lap; “I will never believe that a republic is not the natural order of things; why the very birds of the air give us an example of this; storks, for instance, will only live in republics or free states.”

“I am aware,” said Cecil, “that this was an old notion, contrived to advance the opinion of popular policies; and, from antipathies in nature, to disparage monarchical governments; but that there was no truth in these assertions, I think may be clearly proved; for instance, Pliny assures us, that among the Thessalians, who were governed by kings, and much abounded with serpents, it was no less than capital to kill a stork; and that the ancient Egyptians honoured them, whose government was from all times monarchical. Bellonius, too, asserts that the Gauls used to make nests for them; besides, in Persia and Turkey they abound; and even Jeremiah speaks thus to his countrymen, whose government was at that time monarchical: ‘The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times;’ all of which, I think, proves beyond dispute, that storks, as well as statesmen, may flourish under a monarchical government.”

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Simpson, gracefully drawing the back of

his hand across his nose, "you've got a-head of me *there* I confess; and I suppose the fable of king Log and king Stork had its origin in the facts you have just adduced," continued he, chuckling at what he thought a keen and brilliant piece of satire; "but in literature, sir, in literature, it is different; genius can't, and won't be fettered, for which reason you hear of the *republic of letters*, and not the *kingdom of letters*."

"I rather suspect," rejoined Cecil, smiling, "Hood's derivation of that phrase is the true one."

"What may that be, sir?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Why that it is called the republic of letters, because authors are such poor devils, that they have not a sovereign amongst them."

Mr. Simpson was bent upon supporting his dignity; consequently, instead of the laugh Cecil expected, he assumed a most owl-like gravity, and waving the subject altogether, after rummaging for some time in his right-hand waistcoat pocket, he withdrew from it a large round copper medal, which he handed to his companion, saying,—

"A beautiful thing, sir, is it not?"

In the centre of the medal stood a lion, with a tail that looked as if it had discovered the longitude; over him was the following inscription:

MY STRENGTH IS IN MY

οπα,

the Greek word for tail; while round this beautiful and truly original device, was a border of round spots and shamrocks.

"What may it allude to?" inquired Cecil.

"The reverse side will tell you, sir," replied Mr. Simpson, waving his hand with great dignity; and accordingly he turned the medal, and read the following inscription:—

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL,

THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE,

THE AGITATOR OF IRELAND

AND THE RULER OF ENGLAND;

THIS TRIBUTE OF

ESTEEM AND APPROBATION

IS INSCRIBED

BY TWENTY AMERICAN GENTLEMEN!

Never did mortal run so great a risk of being choked by suppressed laughter, as did Cecil Howard, after the perusal of this grandiloquent inscription, terminating in twenty American gentlemen! for he could not help applying to it Horace Walpole's critique upon "*L'Honnête Criminel*:" "Mais ce que je trouve dé-

lectable, c'est le langage, qui est partout d'un prosaïque bas, et même rampant." But burying his face within the friendly folds of his pocket handkerchief, he at length ventured to ask what the round spots between the shamrocks might signify?

"That, sir," said Mr. Simpson triumphantly, "is the most beautiful part of the design; it is a complimentary allusion to Mr. O'Connell's favourite quotation of 'First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea:' the allusion is this, sir, that the shamrock is the first flower of the earth; and those round spots are meant for pearls, which are unquestionably the first, and indeed, I believe, the only gems of the sea; for coral can scarcely be called a gem, and those that have got to the bottom of it by shipwrecks, of course don't count."

This was too much; and Cecil was compelled to put his head out of the window and laugh at his ease; when he drew it in again, Mr. Simpson had replaced the medal;—and Mrs. Jinks was gently chiding Master Whabble for kicking the flat square basket which reclined at his feet; and then turning to Mr. Simpson, her face glowing with virtuous indignation, she exclaimed,—

"I must say, sir, begging your pardon, they can have but very little sense in Amerrykey, to be giving of medals to sich a feller as Ho'Connell, the most desperatest, deceivingest Radical as ever was; I've no patience with him, I can't a bear his very name; no wonder them poor hignorant Hirish goes on cutting heach hother's throats, when sich a feller as that leads them by the nose;—no, no, as my son-in-law, Major Wabble, says, king and country is my motter, or queen and country I'spose it is now; but dear, dear, to think if the major know'd of Ho'Connell getting a medal, Hi'me sure he'd never wear his own Waterloo or Talewera medal again;—James, my love, don't ee kick that ere basket so, there's a good feller."

"Why, ma'am," replied Mr. Simpson with a smile of pitying contempt, "I am sorry to differ from the ladies whenever it can be avoided, but in this instance, I must say I differ 'in toto;' and I think, if you live to eat a few more Christmas dinners, so will you;—for as one of our great American poets beautifully observes—

'A yellow stream of golden light now floods the world.'

"I don't know if it is a yellow stream of golden light," said Cecil, "but a yellow stream of something certainly floods the coach; for look here," continued he, lifting up the corner of Mr. Simpson's long spinach-coloured vestment, which was dabbled in a saffron tide.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jinks, "if you haint a broke all them new heggs, James, as hi was a taking to your poor

ma;—dear sir! Hi'me so sorry, but your coat won't be nothink the worse if you'll let me rub it a bit?"

Here the handkerchief that had been so indefatigably active and zealous in the service of James' nose, was stretched out for the purpose; but even Mr. Simpson, with all his transatlantic notions of freedom, and prejudices in favour of a community of goods, shrank from the contamination of its touch, as he vented his spleen with—"Well! I've heard of coals to Newcastle, but I never before heard of taking eggs from London to the country!"

"Oh! law, sir, my Jane, like myself, was born in Lunnun, and she never fancies heggs nor nothink else good hout of Lunnun; but, indeed, sir, Hi'me sorry for your coat. James, my dear, I was afear'd you'd break 'em a kicking of the basket so, but tell the gentleman as you're sorry for it, and don't cry, don't ee, there's a dear. I knew no good would come of talking of that feller Ho'Connell," muttered Mrs. Jinks, as she mopped up "the golden flood" with the handkerchief of all work.

"Pooh! what a smell!" exclaimed Mr. Simpson.

"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark," said Howard, opening the window to let in a little fresh air.

"Egzactly," cried Mrs. Jinks, "that's jist what the major always says (out of some play-book, you know, sir) whenever he reads of Ho'Connell's goings hon in the noosepapers."

Mr. Simpson, as much to put an end to Mrs. Jinks's animadversions on Ho'Connell, as to evince his forgiving spirit, turned to Master Whabble with Utopian benevolence, begging he would dry his tears, as his coat was of no consequence.

"I haint crying about your coat," responded that amiable youth, "I'm crying for ma's eggs, for I know she'd have given me five shillings for remembering them," and so saying, he turned his right shoulder full in Mr. Simpson's face; but philanthropy like his was not to be vanquished by a cold shoulder; therefore, resuming with a seraphic smile, he said,

"Come, my little man, let us see if you and I can't find out something."

"What?" drawled Master Whabble, half turning his face round with a conflicting expression of sulk and curiosity.

"Why, suppose now," said Mr. Simpson, making a pendulum of the fore-finger of his right hand against the thumb of his left, "suppose Queen Anne had given 500*l.* among her soldiers that were wounded at the battle of Hochsted, and that there were in all three hundred men; that is, two hundred and seventy-five privates, twelve Sergeants, three Ensigns, four Lieutenants, and two Captains, and that each Sergeant had three times as much as a private, each Ensign five times as much, each Lieutenant seven times as much, and a Captain nine times as much, how much would each

of them have had, eh?" asked Mr. Simpson, who, like Sir Kenelm Digby, seemed a "gentleman absolute in all numbers."

No answer from Master Whabble, but his eyes and mouth opened wide and vacantly, after the fashion of a galvanized corpse.

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Simpson, "I think it must be this way. Suppose each private soldier had 1*l.*, then the number of them being two hundred and seventy-nine, they must have had 279*l.* amongst them, the twelve Sergeants 86*l.*, the three Ensigns 15*l.*, the four Lieutenants 28*l.*, and the two Captains 24*l.*; now all this makes but 382*l.*, and it should have made 500*l.*; therefore say by a rule of three if 382*l.* are derived from one, whence are derived 500*l.*? and you will find $\frac{1\ 1\ 8}{3\ 8\ 2}$ or 1*l.* 6*s.* $\frac{1\ 3}{9\ 8}$ for each soldier's share, which being known, all the rest is easily known."

Here Mr. Simpson paused, stroking his chin most complacently. Cecil no longer wondered at the frequent use the Americans make of the phrase "I calculate;" but this arithmetical problem, which Mr. Simpson had solved so much to his own satisfaction, seemed to have a very different effect upon Master Whabble, for, bursting into a roar of crying, his face was again hid upon Mrs. Jinks's shoulder.

"James, my love, James, what his the matter? the gentleman was only trying in the purlitest manner to amuse you."

"I know he was mocking me," whimpered James, "for I can't a bear rethmatic, and he knows it."

"Oh, fie! fie! James, my dear, how should he know it?"

"'Cause every body knows it," logically responded James.

"Law, my dear," said Mrs. Jinks, soothingly, applying the eternal handkerchief to James's eyes, "I'm sure the gentleman is too genteel not to take you for a better scholard than to spose sich a think as you could dislike rethmatic, and I hope you will never let your grand-father Jinks hear you say nothink of the sort, for how would he a made all his money if it hadn't been for rethmatic? and Hi'm sure, sir," continued she, turning to Mr. Simpson, "my Jinks would have been hedified had he heer'd your puzzle, for he'd a hunderstood hevery cipher of it, and tho' it was quite beyond my conception and hunderstanding, yet I feel hextremely himproved and obleeged to you for it."

Mr. Simpson looked appeased at this just and flattering tribute to his talents, and nothing of any further importance occurred till they reached Cheltenham, where, while changing horses at the Plough, Mrs Jinks presented Master Whabble with a lump of bread and two legs of cold goose, observing, as she placed one in either hand, "that she was sure the poor dear child must be starved!" Garouette opened the door to know if his master wanted any thing, and received an order for some soda water, which having brought, the coach again proceeded, and Mr. Simpson dropt into an abstruse

sleep : his example soon after being followed by Mrs. Jinks and her grand-son, a charming concert ensued, which lasted all the way to Shrewsbury; the thorough-bass of Mr. Simpson, accompanied as it was by Master Whabble's tenor, and Mrs. Jinks's falsetto, formed, "take it all in all," a melody not likely to be heard again in that short span of time the life of one individual;—and, therefore, being like the Apollo of Belvidere, unique, it long retained a chamber to itself in the memory of Cecil Howard.

CHAPTER II.

"Trouble not yourself with wishing that things may be just as you would have them, but be well pleased they should be just as they are, and then you will live easie."—EPICTETUS.

"Authority and reason on her wait."—MILTON.

"Poor legs! how *should* they! such an unmerciful load!"
SCHILLER'S *Piccolomini*.

BUBBLE HALL.—A MEETING—WHICH SHEWETH THE GOOD EFFECTS OF DOING AS OTHER PEOPLE DO—AND HOW BENEFICIAL IS THE CRY OF 'A LA LANterne' WHEN NOT UTTERED ON REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES.—AUNTS—AND ANTIDOTES IN THEIR RELATIVE POSITIONS.—SUPPER—AND SUPPOSITIONS.—LADY BUBBLE, WHO HAD BEEN A BELLE IN 1798.

It was dark when the coach stopped at the Talbot, at Shrewsbury; therefore the friendly wag of welcome the broken tail of the stone dog gives to every vehicle that drives up to the door, from the motion occasioned thereby, was lost on Cecil and his travelling companions.

"Well, so here you are at last, and I've been here with the gig this half hour—heavy baggage always slow, as I tell Mrs. W: ha! ha! ha!"

This speech was addressed to Mrs. Jinks by a lanky gentleman much resembling a snipe upon a hop-pole, in a foraging cap, blue military surtout, and sash, whose identity was proved as that of Major Whabble, by James having addressed to him the endearing epithet of "pa," as he clapped his hands, kicked Mr. Simpson's ancles, and vociferated, "take me out, take me out!" No sooner had James been placed on terra firma, and desisted from clawing his father, than the latter held out both his hands to help Mrs. Jinks to alight, Mr. Simpson kindly applying his knee to her back, and his hands to her shoulders from within, to assist in the 'tableau vivant' of *Multum in parvo* which she had got up in the doorway of the coach. The first step had been reached, with a loud "Oh!" of great exertion on the part of Mrs. Jinks, when, unfortunately, her nether drapery hitched against an iron knob, and displayed such an unusual portion of her ancles, that, although

she herself could see nothing, the delicacy of her feelings caused her nerves to be much more overcome than those of the waiter and Boots, who stood with a candle at each side of her feet. Now it so happened in this delicate distress, she called so loudly and incoherently for assistance, that the chivalric gallantry of both waiter and Boots clashed upon the occasion, and in their hurry to seize Mrs. Jinks's rebellious garment and bring it down to its proper level, the candles met, and the wind (which also seemed hurried out of its usual course) blew the flame upwards, which, with the subtilty of that mysterious element, was the first to catch Mrs. Jinks's truant petticoat, and circle it in its destructive clasp. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Boots, who, albeit, was no Hercules, rushed forward, dropped the sheepish incendiary, and honorably determining to smother the flame he had so unintentionally raised, clasped Mrs. Jinks's 'torso' in his arms! Betwixt fire and fustian never had she endured so warm an embrace before. What wonder, then, if her feelings overpowered her? and with one mighty effort she emancipated herself from the door way. The shock was electric, and communicated itself to her gallant extinguisher, who instantly measured his full length on the pavement, flooring in his downward course the elongated figure of Major Whabble; and there they both lay, bruised and breathless, surmounted by the "too, too solid flesh" of Mrs. Jinks!

"Bless me, mum," said Mr. Simpson, springing out of the coach, "I hope you're not hurt?"

"Hurt!" gasped Mrs. Jinks, digging her right elbow into Boot's chest, in order to raise herself, heedless of the agonized ejaculation that issued from that much put upon individual,—
"Hurt! what a question to ask a person as has been burnt and bruised to death?"

"I say, Sam," said the guard, with a wink to the coachman, "I never knowed the Rocket to blow up before, long as we've come this here road—but lend a hand here to help the lady up will ee, afore them boot parcels is quite suffocated."

Sam and the guard being both strong men, so effectually tugged at Mrs. Jinks's arms, as at the end of five minutes to have succeeded in replacing her on her feet, to the no small relief of Boots and Major Whabble.

"Let me persuade you, mum," said the ever polite Simpson, "to take a glass of brandy and water pretty stiff."

"Stiff!" shrieked Mrs. Jinks, "Law! don't talk to me of stiffness sir. H'im as stiff as I can be already—Oh! oh! oh! shall I ever get hover this orrid haccident?"

"Oh dear, yes, Marm, besides it ill be the making of the noose-papers for the next month," soothed the guard. "I've a cousin in the shocking-accident line, living in Tooley Street—he gets up all

these here things uncommon well to be sure; you can have no hidear Marm of what your sufferings is, till you see them in the Globe, or the Courier, or the Hexaminer, on a Sunday."

"Boots," said Major Whabble, languidly, to his fellow-sufferer, "order my gig round directly, and see that the lamps are lit."

And where was Mr. Howard all this time? to his shame be it said—in a convulsion of laughter, at one corner of the coach, totally incapacitated thereby from offering any assistance to Mrs. Jinks in her distress.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear, where ever his my front gone to?" cried Mrs. Jinks frantically, raising her hands to her head in quest of that decoration, which had absconded in her fall.

"Why, I declare!" said the coachman, lashing his whip at Bruno, who was busily employed scattering Mrs. Jinks's ringlets to the wind, "if the dog aint a tearing on it to pieces!"

"As he's not a greyhound, I wonder at his being so keen arter the hairs (hares), too," laughed the guard.

"Really, sir," said Cecil, now thinking it necessary to descend from the coach, and addressing Major Whabble, "the lady appears to have had more hair-breadth escapes than even you as a military man can have encountered."

"Hump," groaned Major Whabble, precipitately buttoning the collar of his coat up round his face, and casting a look like a black-frost over his left shoulder at Cecil—"better take what remains of her home at once; for if it rains, which I think it will in a few minutes, she'll contrive to get drowned, and I suppose I shall have to swim after her."

"Bad job, that, sir," said Mr. Simpson, 'sotto voce;' "for *you'd* have no chance against such a heavy swell!"

Boots now limped round with the gig: and as he, the guard, coachman, and Mr. Simpson, turned it into a pincushion, by stuffing it with Mrs. Jinks, the former feelingly expressed a hope, that the lady "would give him a trifle."

"That's by way of a change, Bob, I spose," winked the coachman; "for it was no trifle she give you just now."

Mrs. Jinks promised to send him something in the morning, expressing a conviction, that any money she might at that time have about her, must be so battered, it could not possibly pass current. Major Whabble then drawing on a pair of pepper-and-salt coloured worsted gloves, and taking the whip which seemed like a smaller edition of himself, glided like a lengthening evening shadow into the gig, after which James was lifted up, and his person equally divided between his father and grandmother, the bulk of it resting upon the lap of the latter, while his legs gracefully dangled over the knees of the former. The horse (a brown cob, with a wall eye, on whose ribs, James, had he been so inclined,

might have learnt arithmetic), then made a bolt forward with its load, an example its legs seemed very unwilling to follow; and the trio got fairly under weigh, amid the laughter of the crowd, and the "good bye, mums," and "safe journey homes" of Mr. Simpson.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Simpson, on turning to Cecil, as soon as the gig was out of sight, "and what may your intentions be?"

"If you mean with regard to the fat lady," said Cecil, laughing, "Strictly honourable I assure you."

"Of course, sir, of course!" matter-of-factly Mr. Simpson, with an undoubting motion of his left hand above his eyes, waving his fingers to the left, "but I meant in regard to going or staying—do you push on to-night or remain here; for if so, I should be glad of your company at supper."

"You're very good," said Cecil, "but I shall get on to Bubble Hall as soon as possible; and as it is only three miles from this, I shall walk, and leave my servant to follow in a post-chaise."

"Well then, sir, at that rate I must wish you good bye, as I am off for Ireland in the morning; but I should be sorry our acquaintance was to end here, as I intend, on my return to New York, publishing a book upon *Europeyan* manners and customs; and therefore, sir, if you'll allow me, should be glad of the advantage of corresponding with you?"

Cecil could not help smiling at seeing himself, in his mind's eye, on the strength of a journey from London to Shrewsbury, booked for New York as a sample of "*Europeyan*" manners and customs, with sundry Yankee guesses and annotations appended thereto—so cautiously replied, that "he should be happy to give Mr. Simpson any local information in his power, provided his letters were not published, and himself turned into an author minus his identity." Mr. Simpson promised all things; and above all, that he would be most punctual in writing!

Cecil not wishing to compromise his veracity, by standing sponsor for an equal punctuality in answering, hastily wished him good-night, and proceeded on his journey, directed by the waiter how to shorten it, by keeping first straight on to the right, and then turning to the left, and then crossing a field and getting into a lane, where he would see a door of one of the gardens of Bubble Hall, which was always open till eleven—which door would open into a garden that would lead him to one of the terraces opposite the library windows and portico, at the back of Bubble Hall.

Cecil walked on, followed by Bruno, glad to be released from the coach, and breathe a little fresh air, although that air was chill and damp, for the night was hazy, and the stars almost entirely hidden. At length he had cleared the last stile, and found himself in a lane, bounded on one side by a high brick wall. "This," thought Cecil, "must be the garden wall, if I can but find the door

which the waiter described; but it is so terribly dark, one can scarcely see one's hand." However, he had not walked many yards farther, before Bruno came to a full stop; and began alternately sniffing and scratching at a door. "Ho-ho good dog," said Cecil, patting him as he pressed the latch of the door, which opened on the instant, ringing, as it did so, a bell attached to the back of it. On entering, he found himself, as well as the obscurity of the night would allow him to see, amid a wilderness of cabbages and gooseberry bushes. "I have got into the kitchen-garden, evidently," thought he; "but how on earth I am to get out of it remains to be proved."

He had scarcely ended this mental soliloquy, when he perceived, at a little distance, the figure of a man in a long great-coat, a hat tied down with a pocket-handkerchief, a blunderbuss under his left arm, and a lantern in his right hand, which he alternately lowered to the cabbages and raised to the fruit-trees along the wall. "An indefatigable gardener," thought Cecil, "who yet hath due consideration for his personal comfort, as the kerchief that prevents 'the winds of heaven visting his face too roughly,' testifieth. I'll ask him the nearest way to the house." This was scarcely resolved upon, before a large-sized black-and-tan terrier came bounding and barking up to him, like a hostile ambassador from the king of the lantern; the bark, however, subsided with a low growl, and a stiff elongation of the tail, as he walked round Bruno, as though especially inquiring his business.

"Trip—Trip—ho, Trip—here, sir!" cried the man with the lantern; but Trip was not a dog to be led away by a Jack-o'-lantern, and therefore continued his researches, while his master, as he advanced now for the first time, perceived Cecil and Bruno, and forthwith lowering the lantern, and raising his gun, which he levelled at Mr. Howard, cried, in a voice of tremulous and vacillating defiance, "stand! or you're a dead man."

"I'll be shot if I do," said Cecil, moving a little on one side. "My good fellow, mind what you're about. I have come on a visit to Sir Romulus Bubble, and as it wants some hours of the first of September, I have no fancy for being made game of in this way."

"On a visit to Sir Romulus Bubble!" repeated the knight of the lantern, lowering the blunderbuss and raising the lantern. "Sir Romulus, my brother, high sheriff for the county and justice of the peace, has no back door visitors at this time of night; and I must be very unlike other people, if you think you can hum me by such a tale as that. Your name, sir, your name directly,—if you have a name—or your brains, before another minute expires," and again the blunderbuss was raised, and levelled at Cecil's devoted head.

"My dear sir," said Cecil, advancing, "you have announced

yourself as a brother of my worthy relative, Sir Romulus Bubble ; I have therefore the pleasure of addressing one of my cousins. My name is Howard—Cecil Howard, and I venture to hope, from the kind invitation I received two days since from Sir Romulus, that I am not an ‘umbra’ at Bubble Hall.”

“An ‘umbra,’” echoed the first speaker, dropping the blunderbuss precipitately among the cabbages, and clasping his hands. “No—surely no—no thief, house-breaker, or burglar would use the word ‘umbra’; no, if he had used any thing even approaching to it, it would have been *umbrella*. Yes, surely yes, you are without doubt or detriment, my cousin, Cecil Howard—a Bubble, by the mother’s side ; and as such I welcome you to Bubble Hall.”

Having cordially shaken hands with the new arrival, Marmaduke Bubble (for it was no less a personage) then raised the lantern close to Cecil’s face, the better to peruse his features, which enabled the latter to return the compliment, and ascertain that the first specimen of the Bubbles was not made after the pattern of ordinary mortals. Marmaduke was about five feet three inches high ; his hair was perfectly white and long, divided down the centre of his head, and combed back behind his ears. His eyes were pale and pensive, with an exceeding twinkling of the lids ; his cheeks were white and smooth, and had never been guilty of that human brushwood called whiskers, any more than his chin had ever put forth that animal stubble, called beard. His nose was short and thin, and like his thoughts, inclined upwards ; his lips were rather thick, and his teeth brilliantly white and even. He always wore his shirt collar turned down, with a broad black ribbon tied under it, and his throat bare, which, with his white parted hair, gave him the appearance of an exaggerated boy. Though his body was small, he had the heart of a giant ; and the angel at his creation had certainly taken the black drop out of it, for his whole life was passed in doing great services to his fellow-creatures, which he cemented with all the little kindnesses and ‘prevoyances’ of social intercourse ; but fearing the gratitude of his protégés might exceed, (Heaven knows a very unfounded fear), he always accompanied his kindest deeds with “most terrible words ;” for he could not load a school boy with cherries, without assuring him that he would be flogged before the day was out for taking them ; nor rescue a poor wretch from one gaol, without prophetically stocking the vista of his future years with twenty ; or praise a young lady’s beauty without at the same time deploring her folly ; or laud her sense, without regretting that nature had not put a better face upon it. In his younger days, he had lived much in the gayest and most agreeable society, and was in himself an ambulating Biographical Dictionary. Learned he was, moreover—that is, he had

“ Loads of learned lumber in his head,
And all such reading as was never read.”

He was also a philosopher, in the truest sense of the word ; for his was the philosophy of the heart, that feeling filters from all its dregs. Never in his life had Marmaduke Bubble deviated into saying or doing anything like other people ; and yet if there was one thing more than another that he valued himself upon, it was the absence of all oddity, and the being in all things the facsimile of the common herd of men. He generally passed the whole of the day in bed or in books, and issued forth at night, lantern in hand, (as we have just met him), to admire the beauties of nature, or watch the progress of vegetation ; but hearing his neighbours talk much of robbers and housebreakers, he never (for fear of being thought odd) sallied forth without the protection of a blunderbuss ; and many is the scarecrow he has been known to perforate in his valiant defence of his brother's property. No wonder, then, his reputation for courage stood unrivalled, since all the enemies he had hitherto encountered were *men of straw*. When rallied upon his nocturnal rambles, he has staunchly defended his taste, by averring that he did not like the raw morning air, and had no opinion of the day while it was young and childish. “ No no—the night had grown steady and temperate, and knew better than to scorch a man's brain up ; *his day* was gone by, and he did not want to meet other people's,” and much more, not indeed to the *purpose*, but to the same effect.

Now, Sir Romulus was the very antipodes of his brother, both in mind and matter, being a pompous portly personage, all sound and no sense. His person was rotund, and his face rubicund ; he was the most common-place of the common-place, but had as great a mania to be thought uncommon as his brother Marmaduke had to belong to the regular routine genus of human nature. Consequently, Sir Romulus could not point out the most ordinary flower-pot, vulgarly crowded with dahlias and sweet-peas, to a visitor, without observing that *he* liked to have something *out of the common*, or call people's attention to a willow trained into the water, without asking if *it was not a pretty idea* ? He was a great politician : that is, he read a newspaper from the name of the paper down to the printer's name ; and what is more extraordinary, so implicitly believed every word in it, that if he read of a person's death, though they were to call at Bubble Hall alive and merry the next day, he would not have credited their living identity, or discredited the death they had met with in the newspaper. In his conjugal capacity, never did man thrive better upon hen-pecking than he did ; which arose from the pleasing monomania that he was lord and master in all things, and that after himself Lady Bubble was the cleverest of human beings. She had been, as the opening of

this chapter setteth forth, a beauty in the year 1798, and finding it a habit difficult to shake off, she harassed herself and her friends with all the appendages of one still, which were, as far back as the year 1798, much more cumbersome and obtrusive than they are now a days. She was also one of those exceedingly clever women who have such a grasp of mind, that they never can prevail upon themselves to know the details of any thing, and as ‘*qui trop embrasse mal étreint*,’ the most important parts of every subject were apt to escape her researches. Being of Irish parentage, although she had been forty years out of Ireland, she still called first *fust*, idea *idaya*, and pulse *pullse*; and having at the peace of 1814 spent six months in Paris, though she had very honourably abstained from smuggling away a single word of French, she retained such a pleasing recollection of it, that she could not keep from Gallicising all her English, which at least gave a molley to her words if not to her ideas; which, combined with her using a great deal of action, added to great ponderosity of person, rendered her rather a fatiguing companion. The rest of Sir Romulus Bubble’s family consisted of two maiden sisters, Prudence and Lucretia, who both hated Lady Bubble with a degree of sister-in-law hatred, that had almost reached mother-in-law pitch; three daughters, whose education had been much neglected, and was now patching up with a French governess; one son and heir, his sisters’ junior, being only seventeen, and in harness under a Scotch tutor, and abounding in all the horrors of hobbledehoyism; Mrs. Manners, Lady Bubble’s mother, a little old woman, verging on ninety, who had a funny lisp, and a still funnier brogue, and played whist indefatigably, enlivening the solemnity of the game with snatches of very comical old songs, which she wheezed out in a low, rumbling, mumbling, earthquakey sort of voice, her head wagging facetiously from one side to the other all the time. The maiden sisters thought themselves too young for cards, (Prudence being only fifty-five and a quarter, and Lucretia fifty-six and a half); but the old lady was rich, and might leave her money to whom she pleased, and therefore Sir Romulus very properly told his sisters that it was unamiable in *young people* not to sacrifice something to the little peculiarities of age. Another victim was always ready to preclude the necessity of a dummy, in the person of Theresa Manners, a beautiful girl of nineteen, a niece of Lady Bubbles’, who being poor and an orphan, received all the care, kindness, and consideration that poor orphans generally do receive from rich aunts and cousins. But it is high time the reader should be introduced to this amiable family, now assembled in the drawing-room at Bubble Hall.

“Bless me! my dear boy!” said Marmaduke, linking his arm through Cecil’s, “I am delighted I thought of looking at you before I fired—terrible thing to have shot you the moment you

arrived, for I hate doing any thing unlike other people. I'm an old man, and you're a young one; depend upon what I tell you, it never does to be unlike other people;—oddities, oddities, my dear sir, are mill-stones round a man's neck, that prevent him getting on in the world." And as he spoke, he thumped the butt end of the blunderbuss so violently on the ground, that the trigger getting entangled among the twigs of a gooseberry bush, it went off.

"Which of you are firing at this time of night?" said Marmaduke, turning angrily round; and never suspecting the real culprit—the gooseberry bush at his side; "Whoever it is, I'll turn you away directly."

"I rather think," said Cecil, smiling, as he perceived exactly how the matter stood, "the delinquent is already *discharged*; for it is no other than the blunderbuss in your hand."

"Well, bless me! now so it is! why, the very gooseberry-bushes are *odd* in this part of the world—and *shoot* in the month of August;—but you must be hungry; and tea, I have no doubt, is ready—and you know Shropshire is famous for its cakes."

"I am so hungry," laughed Cecil, "that

"*Pane egeo, jam pontificum potiore placentis.*"

"Then bread you shall have, and meat too," said Marmaduke, opening a gate that led into the lawn.

It was too dark to see what order of architecture Bubble Hall was of; but the lamps over the billiard table in the hall threw a light into the portico. And Cecil felt that it was, *or ought to be*, a red brick edifice, with stone copings of James the First's time;—and he was right, as the next morning discovered. Trip ran on, and as though well accustomed to the office, turned the handle in his paws, and with considerable rattling, opened the door; his master, Bruno, and Cecil, ascending the steps a few minutes after.

"You are welcome to Bubble Hall, cousin Howard," said the former to the latter, shaking him by the hand, as he placed the blunderbuss and lantern on one of the slabs in the hall; and then added, turning to two very fat and shabbily dressed servants in dark blue bishop's livery and cotton stockings, (which, from their innumerable *wrinkles*, must have been very old)—"Help Mr. Howard off with his great coat:—have they done tea yet?"

"Yes, sir, it's nearly supper time; a quarter past ten."

"All the better for you, Howard—but make haste, till I introduce you to Lady Bubble, before 'supper, or you won't be able to eat one morsel, with her incessant questions about 'London—Lord John—Lady this—and the Duke of that.'"

"Really," said Cecil, looking down at his travelling dress, "I am not fit to appear before ladies;—is my servant arrived, do you know?"

“A Frenchman in a post-chay isn't it, sir?”

“Yes.”

“He arrived, sir, about five minutes ago, and is in your room now.”

“Will you have the goodness to show me the way to it?”

“No! no!” interposed Marmaduke, “you must show yourself to the women first,” gently pulling him by the arm.

“But, my dear sir, my boots are so terribly dirty,” remonstrated Cecil, hanging back, “I really must change them.”

“There it is!” said Marmaduke, with a peevish pshaw! “*oddity, oddity*, my dear boy, as I before said, will always knock every thing on the head, and prevent a man getting on in the world; the young men of the present day are so cursedly effeminate.”

Cecil smiled, as he thought how well Marmaduke Bubble's and Mr. Simpson's ideas of effeminacy would agree; and then added, as a forlorn hope, to achieve the luxury of a little soap and water—“But my boots are so wet, that I am really afraid of getting cold.”

“Oh!—your humble servant!” rejoined Marmaduke, “damp feet—that's *another* affair, and may fairly damp a man's gallantry without any tincture of effeminacy;—go—off with you, (Harding, show Mr. Howard to his room), and as soon as you can step into other shoes,—make your appearance in the drawing room; I'll not say a word of your arrival till you come down, or I'm sure they'd all be after you, girls and all—all except Theresa; she's a good girl, and never teazes any one.”

On walked Cecil, preceded by Harding with a hand-candle, not a little glad of a quarter of an hour's reprieve. On leaving the great hall, he came to a smaller one, terminating in a broad black oak staircase, with a nice thick noise-preventing Axminster carpet; the walls were lined with family portraits, which, from the feeble light of the bed-chamber candle, promised ample amusement for the morning.

“Dinah! Dinah!” called Harding in a stage whisper, on reaching the first landing place, “Mr. Howard, the gentleman, is come—show him to the room where the French *valley* is.”

And lo! a tall thin woman, with a neat Quaker-like high-crowned muslin cap, a chintz gown, tucked-up through the pocket-hole, a clean muslin apron, a green morocco pincushion, and a large pair of scissors at her left side, a warming-pan under her right arm, and a clear-starched muslin neckerchief, appeared; making an equally clear-starched curtsy at the head of the stairs, with the concise, but satisfactory reply of

“All ready, Mr. Harding,”—and “this way if you please sir,” to Cecil.—“Sally, more coal on the fire in the green room,” added she to her coadjutor, a cherry-cheeked housemaid, as she passed onward, and threw open the high old oak door of a lofty wainscoted

room ; in one recess of which, was an old oak bedstead, with embroidered bugle hangings, and ostrich feathers on the top of each post ; on the toilet was a point-lace cover, an old black and gold japan-framed looking-glass, with a drapery of point round it ; and innumerable little quaint-shaped japan boxes, not unlike an old-fashioned supper service, were spread over the table. The window curtains, which were of the same bugle tapestry as the bed hangings, were low down, but in the day-time drew up with a cord, and formed a drapery of their own runnings. The centre of the polished floor was covered with a Turkey carpet ; all the washing utensils were of very old silver, and antique shapes ; a cheerful wood-fire blazed upon dogs of the same metal, while two colossal easy-chairs graced each side of the fire-place, and seemed, in their white frilled dressing-gowns, as though they were comfortably dozing to the lulling music of the little singing silver kettle ; and behind the chair, opposite the door, was a large Indian screen. All Cecil's things were ready put out ; before the fire was a curious old-fashioned silver foot-pan, over which, stood Girouette with his arms folded, as though he were mysteriously meditating either upon suicide or supper.

As Cecil Howard was an exceedingly handsome man, his toilette was an affair of no great length ; he had no embroidered coats to throw back, no hay-coloured hair to oil and unguent into a bad imitation of Warren's jet blacking ; no curling tongs to give the capillary finish to the poker-perpendicularity of his figure. Now, I know it would be easy, and perhaps much more satisfactory, on reading the announcement that Cecil was an exceedingly handsome man, for as many different young ladies as do me the honour of perusing this work, to exclaim,—“ Ah I understand ; I dare say he was like Cecil F—, or Lord E—, or George A—, or Tom D—, or Lord C—, or Frank S—, and so on through the alphabet, as the case might require ;—but to avoid all mistakes, I'll describe him. Cecil Howard was about five feet eleven ; but in symmetry of figure, the Apollo might have envied him. His features would not, perhaps, critically speaking, have been called handsome—except his forehead, brow and eyes, which were magnificent ; the latter were large, dark, and lustrous in the extreme—but then they appeared to float in liquid light, that was as soft as it was brilliant ; the brow was low, straight, and intellectual—and seemed like night girding the snowy world of the forehead above it—a forehead so vast, pure, and lofty, that even the shadow of a mean thought never could have flitted across it. His hair was of a purple-black, clustering in rich curls ; and withal—

“ Fine as the web of a fairy's thought.”

And the small ear that peeped out at either side was so beautifully modelled that they looked as if love had given them to him on the

proviso that they were to hear no voice but his own. After all, if every feature was not perfect, they all had the *effect* of beauty, which *is* beauty; and the voice that issued from it would have made any mouth beautiful. And now, to proceed to extremities, his hands and feet—those unmistakeable criterions of gentle blood—were perfectly patrician. I will make no apology for taking up so much time in etching this sketch; for my own part, I like to *see* the people I am expected to take an interest in, and therefore suppose other persons have the same taste; besides, Montaigne observes and observes, truly, that the adventures of an infant would be interesting, if it could tell them; and Goldsmith adds, “and even the life of a beau would be amusing, if he could write it!” Now Cecil Howard was something better than a beau, and if he were not, I have always found that those books which give the most correct inventory of human beings (however insignificant), and stereotype the world as it is, are always thought the most interesting, because the most natural. I am, therefore, well content to be called vulgar, because I make housemaids and helpers speak like housemaids and helpers, and not like shepherdesses out of Arcadia, and philosophers from Utopia; neither shall I sink under the accusation of being cold-blooded, bad hearted, revengeful, and vindictive, by those vestal-thoughted gentlemen, my late reviewers, who with a refinement of metaphysical acumen that is exquisitely incomprehensible, not to say ridiculous, designate *resisted sin* as the *adultery of the mind!* and brand me as a monster for presuming to describe vice as I have seen and suffered from it. But now

“To supper with what appetite we may.”

On opening his bed-room door, Cecil perceived that between each room door on the opposite side of the gallery was a window looking on the stairs, like the houses in Anne's time—those solid and comfortable domiciles that still breathe of Pope, pleasure, patches, politics, beaux, belles, and bohea.

“A nice old house,” thought Cecil, as he descended the stairs. “I must make the acquaintance of my mother's ancestors to-morrow, and if the portraits of the Bubbles at all come up to the original I have already seen, I shall have no lack of diversion.” In the front hall, sitting by the billiard table next the fire, he found Marmaduke Bubble reading a newspaper, which, however, on Cecil's appearance, he instantly put down, and starting from his chair, said,

“Well, come, I must say you've not been long. Now I'll introduce you to a covey of old women; three of the plainest young ones in Europe; one of the prettiest in the same space; an animal by itself, which is a French woman come to years of discretion without having found what she's come to; a Scotch man longer in

the back than he is in the head, tutor to my nephew, Cosmo Bubble, who, heaven knows, *promises* nothing, therefore it is to be hoped he will *do* a great deal, but he has not begun yet, and then there's my brother ; but he'll speak for himself," added Marmaduke, throwing open the drawing-room door, which discovered the following groups. At one end of the room sat three old ladies, and a young one, at whist. The eldest of these ladies was Mrs. Manners, who wore a full crowned muslin cap, with a close border, and a profusion of flat round rings of drab-coloured hair on her forehead, a ruff round her neck, and a Canton crape stone-coloured shawl, fastened in front with a square Scotch pebble ; her head rose very little above the table, her shoulders were narrow, and her bust flat ; but she became not, indeed,

" Small by degrees, and beautifully less ;"

but the very reverse—large by degrees, and wonderfully big in her downward course—after the graceful disproportions of a Chinese joss. The old lady was now winning everything at sixpenny long-whist, with a very dirty pack of cards, which she maintained were always luckier than clean ones, and she is not the first who has attempted to secure fortune by very dirty means. As was her wont on such joyous occasions, her head was undulating from one side to the other, as she sang the following snatch of a once popular song, with a soft lisp, assisted by a kind of bumble-bee accompaniment between each line, of *um—um—um—um*,

"Thought's to counthel let uth take,

Um—um—um—um—um.

To wed or not to wed, that ith the question."

But, like Johnny Gilpin,

" Though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind,"

for, ever and anon, shutting one eye and opening the other very wide, she would look up at her partner, Miss Prudence Bubble, as she was scrambling up another trick, and exclaim, as a spur to that lady's dilatory mode of proceeding,

" Ah ! *Prudenth*, can't you play ? it *dethroys* the game to be *tho* long about it."

The third and fourth at this table consisted of Miss Lucretia and her niece, Miss Betsey Bubble ; the former, an elongated spinster, dressed in white throughout the year, with a physiognomy constructed on the antithetical plan of those long wands used in Catholic chapels, with a lighted taper and extinguisher together, at one end. Her nose, which was red and pointed, gave an excellent representation of the latter, while her looks were a perfect fac simile of the former. Miss Betsey was a vulgar, ugly, conceited-looking girl, with thick lips, a trumpeter-nose, a dingy, greasy-looking complexion, and red skinny hands, with divers excrescences in the

shape of warts about them. At the other side of the fire-place sat Lady Bubble, playing chess with Mr. McPhin, the tutor. Lady Bubble, though not exactly what

“ Youthful poets fancy when they love,”
was certainly

“ All that *painting* can express ;”

for her cheeks and eye-brows formed a little diorama of a ‘ rouge et noir table,’ and being still in her own opinion, “ a splendid woman,” she appeared every day ‘ en grande toilette.’ On this evening she might have reminded the *Eastern* traveller of the Saracen’s Head at Snow-hill; for she wore a very large scarlet and yellow turban, with an ‘ esprit’ rising perpendicularly from the centre. Round her throat was a plain diamond necklace, about the size of large peas, but so *tight* that it reminded one of the punishment of Prometheus, when his neck was pierced with diamond nails. Her dress was of amber satin, with innumerable flounces of blonde. Her arms were bare, and covered with huge bracelets; one containing a portrait of Sir Romulus in his Deputy-Lieutenant’s uniform, the other of Master Cosmo, when a baby, in a snow-storm of Mechlin lace. Mr. McPhin had gone beyond six feet by several inches; he had rather handsome features on a large scale, not unlike the heads of Jupiter Tonans. His eyes were a dark blue, but from being exceedingly near-sighted, had a fierce and fixed stare. His hair was light and closely cut to his head behind, with a sort of rampant cockatoo cluster in front. He wore a very stiff, black leather stock, and no visible collar, and a rusty, brown-black satin waistcoat. The back of his coat was even longer than his own back, and the skirts of it swept the ground as he sat. His unthink-of-ables were of blotting paper-coloured kersymere, without straps, and his colossal feet found an asylum in coarse white-cotton stockings, and very thick shoes, with broad ribbon strings, that were carefully ironed out every day. One of these ponderous legs was now stretched out on either side of the little table on which the chess-board was placed, while the finger and thumb of his left hand lavished sundry little caresses on his chin, as he meditated how he should be able to do what Sir Romulus Bubble had never been able to do, check-mate his partner.

Opposite Mr. McPhin, with a copy of Lord Byron in her hand, (over which she was sighing,) sat Mademoiselle Perpignon, the governess. She fancied herself like Madame Pasta, and dressed accordingly. As far as *size* went there was certainly nothing *wanting* to complete the resemblance, except it might be the beautiful arm; but her forehead was low and red, her eye-brows mangy and very much arched; her eyes, coffee-coloured and large, but exceedingly round, her nose cherry-coloured, small, and very much ‘ *retroussé*;’ her cheeks excelled Vesuvius, inasmuch as they dis-

played a *constant eruption*; her mouth was naturally too small, and she made it still smaller by pursing it up into a perfect eyelet-hole; her throat was short, consisting of three rolls of fat, the creases between which, being much fairer than the rolls themselves, looked like a white edge to a scarlet ribbon; her hair was dark and fine, like that of most of her country-women, but strained off her forehead, not to hide any of the beauties of the face beneath. This "lovely woman" had long cherished a secret attachment for the cold and ungrateful McPhin; but alas! like Charlotte in the "Sorrows of Werter," as represented at the Porte St. Martin, she began to fear and to feel that it never could come to any thing; while, on the other hand, McPhin, like Werter, thought that in *that* consisted its only charm. Yet, with woman's unvarying constancy, there would she sit, evening after evening, opposite to him, reading poetry, and every time she came to a line applicable to her own case, hurl sighs at him across the chess-board; but, ingrate that he was, he only thought of his *pawns*, and heeded not her *pledges* of affection.

At a little distance from Mademoiselle Perpignon sat one of her pupils, Lucy Bubble and her brother. The young lady was giggling and whispering, and Cosmo was holding a skein of netting-silk for her to wind, with his mouth open, every now and then raising his right shoulder to rub his nose, which he had no other mode of getting to. He was very tall, and looked still taller through the medium of a skeleton jacket; his face, though white, was exceedingly fat, and his nose very large and aquiline; his hair was fiery-red, but, as woolly and curly as a negro's. In short, he had much the appearance of a fair and infant Punch, before the profligate career of that truly great man had made his plump cheeks hollow; and I have no doubt that had Silvio Fiorillo¹ flourished in these our days, he would have been able clearly to have traced his descent. Miss Lucy Bubble was tall and slight, with pink cheeks, blue eyes and light hair; Miss Betsy was fat and short, with a brown skin and dark hair; or, to be more concise, Lucy was long and dismal, like a winter's evening, and Betsy dark and short, like a winter's day. Close to the fire, behind Mr. McPhin, with a little table again behind him, with candles on it, sat Sir Romulus Bubble, reading a newspaper, with a hemming, grunting sort of noise in his throat, not unlike the muffled neighing of a horse. Sir Romulus's face was very red, with a Greek outline; his head was bald, and he wore a wig of brown crisp curls, but very far at the back of his head, voting all the rest of his shorn pate forehead, for he was a great phrenologist. In stature he was very short, but the matter was as broad as it was long. He always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, blue cloth trousers, white cotton stockings,

¹ The inventor of the Neapolitan Punch.

and their unpolished shoes ; his waistcoats were invariably too short, owing, no doubt, to the rotundity of his person ; his fingers were very short and stumpy, and he generally wore a ring about the dimensions of a moderate sized salver, on the little finger of each hand. When any person or persons annoyed, disappointed or offended him, he invariably called them Algerines ; and just at the moment Cecil and Marmaduke made their 'entré,' some Parliamentary proceedings that he was reading having displeased him, he was exclaiming aloud, as he covered his blue cloth continuations with rejected pinches of snuff,—

“ The Algerines ! the Algerines ! ”

“ Brother,” said Marmaduke, “ here is our cousin Howard arrived, and it is a mercy I did not shoot him, by way of welcome, as he came through one of the kitchen gardens.”

“ Bless me ! ” exclaimed Sir Romulus, starting from his chair, and extending both his hands to Cecil, “ and what made the Algerines bring you through the kitchen garden?—delighted to see you—delighted to see you.”

“ We had no idaya you'd come so late,” said Lady Bubble, rising and offering her hand, with a great deal of tragedy-queen dignity. “ I dar say you found the 'boue' the mud inconvenient on on fust setting out.”

Mr. MacPhin nearly upset the chess table and Sir Romulus's reading table, in backing to take a good view of the new arrival. Mademoiselle Perpignon approached nearer to Mr. MacPhin for the same purpose ; the young ladies whispered and giggled more than ever ; and Cosmo forgot the skein of silk, as he walked round, and, without uttering a syllable, thrust his foggy hand into Cecil's ; while the trio at the card table rose simultaneously, and the old lady, opening her left eye wider than ever, turned round and said,

“ Ith that thupper ? ”

“ No, ma'am ; it's only Mr. Howard, that we have been expecting from London.”

“ Oh, *heth*, very late ; but, of *coorth*, (course) ith a long way to come. Would he like to take a hand at cards ? ”

In due time, poor Cecil returned all their greetings, and gratefully declined the proffered hand at cards.

“ Well, it's perfectly miraculous ! ” said Sir Romulus, looking down at Cecil's feet, as he walked across the room, “ perfectly miraculous ! I had no conception they could bring them to such perfection. Which is it, Cecil ? ”

“ What, sir ? ” inquired Cecil.

“ Why your cork leg—for egad ! it's totally impossible to perceive the slightest difference.”

“ May I ask,” said Cecil, smiling, “ what is this joke about my having a cork leg ? ”

“Joke, my dear fellow! it’s no joke to lose a leg, I should think, though you’ve got over the loss of yours wonderfully.”

“Now I am more in the dark than ever,” replied Cecil; “for, upon my honour, I never lost a leg. You must, I am happy to say, have been misinformed.”

“Misinformed! not in the least—quite true, I give you my word,” said Sir Romulus, raising his eyebrows, and hastily taking a pinch of snuff, as he walked over to a table, and withdrew one from a pile of newspapers, which he presented to Cecil, triumphantly pointing out with the middle finger of his right hand a paragraph announcing a fatal accident that had happened to Cecil Howard, Esq. while riding in Hyde Park, by his horse running away, and thereby breaking his leg, which was immediately amputated, the loss, however, being replaced by one of Mr.—’s inimitable patent cork legs!

“Well,” said Cecil laughing, “I can only repeat that I never broke my leg, never had it amputated, and never had a cork leg.”

Sir Romulus shook his head incredulously and somewhat huffily, as he replied, “I suppose the next thing you’ll tell me is that your sister is not married either, or going to be married, to that rich man, Lord—Lord—tut, tut—let me see—the man that has that fine place near Cork—Lord—dear, I shall forget my own name next,” continued he, placing his forefinger on his forehead, “Lord—”

“Dunblarney,” interposed Lady Bubble.

“Ay, Dunblarney, the man who plays so high and lost so much to Count Roulette last year.”

“No,” said Cecil, laughing outright, “I’m happy to say my sister has not got a Cork *leg* any more than myself.”

“Supper’s on the table, my lady,” said the butler.

“My dear boy,” said Sir Romulus to Cecil, (as the latter offered his arm to Lady Bubble), with that solemn dignity which had got him so universally dreaded and respected throughout the neighbourhood, “my dear boy, when you know me better you won’t attempt to impose upon me.”

Having uttered this severe reprimand, Sir Romulus, with the amiable suavity of a great mind, made a sort of ‘*pas de zephyr*, across the room to the whist table, exclaiming, “Where’s my mother? where’s my mother?” as he always affectionately called Mrs. Manners, and having secured her, performed a march to her waddle till they reached the supper room.

“Cependant il n’est pas mal,” said Mademoiselle Perpignon to herself, as she sunk into a chair opposite Cecil.

“Mr. Howard, shall I send you some pully?” asked Lady Bubble, in allusion to some chickens before her.

“If you please, I’ll trouble you.”

“I’ll tell you what will be a wonderful improvement—wonder-

ful, to the chicken, which is a little tongue," said Sir Romulus. "Let me persuade you to try it; I'm very fond of trying experiments in that way, but the Algerines in this part of the world don't understand anything out of the common routine; and you must know I hate, detest, abominate anything in the common routine."

"Meestere Mac Pheen, may I troble you for to send me soam of dat deesh?" said Mademoiselle, casting a devouring look at that gentleman.

"What dish, mum? for there are so many, it's impossible to know which you mean, unless you specify it," replied the flinty McPhin.

"Oh, I shall take noan," sighed Mademoiselle, sinking back in her chair, and shading her eyes with her hand, yet leaving sufficient space between her fingers to gaze steadily on Mr. McPhin through the apertures; "I am not vere well; I shall not eat no suppere to-night."

"I think you are in the right of it, mum; for they must be very bad for a person so stout as you are."

"Stout, stout—qu'est ce que c'est que stout?" asked Mademoiselle, looking fatly and fondly at Mr. McPhin.

"Why, Mum," replied he, eating with redoubled rapidity, and never once raising his eyes from his plate, "it means big, fat, large, coarse, unwieldy, in short, just what you are, Mum."

"Ah, mais c'est tout un dictionnaire dat you tel me, I no onderstan."

"Tong mew, Mum, tong mew," responded Mr. McPhin, as he hastily filled out a tumbler of water, and drank it off, to wash down his last gallant speech.

"Where's Theresa?" asked Marmaduke Bubble.

"She had a bad headache, and went to bed some time ago," replied Lady Bubble.

"And I suppose you'll be glad to do the same, for you must be very tired?" added Marmaduke to Cecil.

"I am rather tired."

"I thuppothe you never go to bed in Lunnun," said Mrs Manners. "It mutht be a terrible plathe—nothing comfortable or conveynient in it—at laytht not like the country."

"My mother's idea is," said Sir Romulus, "that there is no place like the country. Mother, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"No, Romuluth, I'll have a taythpoonful of ehpray, (esprit.)"

"Fenton," said Sir Romulus to the butler, "bring the brandy here."

After the old lady had had her taythpoonful, she turned to Mademoiselle Perpignon, and offered her some; adding, "the French papple'th fond of brandy I belave."

“Non, tank you, Madame. I am afraid of de speerit at night.”

“Some silly people, mum, are afraid of spirits at night,” said Mr. McPhin, as he helped himself to, and tossed off a wine-glassful of brandy.

At length the supper ended; and to Cecil’s no small relief, the party separated for their respective bed-chambers. His last thought, as he laid his head upon his pillow, was—“What a fortune Polito would have made, could he have possessed himself of the inmates of Bubble Hall!”

CHAPTER III.

“Away these two trudg’d it o’er hills and o’er dales,
They popp’d at the partridges, frighten’d the quails;
But to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
Save spoiling the proverb, *as sure as a gun*.”

“Fair she was—with a silver voice
That bade e’en sorrow’s self rejoice.”

FAMILY PORTRAITS.—THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—MARMADUKE BUBBLE MAKETH AN OBLIGING OFFER, UPON WHICH CECIL THROWETH COLD WATER.—WHAT IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?—DON’T KNOW—BUT SUPPOSE IT IS THAT TROUBLESOME URCHIN’S SHADOW THAT WE PERCEIVE ON HIS WAY TO US.—VENUS MUST HAVE SPARED THE ROD WITH A VENGEANCE, FOR SHE CERTAINLY SPOILT THAT CHILD—THE RESTLESS, MISCHIEVOUS, TORMENTING, WHINING, CRYING, DESTRUCTIVE BRAT—ALAS! THAT THERE IS NO DO-THE-DANS HALL, WHEREAT HE MIGHT BE SMIKED DOWN.

“IF,” says Francisco Johon de Salazar, “Plato took the liberty to constitute a republic in imaginary space, Descartes, to figure to himself a world at his pleasure, and many modern philosophers (Copernicus holding the candle, and our friend, Fontenelle, giving it a snuff), to create in their fancy as many thousands of worlds, as there are thousands of fixed stars, and all inhabited by good and true men of flesh and blood, neither more nor less than our very selves;—tell me, I say, what reason there is, divine, or human, why my imagination should not divert itself in fabricating people, and making them think, act, and hold forth, as I shall take it into my head?”—none whatever; nevertheless, dear reader, I am fabricating nothing—every Bubble among them I have seen; not indeed, exactly in the same case, and place, in which I have done them the honour of presenting them to you; but still I have seen them; and as for the twaddle about the impropriety of putting real people into books, that is only a “weak invention of the enemy,” namely, of the people, who beggar description. What arrogance it is of any of us journeymen (for, at best, authors are nothing more), to set themselves up as rivals to Nature, who was the first to take out a patent for human beings—their passions, feelings, thoughts, actions, vices, virtues, oddities, and absurdities, that have never yet been improved upon, nor never will;—witness the miserable

failure of the attempts of Messieurs Prometheus and Frankenstein, when they thought fit to set up in the business on their own account; and no wonder—what but monsters could be the result of such a monstrous undertaking? The only man that Nature ever took into partnership, was one William Shakspeare, for he never, on any single occasion, went beyond her patterns, but copied them so closely, that it would puzzle her to know his work from her own. Never, then, let imagination be any thing but a member of Nature's royal academy, if you expect its pictures to possess any merit; and if it is high colouring you require, my dear public, depend upon it, nature produces greater exaggerations, both in people and events, than the most vivid imagination would ever dare to venture upon. Hoping before we part, to convince you of this—now let us go down to breakfast.

The weather had changed during the night (as is the custom of our capricious climate), and was warm and sultry in the extreme, with everything gilded into brightness by a glowing sun, when Cecil left his room the morning after his arrival at Bubble Hall. The peacocks were strutting on the velvet terraces before the house, the deer were seeking the shade, oppressed with the noon-day heat, and the air was laden with the breath of mignonette, sweet peas and verbenum. What a generous prodigality of beauty and sweetness there is about autumnal flowers! no wonder their reign is so short!

“The churliest thorn will last the year,
The violets but *once* appear.”

Though it was half-past eleven, none of the Bubbles had risen; at least they were not down. “Well, there is some virtue in that,” thought Cecil, “for it would be dreadful if all I saw last night was to begin at nine in the morning, as I feared it would.”

The stair-case at Bubble Hall, as has been before stated, was lined with pictures. Over the window on the first landing-place, was a picture of Bubelus, king of Rome—no doubt the founder of the family, as in the picture he stood considerably higher than the buildings by which he was surrounded, for there is no knowing to what size bubbles may be inflated. Turning the corner of the stair-case, was a large full-length picture of Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble, in the same frame, done just after their marriage in 1798. Sir Romulus shone forth in a blue coat, very yellow (almost orange coloured) buck-skin unmentionables, top-boots, and a riding-whip in his hand; while Lady Bubble was attired in a muslin-dress, over which was a short pelisse trimmed with black-lace: round her throat, put on as a cravat, was a yellow-silk Indian pocket-handkerchief, with scarlet spots on it, while round her head was twisted an indescribable something, that looked like another pocket-handkerchief, twin-brother to the cravat; over which, shrouding the

beauty of her face, hung a long black-lace veil. What elegant simplicity! what conjugal felicity!! what modest majesty!!! was displayed in this truly original picture. A little below it was another, evidently done at a somewhat later period, for it represented Lady Bubble in a crop, with one ostrich-feather rising perpendicularly from the centre of a blue ribbon that was tied round her head. Her dress in this picture also consisted of white muslin, with the addition of what looked very like a blue bed-gown over it, coming very little below her waist. This excrescence, Lady Bubble afterwards informed Cecil, was in the year 1798, called "the Sutton wrapp!" But the most remarkable and peculiar feature of this picture, was, that her ladyship evidently looked, "as ladies wish to look who love their lords;" and as she was represented standing in profile, and the picture was only a kit-cat size, she had the wonderful appearance of walking through the frame—but how so wide a circumference was to be got through so narrow a space, remained an unsolved mystery! Next to this, was another very tall full-length picture, of Miss Lucretia Bubble, looking like a sort of Sunday Sappho, in a very neat white gown, looped up at the left knee with a leaf, which though large, was not botanically defined; her feet were cased in yellow kid pointed slippers, looking like large quarters of very large lemons. She also had a crop, round which was tied a green-gauze handkerchief, with a bow on one side, her hair curled 'à-la-Cupidon,' and rising above it. Her eyes were raised to heaven; in one hand she held a large lyre, so square, that it might have passed as first cousin to a gridiron; in the other was a scroll of paper, on which was inscribed—

"Louisa, or the Victim of Love;"

the title of a charming little poem Miss Lucretia had written in 1801, for an interesting periodical, called "the Lady's Museum." The poem opened with the following thrilling lines—

"What chaste confusion clouds Louisa's cheek,
And makes the blushing maid afraid to speak."

The first line cannot fail to remind the classical reader of the late Sir William Curtis's celebrated toast of the three C's—"Cox, King, and Curtis!" though it must be confessed that the fair authoress possesses much more richness of imagery, as she has got *four* C's into one line,—while the second evinces a matchless delicacy of thought and diction; what a rare! what a sublime! what an exquisite picture is conjured up—indeed, now a-days, I might add, what a phenomenon!—by the idea of *a blushing maid being afraid to speak!*—I defy even the most "gifted boy" of the present day, in or out of a half-crown epic, to write anything equal to it!—"Mais revenons à nos moutons."

Under this picture of Miss Lucretia, was a half-length of Mrs. Manners in her younger days; in a black mode cloak, a fly-cap,

three patches, an étui, and a large fan. Next to Mrs. Manners' picture was one of her three grand-daughters, when children, standing in a group, with their arms round each other's necks, with frocks of a scarlet abomination, called in the war—Salisbury flannel. Their hair being short, straight, and rampant, gave them much the appearance of a bunch of hearth brushes, with red handles, hanging out at the door of a turner's shop. Next to them was a picture of their brother Cosmo, at the interesting age of nine; he was portrayed in a scarlet jacket, studded with silver sugar-loaf buttons and nankeen trowsers; into the pockets of which were stuffed his hands, while his feet were wide a-part, in imitation of the Colossus of Rhodes; and under his right foot was a roll of twine, from which rose a kite; the upward progress of which this interesting youth was watching, with eyes, nose, and mouth; so that little of his face was to be seen, except the tip of his chin and his scarlet hair. Then came another picture of Mrs. Manners, as Cecil had seen her the night before at the card-table—her head on one side in the act of singing; this likeness was rendered the more striking, by the painter not having forgotten to throw a fine Rembrandt-shade over the cards the old lady held in her hand. Next to this was a full-length portrait of Percy Manners dressed as Hamlet;—a very handsome man—a brother of Lady Bubble's, who had been dead some years. Marmaduke Bubble also figured on a little plump brown poney; in shoes and stockings, and no straps to his trowsers, with his dog Trip trotting after him.

The other pictures were really old, and some of them very finely done—especially one of Sir Lyle Bubble, with a large 'cortège' of knights and ladies assembled before Bubble Hall, ready to go hawking; while Sir Lyle was holding the stirrup of his majesty King James the First's saddle. There was another equally good—of Sir Hugh Bubble calling upon poor Ascham, to impart the joyous tidings, that Henry the Eighth had granted him a pension for his "Toxophilus."—The portrait of Sir Hugh was portly and burley, as that of every Bubble should be; there was a frank 'bonhomme' in his face, as he advanced towards the poor scholar, who was seated at a rough oak table, covered with his favourite Latin authors, while the floor was equally strewn with books and rushes. On the top of the high-backed chair on which he was sitting, was perched a tame merlin; while Ascham, pointing to the open volume of his own book before him, seemed to be saying to Sir Hugh,—

"I wrote my Toxophilus not so much with a design to do honour to archery, or to direct the practice of it, as to try the experiment whether the treatise might not improve my circumstances, which are low indeed—lower than the common condition of the studious¹."

¹ *Scripsi ego Toxophilum meum, non tam quod honestatem sagittationis et ejus usu*

And poor Roger was right; his "School Master" is far more eloquent, and better written than his *Toxophilus*; but he might have gone on writing in that style till now, (could he have lived so long) without gaining a single 'doit,' had he not catered for the gratification of a king.

There was also another large picture of Sir Cephalus Bubble—a worthy knight, well skilled in woodcraft,—who was portrayed, amicably riding through Sherwood Forest with Little John;—this was a delicious picture. The greenery of the forest, the golden sunlight playing bo-peep through the leaves, the dun-deer stalking leisurely through the thicket, as though death and they never were to be acquainted; the sly humour lurking at the corner of Little John's eyes, as they glanced askance at the venison vertex of Sir Cephalus Bubble's face;—all made one long for the days of Robin Hood and forest roving.

This picture naturally bringing to Cecil's mind, from association, venison pasties and flasks of Rhenish, made him resolve upon tarrying no longer amid the ideal; but descending at once to the substantial realities of the breakfast room. Upon entering the dining room, where they had supped the preceding night, he found it empty, and no preparation whatever for breakfast—no symptoms of eating beyond what were to be found in some of the Flemish pictures that decorated the walls, and which abounded in chickens, lobsters, raw oysters, figs, cut lemons, melons, and fat women, with equally fat men looking over their shoulders, and dividing a loving glance between them and the provisions—while a large tortoiseshell cat, purloining a suspended partridge, formed the back ground. This was a long room, with four windows; the blinds of which being closed, Cecil could not see what part of it the grounds looked out upon; the walls were of Tyrian purple, or Pompeian red, in compartments of framed gold work; the mantel-piece was, though of marble, very high, and elaborately carved—supported by pillars, sculptured into Egyptian palm-trees: the side-board was also of marble, and very old—consisting of circular steps, something like those of St. Peter's at Rome—which formed a buffet, on each step of which was ranged massive old silver cups and tankards, salvers, and Benvenuto-Cellini-embossed circular dishes, of gold and silver; on each side of this side-board were old marble fountains—the design of which, was Venus in the shell, rising from the sea—and the water which continually flowed from her head, over her shoulders, formed a silver veil over the goddess—and caused a sort of tinkling lulling sound, that was extremely pleasant.

"Well, there is variety enough in this house at all events,"

scripto me illustrare instituerim, quam potissimum, ut hâc viâ insisterem, periculum facturum, num ea aliquando vitæ meæ rationes tenues admodum, et infra communem studiosorum conditionem positas promovere potuerit; intellexi enim aliquot peritos sagittarios summa beneficia a regiâ majestate accepisse. Lib. ii.

thought Cecil,—“for it appears to me half Gothic, half Elizabethan, half Italian, and half Dutch;—but no doubt such a variety of inmates have exercised a diversity of tastes on it. Just as he was about to leave the room, his eye was attracted by a Sir Peter Lely—a young lady about eighteen, and of great beauty, which bore a striking resemblance to Cecil’s first love, Lady Annette Lovell, whom he had dreamt himself into the belief was the most perfect, and, above all, the most devoted and disinterested of human beings; for she had, on one occasion, refused three partners running, in the expectation of his arrival from Melton;—and on another, when she had been on a visit to his sister—had stayed away from a court ball to make tea for him! as he was sofa-bound with a sprained ankle. But alas! when his fortunes changed, she did—or at least her father did; and, with well regulated young ladies, that is (or ought to be) the same thing. She took to reasoning, what she had never indulged in before; and argued logically enough, that it was impossible to live upon nothing, or without a carriage;—and even if love could at all times commanded it, his mother’s was only an open one, and could not weather the inclemency of winter winds: besides, moreover, her doves would be tired to death in the short campaign of a single morning’s visiting. Cecil, on his side, recovered his eyesight, without even the aid of Mr. Alexander, wonderfully—and discovered that Lady Annette’s nose was apt to flush a *leetle* after dinner—and that, without going to China, he had seen smaller feet.

“Thank God!” said he aloud, in a brave and beauty-proof voice, as he quitted the dining-room—“there are no more Annette Lovells for me in the world—it will not be easy to make me dream again, now that I am once awake.”

“Oh yes, sir, they’re all awake, and her ladyship will be down in a few minutes,” said Fenton, leading the way to the breakfast-room, which was at the other side of the hall.

Cecil could not help smiling, in the midst of his confusion, at the interpretation the butler had put upon his soliloquy. The room he was now ushered into, was in a different style again from those he had already seen—being a cozy, sunny, cake-and-custard Clarissa-Harlow-looking apartment. Opposite the door, was the glass door of a closet, arched at the top; in this closet was a quantity of old china bowls, cups, plates, teapots, monsters, mandarins, cameos, Turkish slippers, pipes and ostrich eggs; then came a very high old carved chimney-piece, on the top of which was a china Falstaff, and two Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses making love under a rose-tree: at the other side of the chimney-piece was another closet, or buffet, with a glass door, and filled with china to correspond with the first. Then came a deep window and window seat—then a glass door, opening with steps, crowded with flower pots, into a beautiful lawn, and covered with a verandah of Cape

jessamine and roses; then came another window and deep window-seat, showing the velvet lawn through the half-raised French blind. All the tables and chairs in this room were black mahogany, in the heavy, old George the First taste. The walls were of apricot-coloured damask, with blue true-lover's knots dispersed about it. At equal distances, there were innumerable prints about this room, in shabby, gilt, oval frames; one larger than the rest, over the mantle-piece, being of her most gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte, seated at a tambour-frame; the princess royal at a harpsichord, with a broad blue Persian sash, and her hair curled down her back; the princess Mary on a stool at the Queen's feet, dressing a doll; the princess Amelia reading; the prince of Wales on a rocking-horse, and the duke of York in a sort of scarlet groom's-frock, row-de-dow-dowing upon a drum. After which, followed prints of Sir Charles Grandison bowing over Miss Byron's hand; Clarissa Harlow stepping into the post-chaise with Lovelace, of which there was nothing to be seen but that profligate's well-ruffled hand, the hind-wheels of the chaise, and the profile of that unfortunate young lady's hoop. Then came another of the prince of Wales on horseback, in the uniform of the Twelfth Light Dragoons, framed oval, with a picture of Lord Malden escorting Mrs. Robinson across the ferry at Kew; to match which, on the opposite side of the room (over a long, old fashioned sofa, covered with apricot-damask, the same as the walls and curtains, and with a back much resembling one of the arches of Westminster bridge), hung one large, square-framed, coloured engraving of his majesty George the Third reviewing the troops at Wimbledon, into which were introduced portraits of the prince of Wales, duke of York, lords Bute, Moira, etc.; and opposite this hung a big, humorous, coloured engraving of Voltaire and Piron, fighting it out in dead silence, while waiting for an audience at Madame de Pompadour's: Voltaire had just put on his black cap, and taken out his biscuit to munch; Piron, ditto his hat and phial of brandy; Voltaire had his right foot in his left hand, crossed over his left knee, as he scowled crucibles of muriatic acid at Piron; while Piron sat with his feet crossed like a tailor's, at the foot of his chair, as he looked retorts at Voltaire.

Cecil was amusing himself with this picture, when the glass door opened, and a young lady, in a blue dress and a white bonnet, entered, looking fresher than the morning, and beautiful as the sky above it. She was tall, with a very slight, yet beautifully rounded figure; her skin was dazzlingly white, with a polished satiny surface; the shape of her face, which was a perfect oval, was almost as beautiful as the features of which it was composed; her lips were literally like twin cherries, and the teeth within them were so white and fairy-like, that they looked as if the blossoms had still lingered with the fruit; her nose was slightly aquiline, but so delicately

chiselled, and of such ivory whiteness, that had she lived to be a hundred, it never could have grown into that colossal buttress that some old ladies walk behind with such impunity. Her eyes were of that changing, bright, laughing hazel, that look like dark pebbles in a clear brook when the sun is on the waters; her forehead was high and white, with beautifully pencilled low eyebrows. She had not more colour than has a blush rose, except when she blushed, and that was often; and as she took off her bonnet and threw it into the window seat, she discovered a profusion of the most beautiful hair imaginable, being of that bright, burnished, dark, satiny brown, like the outer husk of a horse chestnut, which fell in a profusion of rich thick ringlets round her face, while at the back it was twisted round her head in a thick cable, and fastened with a plain gold comb.

“What a lovely creature,” thought Cecil; “she is much more beautiful than Annette Lovell. Pshaw! what puts her into my head?”

Some readers are dull at discoveries, so I may as well introduce them at once to Theresa Manners, who is the young lady that has just made her ‘entrée’ at the glass door, and caused Mr. Howard to make the above comparison. As soon as she perceived him, with a manner totally divested either of forwardness or shyness, Theresa advanced towards him, and said, in a voice whose witchery kept pace with that of her appearance,

“I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Howard, whom my uncle and aunt expected last night?”

“Yes,” bowed Cecil, “and I fear I arrived here at a very unseasonable hour.”

“Oh, not at all,” replied Theresa, as she laughingly pointed to the still unoccupied chairs round the breakfast table; “we are not very early people here, as you may perceive; but as I saw Lady Bubble’s windows open when I crossed the park, I’ll ring for the urn, as I suppose she will soon be down; at all events, it is not fair to keep you starving. The urn, Harding,” continued she, as the servant answered her summons.

“What a beautiful place this is,” said Cecil, looking full at Miss Manners’ very beautiful face, as he made the assertion.

“Then you’ve been out already!” interrogated the young lady.

“Me—me—no, not exactly,” stammered Cecil; “but what I have seen of it from that door appears to me very beautiful.”

“It is a nice old place—at least, I love every blade of grass in it; and if you are fond of genuine English lane and meadow scenery, I think you will not be disappointed in the rides, drives and walks about here; but I must warn you,” added she, with an arch smile, “against trusting yourself to the ciceroneship of dear uncle Marmaduke, and still more of accepting the proffered services of a certain favourite quadruped of his, called Kicksywicksy, who not

conceiving herself by any means a beast of burden, is apt to disembarass herself of her rider, and deposit him or her in the first convenient ditch."

Here Harding reappeared with the urn, a tall, slender, old-maidish looking piece of silver, surmounted with a green pineapple, and followed by Fenton and his coadjutor, John, the former bearing two long-necked bottles, and the latter a swan pie, both of which were placed on the already well laden side tables. As Miss Manners took off her gloves to make tea, which she did in several old fashioned, spinster-like, green, pineappled teapots, evidently near relations of the urn, Mr. Howard had the still further satisfaction of discovering that her hands were as beautiful as any hands need be, being small, with long taper fingers, yet plump and dimpled, of an ivory whiteness without, while pink, as though tinged with henna, within. He was just wondering how on earth such a gem could have got among the Bubbles, when the door opened, and Lady Bubble, looking like an ambulating Alp, in a green satin dress, and a whirlwind of lace round her cap and collar, entered the room, and shaking hands with Cecil, said, she'd "no idaya that he, being a London man, would be in the *salle à manger* so soon." Next followed the old lady, leaning on Miss Prudence and Lucretia. Luckily, the younger branches, being engaged at their studies, breakfasted earlier with their respective instructors, and consequently did not appear. After having at length fussed and fidgetted herself into her chair, and disburdened herself of her opinion of London, by saying to Cecil, "I blave the ateing ith very indifferent in Lunnun, at lath not aqual to what it ith in the country," she commenced her breakfast by upsetting her tea; and disdaining the assistance of her napkin, which remained carefully folded up by the side of her plate, she drew from her pocket a very antediluvian-looking pocket handkerchief, which she forthwith converted into a sponge.

"Oh, mother, let me send up for another pocket handkerchief for you," remonstrated Lady Bubble.

"Whath that you thay, Margaret?" asked the old lady.

"Your handkerchief is so shockingly dirty, ma'am."

"Then indade, Margaret, it hath no buthineth to be dirty, for I had it clane lathl Thunday wake."

At this, Cecil's gravity evaporated in a fit of coughing, at the thought of Master Whabble's kerchief, and wondered if it was the fashion throughout Shropshire to make Mede and Persian laws about pocket handkerchiefs. Just at this juncture, Sir Romulus tripped into the room, a pinch of snuff between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, some slips of paper between the other fingers, and a round pewter office inkstand in his left hand.

"And how are the girls using you?" said he, accosting Cecil,

and extending the little finger of his right hand to him. "The Algerines have been keeping me all the morning with their licenses—they won't apply in time; and as I like a little poetry in what I do, and to have things out of the common, I always write them with goose or crow quills, and never with steel pens; so that keeps me twice as long—twice as long;" and then, turning to Mrs. Manners, added, "What beautiful weather we've got to day, ma'am—quite the summer come back to us."

Now both the old lady and her son-in-law being famous for what the Spaniards call "perogrulladas," or Pero Grullo's¹ truths, she pithily replied:

"Oh, indade, Romuluth, I've remarked that the futht part of Theptember ith apt to be fine."

"True, true," verified Sir Romulus; "and the end of October cold." And then, turning to Cecil, "and what sort of a calamity (do you approve of that name for a wife?) has Lord John got?"

"She is a calamity, at least I should think her such," replied Cecil, "for nature has been as niggardly to her as she is to every one else. But Lord John bears her, like every other affliction, with great fortitude."

"So she's an Algerine, is she?" said Sir Romulus, walking to the side table, and helping himself to an hecatomb of cold beef.

"Will you teke tay, coffee or chocolate fust, Mr. Howard, or begin with mate and wine?" inquired Lady Bubble.

"Tea, if you please," said Cecil.

"Not at all," interposed Sir Romulus; "this is the first of September, and you must take something more substantial against the field. Ah! here comes a devil—the *very thing!* to taste some as good hock as, I flatter myself, you'll find in England."

Cecil excused himself on the plea of never taking wine at breakfast; but Sir Romulus was absolute, and 'nolens volens,' poor Cecil's cup was superseded by a green-eyed monster of a glass.

"What do you think of *that*, my boy?" said Sir Romulus, when Mr. Howard had gone through the ceremony of putting it to his lips.

"Why," smiled Cecil, "in order to pronounce its eulogium, I must honour a favourite distich of an old tutor of mine, who was more famous for his length than his Latin,

*Hæc de vitifera venisse picata Vienna,
Ne dubites, misit Romulus ipse mihi.*

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sir Romulus.

"Pray, Mr. Howard," said Miss Lucretia, deliberately stirring

¹ Pero Grullo's truths are self-evident things, formally asserted; called so from a simpleton of that name, who thought himself mighty wise in making discoveries of things known to the whole world. One of these truths is said to be, 'Comer por la boca,' etc.—that it is customary for people to eat with their mouths!

her tea, clearing her throat three times, and speaking in a kind of "notice to correspondents" voice, "are you acquainted with many of the leading authors of the day?—our cousin, for instance, Sir Narcissus Bubble—what a charming man he must be! for, judging by his works, I should think he was the victim of sentiment and sensibility!—he certainly beats all the modern authors hollow."

"I never heard of his beating any one but his wife," replied Cecil dryly.

Miss Lucretia was about to put forth a veto of incredulity, when a great commotion was heard at the door, and Marmaduke Bubble, preceded by Trip and two setters, entered the room. On his head was a black velvet hunting-cap, fastened to the button of a green shooting-jacket, by a piece of whip-cord; below the shooting-jacket appeared a pair of Nankin brevities, with long streamers of the same coloured ribbon at each knee, which gave a peculiar grace to a pair of flesh-coloured ribbed silk stockings, which terminated in black leather half-boots, laced up the front; under *each* arm was a gun, and across his shoulder was slung a powder horn and shot-bag. Cecil could not help smiling at his grotesque appearance.

"Why, Marmaduke!" said Sir Romulus, as the former seated himself next Mrs. Manners, "you must have had a conspiracy with the larks to be stirring so soon—it's only a quarter past twelve!"

"First of September," said Marmaduke, sticking his knife into a roll; "been up these two hours. You know, brother, I hate being different from other people, and, therefore, like to commence hostilities against the partridges early!"

"Why, then," cried Mrs. Manners, turning suddenly round, "if you've been up the the two hourths, what on earth kep you? for I'm never five minutes from the time I get out of bed till the time I get down to breakfast."

"Humph!—should like to swim you then for fifteen," said Marmaduke, involuntarily backing his chair from the vicinity of the expeditious and anti-amphibious old lady.

"Howard, I'll trouble you for some butter," said Marmaduke, as soon as he had moved into a more salubrious atmosphere.

"I must tell you my name for those," cried Sir Romulus, addressing Cecil, and pointing to the pat of butter on his brother's plate—"Irishmen's children—Irishmen's children, because they're *little Pats*."

"Oh! Sir Romulus," said Lady Bubble, turning her head aside and pantomimically pushing her 'sposo' away with her right hand, "I'll engage Mr. Howard is shocked at you!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Marmaduke, pulling out his watch, "it's time to be off.—Howard, I'll mount you on the nicest shooting-poney you ever saw—I'll back Kicksywicksy against any quadruped in England!"

Cecil cast a sly glance at Theresa Manners, and encountered one much more sly as he declined his cousin's obliging offer, by saying he was not very well, and therefore should not go out shooting that day.

"Well, then," said Sir Romulus. "I'm your man—I'm your man—I'm going to see my friend Tristram Town to-day, and I'll take you with me. You've heard of Town, of course—the celebrated scientific Town?"

"No," hesitated Cecil, as he thought with a blush how many celebrated people there are whom one has never heard of.

"Bless me! is it possible?" said Sir Romulus; "why, I thought every one had heard of Town. He is constructing a plan for a submarine railroad from Dover to Calais.—Wonderful thing!—wonderful thing! if he can but bring it to bear: you're to be put into a bucket at Dover and emptied out at Calais, or 'vice versa.' Mrs. Town is a wonderful woman, too! the smallest person, perhaps, you ever saw—not above four feet three inches high, and yet teaches her boys entirely herself—great big fellows they are, too, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen—never been to school, and never had a tutor—a prodigiously clever woman, as you may suppose."

"Fudge!" said Marmaduke; "she's a prodigious humbug, and always reminds me of Trajan's description of Juliopolis, 'a very small town loaded with great charges.'"

"Oh! oh! my dear Marmaduke," bumblebeed Sir Romulus, "you are unjust; as you will perceive, Howard, when I introduce you to Mrs. Town to-day."

"Thank you," said Cecil, disconsolately, for he had sundry visions of walks in green lanes with Theresa Manners; "if you will allow me, I think I would rather remain at home to-day, or at least, only explore your grounds."

"Well, just as you like, you want to be the pet of the petticoats! is that it?" said Sir Romulus.

"Talking of petticoats," said Lady Bubble, "I dar say the Queen's drawing-rooms are very well attended?"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence Bubble;—but the reader has not yet been introduced to her. Miss Prudence was a little woman always dressed in a rusty black silk gown, and a yellow white muslin ruff, a sort of skull cap of Urling's lace, lined with brown silk, little bunches of fawn-coloured curls on her forehead secured with a broadish band of black velvet, to which the border of her cap was fastened in front by a small square pearl brooch. Her face was pale, and much wrinkled, and her lips were so tucked in as to be invisible to the naked eye, which made whatever she said nearly unintelligible, as, instead of coming out of her mouth, the words seemed to return inwards from whence they came. As she spoke, she always worked her fingers about, holding her hands straight out

and her fingers apart; but if seated at table, as on the present occasion, resting her wrists on the table, and pointing her restless fingers upwards like a 'chevaux-de-frise.' When her gloves were on, the ends of the glove fingers invariably extended an inch and a half beyond her own. To relieve the black dress, she always wore white cotton stockings, with black men-shaped leather shoes, bound with leather. Economy and theology were her fortes; as a proof of which she always thought a sermon she could not understand, or slept through, particularly edifying, and she made a saving of one syllable in the termination of nearly every word, by substituting uncommon for uncommonly, prodigious for prodigiously, etc.; and often she would retrench in letters, by saying partiklar, for particular, and promiscus for promiscuous. Her brother Romulus she thought the first man in the kingdom; Marmaduke (though she would not publicly acknowledge it) she thought half-witted, from the manner in which he lavished his money on all occasions. For her sister Lucretia's literary talents she had great veneration, but regretted she should be quite so much addicted to poetry and pathos. Of her younger relatives, Cosmo, as being the embryo baronet, was her favourite, and of this she gave unequivocal proofs, by each succeeding year augmenting his christmas-box a whole half-crown.

If any one happened unintentionally to mis-state her tastes, by presuming that she did or did not like sugar with her tea, mint sauce with lamb, or vinegar with lobster, she would indignantly argue the point for an hour, as though she had been libelled beyond the boundaries to which Christian forgiveness could be expected to extend, especially if Lady Bubble was the person who displayed such unpardonable ignorance; for then, goaded by her sister-in-law-dislike to her, she would return to the charge every five minutes in the day, her fingers working double tides as she would burst into a reproachful tirade of, "Well, I wonder at any one that pretends to common sense being so silly as to say I don't like cold pig, when every one knows that I'm particklar partial to it! O dear! there's Doctor Damnemall, our new evangelical preacher, (such a good man), and Mrs. Town, and Mrs. Whabble, and Lord Francis Fitznoodle, and so many people in the neighbourhood, always make it a point to have cold pig when I go to their houses—my taste is so well known in that respect; so that it is most truly ridiclus—oh, ridiclus in the extreme, to go and say I don't like it! I should have been sorry, I assure you, Lady Bubble, that you should have committed yourself by saying such a thing before any one; for I'm sure they'd have laughed at you. Well, to be sure, I never—it only shows what things may be said of one! After that, nobody is safe. I'm sure I thought my taste was known, in this house, at least; but some people never choose to know any thing but what they ought not."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, "I would not go to this queen's court, on any account. I assure you, I mean what I say."

"Oh, Prue, Prue, I'm ashamed of you," said Sir Romulus. "I won't own a sister that is such an Algerine as to say she won't go to Victoria's court."

"May I ask," said Cecil, smiling, "what are your reasons?"

"Oh dear, sir, I've very good reasons, I assure you."

"Well, can't you let us hear them?" said Marmaduke.

"There's no necessity for my giving my reasons, as you do your money, brother, the moment they are asked for," said Miss Prudence, tartly.

"Oh, the Algerine! I don't believe she has any reasons," said Sir Romulus, taking a decided pinch of snuff.

"Now, brother, that you say that, you provoke me into telling them" (and Miss Prudence's fingers zigzagged about like fork-lightning.) "I have reasons, and you ought to know them, only it's the fashion in this house to forget every thing. (Here occurred an angry glance at Lady Bubble.) Now, I'll just ask Mr. Howard, or any one, if I am not right. You must know, sir," continued she, turning to Cecil, "when I was a girl—I mean quite a young girl—I had the honour of dancing with his late Majesty, King William the Fourth, then a midshipman in the royal navy at Plymouth. Oh, dear, good man the late King was as ever was; and after that, don't you think I should be very ungrateful and particklar disloyal, if I could go up to the court of any person who had taken his place?"

Luckily for Cecil, Sir Romulus set the example of a laugh, which being universally followed, Miss Prudence rose from her chair with great indignation, saying, as she left the room:

"You may all laugh as you please, which I think particklar rude, but I'll never desert his late Majesty for all the queens in England?"

"Well but, Prudenth," said the old lady, "yon can't exthpect him to come back and danth with you now, sure?"

"Not unless she makes a *dead* set at him, Ma'am," said Sir Romulus; "ha! ha! ha! Prudence, do you hear my wit—not unless you make a dead set at him!" But Prudence had closed the door, and Sir Romulus had the joke all to himself.

"Well, if you won't come with me, Howard," said Marmaduke, rising and ringing the bell, "I must send for McPhin; he's a great acquisition out shooting, for he's so tall he has only to raise his arm, and lift the birds off the trees, without shooting them."

After a further delay of ten minutes, Mr. McPhin appeared. His costume was unchanged, (at least, unvaried) from the preceding night. Having cast a furtive glance round the room, and ascertained that Mademoiselle Perpignon was not there, he *boo'd* to those who were, and pronounced it "a vary gude day for a pop."

"I fear we shall have rain, though," said Marmaduke, closing his right eye tightly, as he bent his head and raised the other to the bright and cloudless sky above the French blind.

"It's vary possible," responded McPhin.

"Yet no—the sky is too blue," resumed Marmaduke.

"Eh, and so it is," acquiesced the cannie tutor, who had an accommodating sort of Polonius fashion of arranging the focus of his vision on all occasions, by the medium of other people's words, and obligingly finding things 'like a camel,' 'backed like a weasel,' or 'very like a whale,' as the occasion might require.

At length, these two worthies departed, being joined at the door by a reinforcement of three Newfoundland puppies, whose company Mr. McPhin strongly objected to, not indeed as regarded the partridges, but as regarded his own heels, which, from their ossified appearance, presented irresistible attractions to the gnawing propensities of puphood; but Marmaduke declared the poor things should not be disappointed of their run.

"Eh, it's vary weel, sir, for you who are mounted; but it's nae pleasant for a puir pedestrian to be troobled with the foncey that he's marching straight for the inferenal regions by having relays of a detoched Sareberus (Cerberus) ot his heels every step he endeavours to tak."

"Oh, if that's all," said Marmaduke, instantly dismounting from Kicksywicksy, "up with you; for I'd as soon walk."

Here Mr. McPhin, who in his system of education was a great advocate for practical illustrations, from the indisputable fact of their making things more clear to every capacity, threw one foot east and the other west, and suffering Kicksywicksy quietly to walk through him, convinced all beholders that that incomparable animal had no more power than the speaker of the House of Commons has over its members, to prevent his being on his legs; and then added a verbal commentary, by saying: "Besides, I'm not skeeled in equestrian exerceedes."

"On the contrary," replied Marmaduke, remounting Kicksywicksy, whose extraordinary lungings, plungings, and caprioles, convinced Cecil that Miss Manners's warning had not been given without cause. "On the contrary, I should say you appear perfectly grounded in them."

Off trotted Kicksywicksy, on trudged Mr. McPhin, who, before he had advanced a hundred yards, had occasion to turn round, and level the muzzle of his double-barrelled Manton at the heads of the canine triumvirate that were assailing his heels.

"Hold! hold! McPhin," cried Marmaduke, reining in Kicksywicksy, and making a sudden summerset in his saddle, which brought him exactly opposite to Mr. McPhin's face and Kicksywicksy's tail; "hold! if you must drive them away with the gun, do it with the butt end."

“Eh, and so I would, had they run at me with their tails; but it's their domned muzzles that have been at my heels ever since we set oot,” replied McPhin, thereby evincing his strong sense of retributive justice.

As everything at Bubble Hall seemed to be organized on an inverse ratio of other people's habits and hours, after breakfast the whole family repaired to the chapel to prayers, Sir Romulus officiating as chaplain, on account of Mr. McPhin's absence. To gratify Miss Lucretia's nice sense of propriety, the men occupied one side of the chapel and the women the other; for, as there is “neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven,” she did not know what might be the result of masculine and feminine prayers ascending in couples. Further distinction Sir Romulus very properly would not allow to be made, as he thought, with truth, there is no aristocracy of souls, though there is of sanctity; and, therefore, servants and all knelt as they came, which caused Mr. Howard to disapprove of Mrs. Nettletop, the housekeeper's taste in dress, and wish she would not wear such a high-crowned cap, as it rose like a fog before the bright face of Theresa Manners; while Bridget Bond, the dairymaid's ample green-quilted petticoat equally shared his animadversions from the fact of it's forming a complete screen to that young lady's figure. It was very wrong, and I'm sure I don't attempt to defend it—but, as Cecil looked towards the spot where Theresa knelt, the following four lines came into his head:

“On dit que deux âmes qui prient,
L'une pour l'autre en même foi,
Dans l'éternité se marient,
Quand vous priez, priez pour moi.”

Oh! mystery of mysteries! what is love? It is ‘poison in nectar,’—sunlight to heaven—perfume to the rose—the music of sound—the poetry of feeling—the ‘madness of many,’—the ‘gain’ of ‘but few.’ It is more than all these,—it is an especial Providence; only let us feel convinced of its existence, and we care not how improbable the chances may be of our happiness, still we are happy. It is the opium of Nature, that conjures up dreams so intoxicating, that they distance, and make us independent of all realities; it is a creator who makes everything out of nothing, and out of whose chaos is formed the universe of the heart; it is a chameleon that lives on air, and whose ever-changing hues are derived from the atmosphere of the one being, in whose presence it exists; it is a giant to dare, and a child to fear; it is a spendthrift to give, yet a miser to hoard; it is an abject slave, yet like all such, in its turn a fell tyrant; it is a magician, who, in a desert, can raise up an Eden, bright, beautiful, and pure as the primeval one; but it is a serpent to tempt—and woe to those who live to find that it has lured them to

• Pluck the *one* blossom that grew on earth's tree!

CHAPTER IV.

"Le souvenir d'Adèle se mêlait en effet à toutes ses pensées. Il avait beau dire mille fois par jour qu'il fallait l'oublier!"—

ADELE DE SENANGE.

"As vain is the hope of retreating
From peril that lurks in the eyes,
When glances too frequent are meeting,
And sighs are re-echoed by sighs ;
When thus with two hearts that are tender,
The folly so equal hath been,
'Tis meet that they *both* should surrender,
And share the soft bondage between."

LOVER.

MR. HOWARD IS SEIZED WITH A COMPLAINT IN THE HEART, WHICH PROVES CONTAGIOUS.—CATO—A PREVENTED TRAGEDY.—A WORTHY WOMAN SUFFERS A FINE, AND RECOVERY.—REMEDY IS IN SOME INSTANCES WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—CUT AND COME AGAIN, OR A FATAL WARNING TO ALL GOOD HOUSEWIVES TO KEEP THEIR KNIVES WELL SHARPENED.

IT was about a month after Marmaduke Bubble and Mr. McPhin had returned from their shooting expedition,—their only trophy of which was a solitary crow, that bore evident marks of having been defunct prior to coming into their possession ; though whether it had or had not for a long time afforded a crow to pluck between them,—that Cecil Howard was guilty of asking himself the impertinent question, of what he meant by thinking of no other human being from morning till night, and night till morning, but Theresa Manners? He had nothing, and she had nothing ; two sums, which, when joined together in holy matrimony, make a great deal—of misery. He could not think of laying himself and his father's debts at her feet ; and yet he felt an irresistible curiosity to know whether they would produce the same effect upon her, that they had done upon Lady Annette Lovell? but this was selfish and dishonourable ; and Cecil Howard being neither, then began playing the Mentor to his own Telemachus. "Yes, Theresa is certainly a charming girl, a very charming girl, but do I not overrate her, from seeing her among her awkward, vulgar, and above all, ugly cousins? amidst whom she certainly is a diamond among pebbles." Then he would shut his eyes, and pressing his hand tightly over them, a whole phalanx of the most attractive London beauties would rise up with "wreathed smiles" before him, and he would open them again, exclaiming, "no, no, Theresa is more beautiful than all of them put together. She is so clever, too ; and I hate fools, they fray one's temper, as a burn does one's clothes ; then her conduct to these people is so exactly what it ought to be, it would be impossible for them, do what they would, to turn her into

an humble dependent, for she never shows, but always proves her superiority. Still I cannot quite make her out: at one moment there is a depth of feeling in her eyes, and a softness and gentleness in her manner, that is perfectly infectious, yet, no sooner has it become so, than it changes. She bounds off, as it were, into another self, and seems, as though beyond mirth and laughter, she had no existence. Can she be a coquette? no, for she would not coquette with Marmaduke, and sometimes he may beg in vain for a song, while at others, she will for hours read to him the dullest books, or enter into philosophical discussions with him, and foil him at his own weapons; while to those stupid cousins, she is taste, hands, and understanding, crowning the whole with the rare art of making every one do exactly as she pleases, leaving them under the pleasing delusion that they are having their own way. She seems to me to manage every thing, were there is any management about this place. What a wife she would make if we were married! Lord John must do something for me; besides, when one sees the trash that sells, I'm sure I could write. Theresa is an encyclopedia in herself. Ah if I could but earn a reputation worthy of her!—women, love, fame, and

Digito monstrari et dicier: hic est,

has won many a heart, but"—here his soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the subject of his thoughts, in the same avenue where he was walking.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Howard," said she laughingly, holding up a dispatch about the size of a glove-box, but with a proportionately large seal; "and were it not for its being redolent of tobacco, I should say it was a love-letter from the seal. I know not which is the most original, the device or the motto.—It must be owned the lady hath a nice invention."

"Lady!" repeated Cecil, taking the letter, and vexed he knew not why at Theresa's manner. "She does not care for me," thought he, "that's plain, or she would not treat the matter so lightly, if she thought it was a love letter."—So thinking, he was about, in his usual impatient manner, to break open the seal.

"Nay, nay," said Theresa, placing her beautiful little hand on his, "for once let time yield to taste. I must intercede for that exquisite seal." At the touch of her hand, Cecil trembled violently, and the letter dropped from his. Theresa stooped to pick it up, her glove dropped as she did so, and while Cecil involuntarily concealed it as she secured the letter, their hands again met!

"Good heavens! that is—you—I—Ther—Miss Manners, I beg your pardon," stammered Cecil, "I hope your letter is not injured."

"Then do you mean to give me the whole letter, as well as

the seal? before you've read it too! well, come, that really is generous," laughed Theresa, holding the letter above her head.

Cecil was just beginning to acquire the pleasing consciousness that he was looking exceedingly silly, and therefore making at one and the same time, a snatch at the letter, and an effort to rally, said, "Nay; that's asking too much before I've even seen the seal you admire so much."

"Well, I think so, too," said Theresa, giving him the letter, "for it certainly is unique."

Cecil took the letter, and had no sooner examined the seal, than he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, as well he might. In the centre of a very large and well-fed looking heart, was a cupid, that certainly did not look as if he had come out of a union-workhouse; his face was turned inwards, and on his hands were a pair of boxing-gloves, with which he seemed to be thumping at the heart for admittance! The motto round this charming device, was

"With love my heart is beating!"

"Who on earth can this be from?" said Cecil, as he opened the letter. Why, who could such a seal come from, but Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson! The letter began—"My dearest friend," was very closely written, and was crossed and recrossed in every direction. Even under the seal were some very small characters, which Cecil at length deciphered into "pretty isn't it? my own invention." The letter ended by requesting, that his "dearest friend" would answer it by return of post, under cover to his friend, at whose house he was then staying—O'Gander Braddle, Esq. M.P., Bally Braddle, county Wicklow. What more the letter contained, Mr. Howard, to his shame be it said, is to this day ignorant, as he put it in his pocket without further scrutiny—it being the second letter he had received in answer to an answer which he had written to Mr. Simpson's first epistle. "It is from my Yankee friend that I met in the coach," said Cecil, "and he has certainly lost no time in fulfilling his threat of corresponding with me."

"And did you never see him before?" inquired Theresa.

"Never," replied Cecil.

"Then he has certainly lost no time, either, in becoming your dearest friend;—but I suppose the Americans apply steam to their friendships, as they do to every thing else."

Here they came to the end of the avenue, and Theresa stopped, as though she expected Cecil would leave her. "Will you allow me, Miss Manners," said he, "to accompany you in your walk?"

"Certainly," replied she, "but my walk will only extend to the dairy;—Bridget has sent for me, touching some special misdemeanour, committed by a feline protégé of mine, named Cato;—he

is addicted to astronomy, but unfortunately all his researches are in the milky way—to Bridget's infinite annoyance, who depreciates his talents, by insisting that he only skims the cream of her labours."

"I hope," said Cecil, smiling, "that he is not to be sentenced to condign punishment, merely for his epicurean propensities."

"That's exactly what I'm going to prevent," replied Theresa, "for he's as clever as Houlglass—and I think a cat of such genius ought to be exempt from the penalties attached to the peccadilloes of subordinate grimalkins. If talents in men are sufficient to procure them a 'carte blanche,' for every villany, meanness, and vice, I don't see why capacity in a cat should not secure him the one immunity of cream!"

"Very logically argued," laughed Cecil, as they reached the dairy-door, "and such philofeline feelings do you infinite credit."

Bridget Bond was busily employed churning, but her face was so like a thunder cloud, that all the cream in the pans was visibly turning.

"Oh, Miss!" said she, desisting from her labours, and dropping a curtsey as Cecil and Theresa entered,—"I should be very sorry to do anything to vex you, but I must kill that villain Cato—neither butter nor cream can I keep for him;—and it's not only his stealing, but he's so oudacious when he's done it; no sense of shame-like—but there he'll sit before my very eyes, licking his paws, and staring me in the face, as bold as brass—as though, instead of lapping up a whole pan of cream, he had only killed a mouse;—oh! Miss! depend upon it he's a hardened wretch."

Here a low rumbling wail, like that of a cat in custody, stole upon the air,—"Ah," resumed Bridget, "he's hid himself—but if I once find him, his days are numbered, that I've sworn," said she, with the air of a Lady Macbeth, as she seized the churn dash, and vehemently resumed her occupation.

"Then you must unswear, Bridget," coaxed Theresa, who hearing another low melancholy squall, raised her eyes to a walnut tree opposite the dairy door, and amid the friendly shelter of its umbrageous leaves, there beheld the large, round, verdant, disconsolate orbs of Cato, tenderly and imploringly fixed upon her, while his tail wagged languidly to and fro round his fore paws, in affectionate recognition of his patroness. "You know," resumed Theresa, "that I promised you a new gown. I cannot break my word; but if you do anything approaching to murder on that poor cat, I here make another promise, that I will faithfully keep, which is, that it shall be the ugliest gown that I can get in all Shrewsbury."

"Oh, miss! sure you wouldn't be so hard on me?" said Bridget, relaxing into a smile, as she put her hands before her very flat broad waist, and smoothed down her apron.

“Yes, indeed, but I will though, unless you promise not to harm a hair of Cato’s whiskers.”

“Well, but, Miss, I must correct him in some way ; for my lady do scold so about the cream, and miss Lucy do want such a load to take off the freckles, and there’s never none set by for her, but what that villain of a cat comes and takes it ; and if he does not have some sort of eddycation, there’ll be no bearing on him.”

“Well, send him to school, if you like,” laughed Theresa ;
“But remember, hurt he must not and shall not be.”

“I think,” said Cecil, slipping a sovereign into Bridget’s hand,
“Cato would have even more respect for a new cap than a new gown ; so try what effect that will have on him.”

“La, sir !” exclaimed Bridget, opening her eyes with delight, as she curtsied down to the very ground, “I’m sure you be too good ; and Cato is a most fortunate cat to have so many friends among the gentlefolks. I’ll not hurt him, Miss Theresa ; only I raley must do something to bring him to his senses the next time I catches him.”

“Do what you like,” said Theresa, as she left the Dairy, “provided you don’t hurt him ; but,” added she, raising her finger, and flinging an arch look at Bridget over her shoulder, of which poor Cecil had the full benefit, (and which made him think that she had no business to look so provokingly beautiful, as long as he was obliged to keep at arm’s length, and call her Miss Manners) “remember the ugly gown.”

No sooner had they left the dairy, than Theresa put out her hand to Cecil, and said :

“Thank you, Mr. Howard, for helping me to bribe that bond-woman not to kill that poor cat.”

Cecil took the proffered hand, attempted to speak, coloured, and remained silent ; but, like “the stupid young gentleman,” thought the more. What an infectious mystery is love ! I maintain that it is born a twin and never can exist, at least for any length of time, singly. The ‘*besoin d’aimer*,’ under which all labour more or less, may indeed be a sort of impetus that sometimes impels the heart towards an object that feels no reciprocity for it ; but all such are mistaken missions that soon terminate. Just as we often enter a room, in quest of some particular person, and not finding them there to meet us, quit it instantly—so it is with the affections. No heart ever lingers on another, that has no corresponding sympathy to greet it. A freemason would hardly repeat the sign of his order where he found it was not understood ; and the freemasonry of love requires an equal return ; for which reason, no love that is not mutual can be either deep or lasting. That great theologian of the heart, poor Maturin, who had genius enough to have founded a dozen reputations, has beautifully remarked : “How much more

delicious is the first inarticulate murmur of love, with all its feebleness of expression, its poverty of words, and eloquence of blushes — its feelings that disdain the medium of language and trust their rich secret to the *respiration of the eyes*, — how much more powerful is its silent expression than all that words can utter or volumes contain.” And how is this silent language to be understood, unless through the electric medium of mutual feeling? The great difference between the dawn of love and its meridian is, that in the former, words seem a sort of sacrilege that would dispel the hallowed mysteries of its faith; while, after its revelations have once taken place, vows and protestations are necessary to the assurance of its worship; for there is a prodigality in the wealth of love that needs exaggeration to satisfy it.

Why did Theresa blush when Cecil released her hand? She knew not. Had it been to do over again, she could not for worlds have offered it to him; yet she felt intensely happy. Why then should she be so confused as to be utterly unable to break a silence that every instant became more embarrassing? Theresa knew not that at the birth of love Fate suspends her balance beyond our reach, lest a breath should turn the scale, till she has meted out to us a destiny over which we have no control.

They had reached the end of the avenue when they were startled by loud sobs proceeding from a person apparently in great distress, and on approaching the house they descried a woman standing under the library windows, crying bitterly. No sooner did she perceive Theresa than she advanced towards her, and clasping her hands imploringly, said:

“Oh, Miss Manners! I’ve had such a misfortin! — My husband! my husband! — I’m worse off than ever; if Sir Romulus would but see me! — but he won’t, and I don’t know what to do.”

“I hope, Mrs. Fine, he has not been ill-using you again?”

“Oh, Miss, it’s worse than ever, and I’ve no ope unless Sir Romulus will do something for me! — if you would get him to see me this once I’d never tease him no more.”

“Well, I’ll see what I can do,” said Theresa, “but really, you come with such incessant complaints, that I don’t wonder at his refusing to see you.”

“God bless you, Miss!” sobbed Mrs. Fine; “indeed, I’ll never trouble his worship again.”

“That woman,” said Theresa, as she and Cecil entered the house, “is the landlady of a small public house, called the Pug and Primrose, about five miles off. She is afflicted with a drunken husband, and they indulge in the luxury of quarrelling to a degree far beyond what becomes people of their humble sphere of life. My uncle, from having given her so many sovereign remedies for scratched faces and bruised arms, has been so pestered by her that he

has at length refused to see her ; but if I can prevail upon him to relent for the nonce, you may perhaps be amused at the dignified manner in which he performs his magisterial duties."

Cecil smiled as he followed Theresa to the library door.

"Come in," cried Sir Romulus, in reply to Miss Manners' knock. He was busily employed in poring over and misunderstanding Mr. Tristram Town's plan for a submarine rail-road, and looked altogether most portentous.

"I beg your pardon, dear uncle," said Theresa, "but poor Mrs. Fine is here in such terrible distress—"

"Oh, the Algerine!" interrupted Sir Romulus ; "I'll take away her license if she annoys me any more. Tell her to get about her business directly."

"I really think something worse than usual has happened," resumed Theresa, "for she seems in such terrible affliction—*do*, dear uncle, see her this once—only this once. You know you promised me the other day, that if I found your spectacles for you, you would grant me the first favour I asked you,—and I ask it now."

"Um—um—um," bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus. "My dear, I meant for yourself, and not for such an Algerine as this."

"Well, uncle, but what does it matter, as long as it is to please me?—so I may bring her in?"

And without waiting for further permission, she left the room.

"That young Algerine does whatever she pleases with one," said Sir Romulus to Cecil, precipitately taking a pinch of snuff. "One might as well be hen-pecked by a *calamity* as have that little jade to coax one into and out of every thing."

"A great deal better," *thought* Cecil.

Marmaduke Bubble (who, since Howard's arrival had, out of compliment to him, taken to *early rising*, and as it now wanted a quarter to four, had just come down), meeting Theresa at the door, went with her and Mrs. Fine into the library ; for he was fond of throwing oil on the troubled sea of his brother's inflexible justice, during which process he never sat still, but invariably walked up and down with his hands in his pockets.

Cecil leant against the mantelpiece, and Theresa seated herself on the sofa, while Mrs. Fine, with her apron in both her hands, before both her eyes, advanced with loud sobs, and placed herself before the awful tribunal of Sir Romulus Bubble's library chair.

"Um—um—um," commenced the worthy magistrate, taking off his spectacles and leaning back in his chair, while he gracefully crossed his right leg over his left knee, thereby displaying a considerable portion of his white cotton sock, with an insertion of bare skin, rendered visible by his blue cloth trowsers rising higher in the world than the tailor in his most sanguine moments ever could have anticipated. "Um—um—um—I suppose the Pug and

Primrose is no more—that you are burnt out, and are come to tell me, that from pipe to puncheon all is demolished; for nothing else can have made you infringe my positive commands, by coming here again, Mrs. Fine.”

“Oh! oh! oh! worse than that, your worship. My husband—”

“What of him, the Algerine?” asked Sir Romulus, resolutely buttoning up his pockets as he spoke.

“Se—se—such a misfortin.”

“The old story—drubbing and drinking, eh? but it won’t do—I’ve no money to-day, Mr. Fine.”

“Oh, sir, he te—te—tookt a carving knife and cut his throat, yesterday!”

Sir Romulus unbuttoned *one* pocket,—Marmaduke came to a full stop,—Cecil shuddered,—Theresa groaned and covered her eyes.

“That is certainly very shocking,” resumed Sir Romulus, “but still he was such a bad husband that you must look upon it as a release, after all.”

“Oh, but your worship!” cried Mrs. Fine, wringing her hands and bursting into a fresh roar of genuine and unrestrained regret, “they te—te—tookt him to the hospital and sewed it up again, and he’s now doing as well as ever! Oh! oh! oh! my art will break!”

“Serve you right!” said Marmaduke, rummaging in his pocket for a five-pound note; “why don’t you keep your knives properly sharpened?”

“I will, for the futer, sir,” sobbed Mrs. Fine; and it is but justice to add, never was promise made with more sincerity.

“So he is recovering,” said Sir Romulus.

“Oh, yes sir; there is no ope! no ope! he drank half a pint of brandy this morning, and he’ll soon be as well as ever.”

“Well, that’s as God pleases,” said Sir Romulus, “and I can do nothing in the business.”

“I thought perhaps your worship might be able to get him kept longer in the hospital, or sent to prison for attempting his own life.”

“The attempt was very bad, certainly,” said Marmaduke; “he should have done it effectually, or let it alone.”

“That’s just what Patty said when she was scrubbing the boards, after it; for you’ve no idear what a mess he made in the bar. But lor, sir, that’s the way he bungles every thing—never does nothing properly.”

At this juncture the door opened, and Lady Bubble put in her head, inquiring if Theresa was there?

Bourdaloue says: “On voit des femmes qui se sentent chargées d’elles-mêmes, jusqu’à ne pouvoir en quelque sorte se supporter, ni supporter personne.” Lady Bubble was one of them. She thought there was some hitch in nature, whenever her business or pleasure

was at a stand. She had lately taken it into her head that a Colonel King, quartered at Shrewsbury, might, with proper management, be got to take her daughter Lucy, for better for worse; and that even, from the force of example, his friend Captain Russell might convert Miss Betsy Bubble into Mrs. Russell. These two gentlemen, with Lord Francis Fitznoodle, Mr. Tristram Town, Lady and Sir George Langton—a newly made baronet—and some other persons in the neighbourhood, were that day to dine at Bubble-hall, and Theresa, who upon all such occasions was expected to perform miracles upon her cousin's appearance, had, as usual, promised to give Miss Lucy some hints about her dress. But Lady Bubble, who, whatever the result might be, was never satisfied, unless her niece was victimized at least two or three hours longer than was necessary, now came to know why on earth she was idling away her time, instead of showing Stephens, as she had promised, how to make the Gabrielle rosettes for Lucy's dress!

"Dear aunt," said Theresa, rising to leave the room, knowing that from her aunt's fiat there was no appeal, "it is now only four o'clock, and we don't dine till seven."

"You are a terrible procrastinator, Theresa," said her ladyship, following her out of the room. "People of much mind never put off what must be done, because it causes a confusion of idayas. Dear me, three excuses!" cried Lady Bubble, opening three notes the servant had just brought her; "but not of any consequence."

Whether Cecil had put off doing any thing that he ought to have done, I know not; but certain it was, that when Theresa left the room, he was labouring under such a confusion of ideas that he did not perceive the graceful farewell curtsy Mrs. Fine dropped before him as she quitted the library, with five pounds (a much larger sum, it must be owned, than husbands in general, and her husband in particular, was worth) on the part of Marmaduke, and a promise from Sir Romulus that he would exert his influence to keep Mr. Fine in the hospital till his health was perfectly re-established. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Howard that Miss Manners might be in Mademoiselle Perpignon's room, alias the school-room:—no, this was not what occurred to him—he merely recollected that he should like to borrow the '*Bibliothèque des Romans*' from Mademoiselle. So he left the brothers together and repaired to her apartments; but not finding Miss Manners there, strange to say, he forgot what he had come for, and hearing at the end of the corridor a colloquial duet between Cosmo and Mr. McPhin, he retired till dinner-time to the solitude of his own room.

CHAPTER V.

Touchstone. "Lovers are given to poetry."—

As You Like It.

"Cinna cédait le pas à l'odorant Jeannot, et le Misanthrope reculait devant l'inépuisable Cadet Roussel."

"Why am I left here alone to be undone?"

Soliloquy of a Safely Delivered Parcel.

"I'll pond—I'll tail him! in a voice of thunder
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss."

T. Hood.

A DINNER PARTY.—LOVE—PAST—PRESENT—AND TO COME.—"MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN THEIR PHILOSOPHY."—MR. MC PHIN, IN AVOIDING SCYLLA, SPLITS UPON CHARYBDIS.—A CATASTROPHE.—THE DANGERS OF A LONE WOMAN OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

How very restless some persons are—Cecil was one of them; and had therefore wandered into the drawing-room a full hour before dinner—and finding no one there, he took up an old volume of "The Literary Souvenir," which opened at those exquisitely beautiful lines of Alaric Watts's, on the picture of a girl in a Florentine costume; he thought, or rather felt every line was applicable to Theresa, and therefore read them three times over:—

"Art thou some vision of the olden time,
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?"

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn plainings of his matchless lyre;
Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,—
Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire?

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined;
Whom Raffaele saw in his impassioned dream;
'The ray that flashed in slumber on his mind,
And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

No, no,—a masquer in its gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace,—
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire
With more than all the sweetnees in thy face.

I see thee stand in beauty's richest bloom,—
In youth's first budding spring,—before me now,
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow!

Thy dark hair clustering round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds above a summer moon;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;
Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within ;
Lips full of sweetness ;—maiden modesty,
That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

There stand for aye ; defying time or care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now !
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polished brow.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span, but brighter doom is given ;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in Heaven."

Cecil had read over this gem for the third time, when the door opened ; it was only Marmaduke !

"What ! are none of those girls down yet?" said he : "it is quite shocking the time their foolish mother makes them spend in decking themselves out for a husband-hunt, the moment an unmarried man is expected to dinner. The way English girls are trained for this chace always reminds me of a trifling diversion, sir Anthony Sherley relates, as being followed by the Persian kings, which he calls *hawking in miniature*. Sparrows instead of hawks are reclaimed, as the term is, or broken in, and taught to fly after butterflies, and bring them to their masters. And are not those human sparrows, English young ladies, duly instructed by their mammas in the same papilionaceous pursuit, while, their wings are *imped* with every possible folly, the better to insure success? I tell you what, Howard, politics are all humbug ; there can be no such thing as national improvement till the women are first made rational beings, and then treated as such. It is a disgrace to us that this should be the only country in Europe where there is not a single law for woman. And let us rant and cant about liberty and independance as we will, this savours strongly of a degrading remnant of savage barbarism ; as it is a self-evident proposition that the world cannot go on without them. What earthly good can accrue from first making women fools, and then treating them accordingly? It is a futile argument to assert that those poor scarecrows, *honour* and *public opinion*, keep men in order : they do not, nor ever will, as long as falsehood and hypocrisy can circumvent them ; besides, if they did, its wrong, all wrong ; why should there be laws which, if they possess a corrupting influence even on the minds of men who administer them, though their characters may have been improved by a liberal education, and elevated by nobler views,—how much more baneful must they be to the mass of mankind, who can resort to them as a protection for vice in their own sex, and a warrant for cruelty and injustice towards the other? As the law now stands, it is a Catholic sanctuary for all iniquity, making villainy secure, and punishment impossible. 'Oh ! it is villainous !' and they should 'reform it alto-

gether.' Luckily for themselves, half the women in the world, as society is now constituted, are so ignorant and so silly, that they do not see all the misery and injustice of their position; and they are too selfish to see or feel for it in others, as long as it does not come home personally and individually to themselves. As for the Miss Bubbles, I have no doubt they will get through the world very well, for they have no hearts to break; but I grow cross and uncomfortable, when I think that there is even a chance of a high-minded, clear-headed, deep-feeling woman like Theresa Manners, being subjected to what there is no law to redress."

"I quite coincide with all you have said," replied Cecil, "but with regard to Miss Manners, surely the world does not contain a wretch that would be base enough to treat her ill!"

Marmaduke turned suddenly round, and eyeing Cecil from head to foot, with a glance of mingled scrutiny, surprise, and contempt, said, or rather thundered, "Sir, you talk like a fool, or a man in love, which is the same thing. Are you in love, sir?—were you ever in love?"

Luckily for Cecil, who, at this abrupt and unwarrantable interrogation, felt as if the room was being swallowed up by an earthquake, Marmaduke did not wait for a reply, but went on to say, as he paced hurriedly up and down the room, "If you were not, sir, I was! and with a woman worth a whole wilderness of Theresa Manners!" (here Cecil thought he had gone mad in good earnest), "yet she married a brute—there was no law—no redress—no divorce for her. She'd have taken me, then, if there had been—but I wouldn't have taken her—no, no, no—anything second-hand but a second-hand wife! Pshaw, one must be like other people in this world;" and to prove the assertion, Marmaduke threw up one of the windows, and though a distance of five feet from the ground, jumped out into the very midst of—a parterre, ankle-deep in clay, and then cooled himself by going up stairs to dress over again! While Cecil stood rooted to the spot with amazement, the door again opened, and Miss Manners appeared. She never wore anything but white muslin; not from choice, but necessity; but then her muslin always looked whiter, and softer, and finer, than any other muslin in the world; and her bouquet was always so fresh, and so '*recherché*,' that it gave to her appearance as much brilliancy as diamonds generally give to that of others. She looked like some fair northern spirit emerging from a drift of snow. Cecil actually forgot that she was human, and gazed upon her as though she had been some beautiful statue;—but not to lose time, contrived to make the valuable discovery, that women should never wear anything but white. Seeing that he had no idea of being guilty of the civility of addressing her, Theresa broke the awkward silence by saying, "I thought I heard my uncle Marmaduke's voice here?"

“No—yes, that is, he was here just now,” said Cecil, at length finding the power of speech, “but I fear I said something that annoyed him;” and here he related the scene that had taken place, up to Marmaduke’s lover’s leap from the window.

“Poor uncle Marmaduke!” sighed Theresa, “you wouldn’t suppose it, but he was—nay, I verily believe is to this day, madly romantically in love; and I’ll tell you who it’s with, that you may not mention her by accident—Lady Mornington.”

“Indeed!—well, but she’s been a widow these two years.”

“There it is,;” replied Theresa, “he won’t even go to London for fear he should meet her. She was his first, indeed his only love. Her father, Sir Headworth Clavering, first encouraged it, and then Lord Mornington having just arrived from abroad, and falling in love with her, her father thought it a better match, and insisted upon her marrying him. She did so, and he made her a most atrocious husband.”

“I have often thought,” said Cecil, “how very handsome she must have been. Her son, Lord Erdly, or Lord Mornington I should say now, was at Eton with me, and an uncommonly nice fellow he is—poor Marmaduke!”

“Poor Marmaduke! indeed,” sighed Theresa, and then added with one of her sunniest smiles, and most tantalizing looks, “but how silly people are to be in love; are they not, Mr. Howard?”

Cecil pressed his hand tightly over his eyes, and had got as far as “Oh! Miss Manners,” in a reply, when luckily for him, or for her, or perhaps for both, the door opened, and the old lady, with her usual supporters, Miss Lucretia, and Miss Prudence Bubble, entered; and immediately after Sir Romulus ‘pas de zephyr’d’ into the room, inquiring if his “calamity” and those two “Algerines” were not down yet; and having been answered in the negative, he turned to Mrs. Manners, and asked her if she had been reading any new books lately.

“Oh indade, Romuluth,” replied she, “I don’t much care about rading now; but talking of books reminds me of wantht (once) when I wath a girl, I wath reading of Claritha Harlowe, and a lady who came to call upon my mother said: ‘Ma’am, I think it ith bad for Mith Nelly to be rading thim thort of dull books; why don’t you let her rade Tom Jones, Peregrine Pickle, and the rest of the British clathics (classics). Oh, and I’ll tell you, Romuluth, another book, that wath a great book in my day—the British Apollo; there wath all thorts of divarting and plathing (pleasing) information in it. They don’t write thim thort of books now; but indade everything ith grately fallen off to what it uthed to be. I don’t think the papple are near ath good-looking either ath they were when I wath young: and I often think I’m greatly altered myself since I have bane in

England : thereth thomthing in the air that preventh my being ath active or ath sprightly ath I uthed to be. I remember before the rebellion (but then that wath in Ireland), I uthed to think nothing of walking ten miles, and wontht I walked thirtane with Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

The old lady might have talked thirteen more, had not Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Marmaduke now made their appearance, the latter looking as calm and collected as a fresh pair of nankeens and blue-ribbed silk stockings could make him, and to all appearance having forgotten that there was such tender ground as mud and Mornington in the world. Mr. Town was the first to arrive, with an apology from his wife, who was exceedingly sorry, but she had to remain at home to see her sons take a lesson in pugilism. Next came Sir George and Lady Langton—good practical illustrations of the force of contrast ; she being a very handsome woman, with a dazzling complexion and beautifully fair, and rounded hands and arms ; while he was thin and dark, bald, beaky, and bare-looking, like a half-fledged snipe. Lord Francis Fitznoodle was the third arrival, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Stuart Vernon, a remarkably handsome young man—so handsome, that while Lord Francis was apologising to Lady Bubble for having taken the liberty of bringing him, Cecil thought it was exceedingly impertinent his having done so ; nor did his going on to say that he had arrived unexpectedly, and that he (Lord Francis) neither liked to forego the pleasure of his nephew's company, or that of his friends at Bubble Hall, induce Mr. Howard, in the slightest degree, to change his opinion. At length, to Miss Lucy's and her sister's great relief, Colonel King and Captain Russell were announced. Colonel King was remarkably tall, and stiff in proportion ; his face, as well as his figure, was in uniform, being red all over ; his hair was brown, and though bald at the top, was exceedingly bushy at the sides ; his eyes were grey and small, his nose long, and aquiline, his whiskers very redundant, and his teeth very white, which he kept continually before the public by means of an incessant grin, that accompanied his favourite exclamation of " A—just so—just so—a," which formed his universal answer to every observation. Indeed, there was a story current among his brother officers, that upon one occasion, at the mess, a man had said to him, in the heat of argument, " King, you are a confounded fool !" and that prior to the ceremony of calling him out, he had acknowledged the fact by replying, " A—just so—just so—a." Captain Russell's beauty was of a less commanding order, being dark and short, with rather Calmuc-Tartar features, strangely relieved by remarkably blue eyes, while his head was undeviatingly kept in a perpendicular position by a Jack-Ketch sort of black stock, that always appeared in the act of strangling him.

“I began to fear,” said Sir Romulus, as soon as these two heroes appeared, “that the Chartists had abducted you.”

“A—just so—just so—a,” replied Colonel King, as he seated himself in a vacant chair next Miss Lucy. There was also a seat on the ottoman, next her sister, perfectly at Captain Russell’s service; but he held his head so high, he could not see anything but the gilding on the ceiling, and the drapery of the curtains. Marmaduke was standing with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him, occasionally snubbing his sisters, and shaking up the old lady’s sofa pillow. Lady Bubble was all dignity and diamonds, seated on another sofa, talking to Lady Langton. Lord Francis, Sir Romulus, and Mr. Town had formed a button-hole alliance in a corner to themselves, the better to discuss railroads and beer bills; and Mr. Stuart Vernon, having entered into conversation with Miss Manners, through the oriental medium of her bouquet, was gracefully bending over her ‘*Prie Dieu*,’ uttering, she and himself alone knew what, in so low and musical a voice, that it caused Mr. Howard to feel so exceedingly uncomfortable, as he sat at a distant table, turning over H. B.’s last new caricatures, that he bit his nether lip; which, strange to say, did not in the least add to his comfort. The half hour had long expired, Sir Romulus had already rung and ordered dinner, which nevertheless not being announced, he at last in despair turned to Lady Bubble, and bumble-bee’d,—

“Um—um—um—my dear—my dear, this is really too bad? that Algerine ought to be transported!” Having passed this sentence by no means ‘*sotto voce*,’ Lady Bubble thought it better to reply, in the same ‘*pro bono*’ voice, “Why, my dear, there is some excuse for Leslie to-day; her child is so ill, it is not expected to live.”

“Ah,” growled Marmaduke, in his peculiar, short paradoxical manner, “that is the most sensible thing in Homer, when Achilles, in the last book of the *Iliad*, moved by the distress of Priam, endeavours to give him consolation, in order to tempt him to partake of some refreshment, he says to him: ‘Now let us think about supper; for the fair-haired Niobe did not forget her meals, although she had a dozen children lying dead in her palace.’”

“Yes, but the dark-haired Leslie seems to have forgotten ours,” said Sir Romulus, taking three consecutive pinches of snuff. Dinner was at length announced. Cecil cast one hasty glance round the room, and had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon offer his arm to Miss Manners, although he had actually advanced two steps, with the velocity of a snail, for that purpose. No wonder, then, that he should feel ill-used and indignant, and with a ‘*sans-souci*,’ nay, almost with a triumphant air, offer his arm to Miss Lucretia. On entering the dining-room, she was afraid of being too warm, and therefore, to Mr. Howard’s great annoyance, seated

herself at the centre of the table, where the plateau preserved an impervious 'incogniti' for Mr. Stuart Vernon and Miss Manners. Nevertheless, he found nothing particularly reprehensible in the soup; but Miss Lucretia had a disagreeable trick of scratching her knife against her plate; and, as the dinner progressed, Mr. Howard's sensitive nerves discovered that steel and silver coming in contact formed a peculiarly inharmonious sound. Mr. Town, who was a dark, pale, fattish, dingy-looking man, with a nose big enough to have colonized half a dozen physiognomies, very short and thick-necked, with a white cravat, that evinced a proper fear of apoplexy, by keeping several inches respectfully aloof from his throat, and who had, moreover, a most impertinently confidential manner of poking his head into people's faces, and saying everything in a whisper, had seated himself next to Marmaduke, to whom at all times he was obnoxious, but doubly so at dinner, when he invariably preferred eating to talking. Becoming every moment more irritated at Mr. Town's confidential whispers, in order to screw his ire as it were to the sticking-place, he deluged everything he eat with Cayenne pepper; and then, drinking off a glass of madeira, so effectually inflamed both his throat and his temper, that he turned suddenly round in the midst of one of Mr. Town's most mysterious murmurings, and said, 'à haute voix':

"Sir, as you appear to eat both 'en amateur' and 'en connoisseur,' I should particularly recommend to your notice the excellent advice old Bulwer gives to all gastronomes in the quaint pages of his 'Anthropometamorphosis,' in the three following rules: 'Stridor dentium—altum silentium—rumor gentium';" for this, as he most truly observes, 'adjourns discourse till the stomach is full, at *what* time men are at better leisure, and may more securely venture upon table-talk; the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who, endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

"A—just so—just so—a," chimed in Colonel King.

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Town, guiltless of understanding one word Marmaduke had uttered; and then relapsing into his former mumbleiana, added, "I was going to say, my dear sir, when you interrupted me, that I should be so grateful—so very grateful, and I'm sure Mrs. Town would also—if you would use your influence with Lord John Bubble, to try and get a place for my youngest boy, Cadwallader; as Mrs. Town says, 'he has a vast deal in him'—indeed, she makes the observation every day after dinner. But, then, he is a peculiar boy, sir—a very peculiar boy—and it is difficult to get it out of him."

¹ Which have been thus facetiously translated:

"Work for the jaws,
A silent pause,
Frequent ha, ha's."

“Humph—champagne! how old is he?” asked Marmaduke, as soon as he had drank his champagne.

“Fifteen, the twenty-fourth of last May, sir.”

“Humph—never knew a boy of fifteen fit for any situation but that of dry nurse to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens, or scare-crow in a cherry orchard.”

“A—just so—just so—a,” again assented Colonel King.

“Sir!” said Mr. Town, turning full round upon the gallant Colonel, and for the first time speaking above a whisper, “had you any knowledge of my Cadwallader, or of the feelings of a father, you would think differently.”

“A—just so—just so—a,” which acknowledgment on the part of Colonel King seemed to appease Mr. Town. Marmaduke, who in spite of himself, never could bear to hurt people’s feelings, also made the ‘*amende honorable*,’ by saying aloud to Mr. Town :

“No wonder your sons are paragons, though, when I believe all antiquity does not furnish an example of such a matron as Mrs. Town.”

Mr. Town bowed in silence; for a well regulated husband is sure to be silenced by his wife, be she absent or present. Sir Romulus, who could not distinctly hear what was going on, but feared, from the loud tone of his brother’s voice that he was waxing angry, and might be uncivil to his “friend Town,” whom he would not for worlds offend, having many shares in the Sub-Marine Railroad; and just catching the words “matron,” and “antiquity,” in Marmaduke’s last speech, called out from the foot of the table “a glass of wine with you, Town?” and then added “I suppose Marmaduke is riding his favourite hobby, about the moderns having invented nothing, and the ancients having possessed, not only all that we have, but a great deal more. However, one thing is certain, they had not a Sub-Marine Railroad,—eh Town?”

“Oh dear,” squeaked Miss Prudence, turning from Lady Langton, to whom she had been talking and speaking in the highest pitch of her ghost-of-a-penny-trumpet voice—“Oh dear, I can’t think how Marmaduke can be so silly, when there’s such a many things the ancients knew nothing about—plum-pudding and iced ‘soufflés’ for instance; and Lady Langton has just been telling me that the hail-storm last night broke ever so much of the glass of her conservatory—and I’m very certain that the ancients had neither conservatories or green-houses.”

“Pardon me,” said Cecil, who was determined that Theresa should hear the sound of his voice—“Martial has two epigrams, which clearly prove that they had,—don’t you remember?” said he, turning to Marmaduke, “in the 14th epistle, I think, of the 8th book—

*Pallida ne cilicam timeant pomaria brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus,
Hibernis et objecta notis specularia puros
Admittunt soles, et sine face diem'."*

And—again—which is plainer still—

*Invida purpureas urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat,
Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet'."*

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Prudence pettishly, "I do dislike Latin and Greek beyond every thing, particularly at meals."

"Well, never mind, Prudence," pacified Lady Bubble—"it was the moderns at all events who discovered America;—neither Mr. Howard nor Marmaduke can take *that* from them."

"Still they were before-hand with us even there," said the provoking Marmaduke, "for Seneca most clearly prophecies the discovery, in his chorus to his Medea, when he says—

—————*Venient annis
Secula seris quibus oceanus,
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
Deleget orbes.*

Which is obviously and undeniably fulfilled, by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America."

Sir Romulus seeing the case was hopeless, made another effort to turn the conversation, by asking Lord Francis if he expected his brother, the duke of Arlington, down?

"Not unless there should be a dissolution," replied he, "which, however, is loudly talked of."

"It is astonishing," added Lord Francis, "how pertinaciously *your friends* the Whigs keep in, let what will happen."

"Ah!" said the incorrigible Marmaduke, who was the only Conservative of the family, beside his cousin Howard,—when Tully declared that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, the pirate, bore testimony against the Gods;—and Seneca said of Sylla—

Deorum, crimen, Sylla tam felix,

what *would* they have said to the prosperity of the Whigs?"

"Why, that Providence had made them his especial care," crowed Sir Romulus, taking what he considered a conclusive pinch of snuff.

Lest wintry frosts should blast the shrinking fruit,
Or winds too piercing nip the tender shoot,
Through lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
Sol's purest rays, the genuine warmth of day."

On Bacchus' gifts lest envious winter prey,
And blast the purple produce on the spray,
Beneath the crystal roof the vintage glows,
And screened, not hid, the happy cluster grows.

“To talk of them and Providence together,” retorted the *unstoppable* Marmaduke, “reminds me of an anecdote of old Lord Holland and Dr. Campbell.”

“A, just so—just so—a,” acquiesced Colonel King,—“but a—what was it—pray favour us with it?”

“Why,” re-commenced Marmaduke, too glad to talk his brother down at any time “Lord Holland was sitting one morning with Dr. Campbell; condoling with each other on their mutual infirmities; and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which ill-health subjected people in advanced years, when the door opened, and a well-known knavish paymaster and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his sanguine looks. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘Providence has been very good to me, for I have never known a moment’s illness in the whole course of my life;’ this declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland’s countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave. ‘There now, Campbell,’ said he; ‘there now,’ pointing to the door ‘you see what Providence has been about! taking care of that scoundrel’s health; forsooth! and not minding what became of your dropsy, or of my d—d ringworm!’”

The universal laugh that followed this story had scarcely subsided, or Colonel King’s “a just so—just so a,” ceased to vibrate above it, ere it struck Sir Romulus that he might steer through the safe course of asking Lady Langton to take wine, and bending across the table for that purpose, addressed her as Mrs. Langton. “Hang those foundation titles,” thought he; “one never can remember them:” and without knowing it he sympathized with the French herald’s compassion for Adam, who, being the first of his race, could not possibly amuse himself by tracing his genealogical honours! Dinner was scarcely over before Marmaduke darted out of the room to take his nocturnal ramble. The old lady soon fell fast asleep and announced the fact audibly. The subject of trains and tuckers was exhausted by the other ladies. Captain Russell had responded to Miss Betsy’s warm eulogium upon the fascinations of a military life, by helping her to an iced peach. Colonel King had for the fiftieth time said “a just so—just so a,” in answer to one of Miss Lucy’s original observations upon the weather. Mr. Town was, with fingers that considerably “dimmed the brightness of the crystal flood,” pressing walnut shells down to the bottom of a finger-glass, no doubt, in commemoration of his submarine railroad. Sir George Langton was abstractedly looking at the crimson reflection a glass of claret threw over his hand, as it rested on the table, which could not fail to have reminded him of his new blown honours. Lord Francis Fitznoodle had his right hand gracefully placed in his bosom, while, with his left he raised his wine-glass to

the scrutiny of the light. Even Sir Romulus was silently paying his 'devoirs' to his snuff-box; and although Mr. Stuart Vernon had done his uttermost to play the agreeable, Miss Manners was beginning to think it was the longest dinner she had ever sat out, when Lady Bubble bowed to Lady Langton, and gave the signal for the ladies to adjourn. Cecil rose to open the door, the old lady was gently awakened, and escorted out of the room by her usual 'garde de corps.' The rest followed in succession; but Theresa, as she passed, dropped her handkerchief. Cecil, of course, stooped to pick it up; and whether it was the tone in which she said "thank you," or the look that accompanied the words, I know not, but Mr. Howard felt so gratefully happy, that in the prodigality of his gratitude, he would have even signed a compact making over all the rest of Miss Manners's looks and words "for that night only," as the play-bills say, to Mr. Stuart Vernon, and even condescended to seat himself in the chair she had occupied next to him, as soon as the door had closed upon that young lady.

Upon returning to the drawing-room, they found it occupied by Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. McPhin and Cosmo, who were, however, antipodically dispersed at the greatest possible distances from each other, like the three legs in the Isle of Man Arms. Cosmo was unbending his intellectual bow with the innocent recreation of cup and ball in one of the windows. At the far end of the room, Mademoiselle was sitting on one sofa, ostensibly netting a purse, but in reality gazing upon—not, indeed, Mr. McPhin's face, for he had taken the precaution of spreading his pocket-handkerchief over it, and was executing a loud and evidently artificial sleeping aria, by way of giving notice to his 'vis-à-vis' that he was not to be disturbed; but upon his elongated limbs and white-cotton stockings, she was wasting innumerable looks of love and admiration! however, upon the arrivals from the dining-room, Mr. McPhin was instantly "on his legs," and his pocket-handkerchief as instantaneously returned to his pocket.

"Cosmo, my love," said Lady Bubble, "you may go to your papa, in the dining-room—and my dear," added she, calling him back as he was leaving the room—"say we are going to have a little music. I know Colonel King is very fond of music," continued she, turning to Lady Langton, "and Sir Romulus has no idaya how long he sits after dinner, unless he's told of it. Mr. McPhin, have the goodness to ring for coffee."

"Hole up your head," whispered Mademoiselle to Lucy; "'tenez comme ça,'" continued she, drawing herself up to her full height as she spoke, and gazing upwards at Mr. McPhin, as he walked over to ring the bell; "Monsieur le Colonel he is tal; how should I ever see Mistere McPheen, if I stoop and poke my head as you?"

“It is better not to look so high,” giggled Miss Betsy.

“Ah, que c’est mauvais ton les calembourgs,” shrugged Made-moiselle, lowering the corners of her mouth as she threw up her hands. But Miss Betsy little heeded the reproof, as she turned away to select from a pile of music “The Soldier’s Tear,” with which she intended to commence the evening’s attack.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Stuart Vernon were the first to make their appearance in the drawing-room; Mr. Town and Captain Russell followed; and not to lose time, the former was almost instantaneously overpowered with “The Soldier’s Tear,” which he repaid with the soldier’s smile, as the peacock-tones of Miss Betsy’s voice grated on his ear.

Mr. Town had whispered Mr. McPhin into a corner, and a nice observer might have discovered that his communications had cast a shade over that worthy man’s countenance, especially as the words “impossible—indeed, I can do no more,” floated on the air, though instantly hushed into silence by Mr. Town.

“Theresa, my dear,” said Lady Bubble, “do sing that pretty French thing you were singing the other day—oh, ‘Tourment de’ something—what is it?”

“Oh, ‘Tourment de Veuvage,’ is that what you mean?” asked Theresa.

“Yes, that’s it.”

“I shall be very happy, by-and-by, but I have just taken some coffee, and, my dear aunt, I can never sing immediately after.”

“Well, then, Mr. Howard, you must sing, for I won’t let you all be idle,” said Lady Bubble. “Mr. Stuart Vernon, do you sing?”

“In a way,” laughed Mr. Stuart Vernon.

“Then we must hear in what way,” said Lady Bubble, actually forcing him to the piano, where he good-humouredly sat down and sang that beautiful Pretender ballad of “Prince Charlie” most exquisitely, and acceded to an encore.

“Now, Mr. Howard, you have no excuse,” cried her ladyship. “I delight in his voice; you have no idaya, Mr. Stuart Vernon, how well he sings.”

“After such a formidable announcement, I don’t know whether I shall have courage to sing at all,” laughed Cecil—“perhaps Miss Manners will have the goodness to accompany me?”

“With pleasure,” replied Theresa, taking off her gloves, and placing them on the piano.

Cecil turned over a book full of songs till he came to that most exquisite of all Beethoven’s compositions, “Adelaida,” or rather, “Rosalie,” for it is nothing as “Adelaida,” and the most beautiful thing that ever was conceived as “Rosalie.” There was a triumph in Cecil’s deep and beautiful voice as he burst into the opening lines—

“ Oh thou wert bright, wert bright as opening day,
And blooming as the rose of May,
When first I yielded to thy sway,
Fair, fair Rosalie ! ”

which subsided into the softest tenderness, when he came to the refrain of—

“ Dear, dearest Rosalie ! ”

and sunk almost into a whispered echo at the line—

“ And when I breathed, I breathed the vows of love,
Thine answers whispered—whispered like the dove,
Softly murmuring in a shady grove,
Sweet, sweet Rosalie ! ”

While his *acting*—for it was more than singing—was perfectly electrical in the mad *scena* at the end ; beginning—

“ Oh fickle, fickle as the changing wind !
I'll tear thine image from my mind !
Broke is thy chain—it's spell is gone !
The links are severed, one by one,
False ! false Rosalie ! ”

till he came to the last cadenza of all, when the exhausted—subdued—relenting—yet *still* adoring tone in which he gave the final words of—

“ False !—but *dear* Rosalie ! ”

was perfectly overpowering, and Theresa fairly burst into tears, in which, strange to say, her cousins joined. Theresa, who, from the consciousness of all she felt, was ashamed of showing any particle of feeling, dried her eyes, and by way of apology, stammered out—

“ That song is so very beautiful that I never can hear it without making a goose of myself.”

“ How can you say so ? ” said Lucy. “ I'm sure, Theresa, I don't think you ever shed a tear at it before ; but then, indeed, we never heard it sung as Mr. Howard sang it—so we may all be forgiven.”

As far as Cecil was concerned, he was perfectly willing to forgive the Miss Bubbles their tears—nay, more—he would even have excused them ; but for Theresa's ! *could he ever forget them ?* There are *moments* in existence that condense a whole life of happiness, and this was one of them. Not even the hand Mr. Stuart Vernon had stretched out for Miss Manners' gloves could crumple the rose leaves upon which Cecil's heart at that instant reposed, nor the sigh that escaped him as he presented them to her, leave one breath to dim the mirror of bright dreams Howard's imagination had conjured up ; for Hope was the ministering angel that presided over them. Alas ! what are hopes but the falling stars of the heart, which, if they wander from out the heaven of imagination, are dashed into nothing the moment they come in contact

with the realities of earth. It was on that evening that Cecil proclaimed his love for Theresa, and that she confessed her's for him; though it was not for a considerable time after that his proclamation, or her confession, found their way into words.

When Colonel King made his entrée, he had paid so much attention to wine that he was incapable of paying any to women. And Sir Romulus, who was a great fabricator of wonders, requested they would all adjourn to the hall-door, to see a most extraordinary appearance in the heavens—"something quite out of the common—like a globe of fire!"

They needed no second invitation, but rushed (all except the old lady, who was again asleep) simultaneously into the hall. Poor short-sighted mortals that they were; though it must be confessed,

"Their stars were more in fault than they."

No sooner had Sir Romulus, who led the advanced guard, opened the hall-door, than in rushed a something with fiery eyes, howling, yelling, and hissing in a most awful and unearthly manner; but whether it was man, beast, or devil, remained to be proved. As far as the panic its appearance excited among the assembled group, allowed them the use of their eyes, it seemed to each person as if the apparition was making towards them individually, and 'sauve qui peut' became not, indeed, their general cry, but their general conduct.—Colonel King being instantly sobered, in default of a sword seized the poker, determined to show fight, were it man or devil; while Captain Russell armed himself with the shovel, which served the double purpose of weapon and shield. Mr. Town, with more prudence than any of them, acquired, no doubt, from his deep-laid calculations touching the sub-marine rail-road, retreated back into the drawing-room, and double-locked the door. Lord Francis Fitznoodle made, instinctively, for the back staircase leading to the maids' dormitories;—while Mr. McPhin rushed in the opposite direction, to the inner hall, followed by Mademoiselle Perpignon. Cosmo, with greater genius than any of them next to Mr. Town, had rushed out at the hall-door when the mysterious intruder had rushed in. Cecil and Theresa had got upon a table, and Mr. Stuart Vernon on a window-seat, where Miss Lucretia and Prudence both threw themselves into his arms!—Lady Bubble had scrambled up the back of the porter's chair, where, holding on, might and main, she hung over in front till she was nearly black in the face, her feet kicking vehemently all the while, on a balance of power principle. Sir Romulus had taken shelter on a marble slab; but, unfortunately, from jumping up too nimbly, his wig had caught on the branch of one of the antlers that graced the wall, where it now hung, leaving his organs more fully developed than ever; while the two young ladies, by dodging after

Colonel King and Captain Russell, wherever they moved, seemed to be performing a sort of variation upon puss in the corner. To complete the tableau, the hall door again opened, and Marmaduke, lantern in hand, and his hat carefully tied down, entered. After looking round at the scene before him for about a minute, in perfect amazement, he exclaimed, "Eh! what the d—l, are you all mad?"

"Don't talk of the d—l, Marmaduke," gasped Sir Romulus, fanning himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I believe the Algerine is actually here."—Hiss, squeak, yell, waugh, waugh, and something nearly flew in Marmaduke's face, and darted off again in a circular direction, yelling horribly.

"Why, it's a cat!" said Marmaduke, looking after it. "What a set of fools you must be," added he, walking over to the bell and ringing it violently.

"A—just so, just so, a—" corroborated Colonel King, which was the first intimation he had given of a lucid interval. "Horrible creature! how its eyes glare upon me!"

"Well, if they do," said Marmaduke, with provoking sang froid, "I suppose a cat may look at a king."

"The creature is mad," cried Sir Romulus, retreating so far back into the wall, that he completely hid the head of the stag, by placing his own before it, immediately between the antlers; so that being a sort of buck in his way, they had all the appearance, pro tempore, of belonging to him. "Ring again, Marmaduke, I'll have the Algerine instantly caught and killed."

Here a momentary pause ensued, when Mr. McPhin's voice, in accents of the wildest despair, was heard exclaiming in the inner hall, "Oh! oh! oh! was ever mon so persecuted—will no one take this inferenel old cat from my throat, before I die of it?"

Marmaduke with his lantern rushed to the rescue, followed by the rest of the party, who, to their credit be it spoken, forgot their own personal fears at this heart-rending appeal. On reaching the spot, they beheld Mr. McPhin in the dark, at the foot of the stairs, more dead than alive, leaning against the banister for support; while Mademoiselle Perpignon's arms were clasped so tightly round his neck, that from the fact of his pulling one way, as fast as she pulled another, the poor man was nearly strangled.

"Save me! save me!" panted he, making sundry lunges with the fore-finger of his right hand towards Mademoiselle. Marmaduke took the hint, and dragged her by main force from the throat of her victim; when seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon, standing sufficiently near for the experiment, she fell back into his arms, darting a fine last-scene-of-the-fifth-act look at Mr. McPhin, as she did so, and exclaiming, "Vit-il encore?"

"No encores, mum, if you please, or I'm a dead man!"

"Dead—mort! et pour moi! oh he is too much!" shrieked

Mademoiselle, letting her head fall gracefully on Mr. Stuart Vernon's shoulder, and closing her eyes once more on the bystanders.

"Sir Romulus, Sir Romulus," called Lady Bubble from the outer hall, "you have no idaya what I'm suffering; do come and help me down, or I shall expire."

"Bless me! only think of my leaving my calamity in such suspense," said Sir Romulus, as he tripped into the front hall, facetiously adding, "I'm coming 'ma *chair* amie,' as the French say."

Scarcely had Lady Bubble been got safely down from the top of the porter's chair, before the same awful feline sounds were again heard; and Cato, for it was no less a personage, seen darting once more up and down, to and fro in every direction! All the servants had by this time assembled, and by dint of throwing cold water on the unfortunate hero, and then flinging a napkin over his head, he was at length secured; when Bridget Bond acknowledged, that, by way of a slight punishment, she had left a quantity of butter in the dairy, (knowing he would pay his nightly visit to it), well kneaded with cayenne pepper.

"For shame! Bridget," said Theresa, "do you call driving the poor animal mad, a slight punishment?"

"Lor! Miss, I humbly beg your pardon, but I had no idear that it would do any such thing."

"Why, you must have known," said Marmaduke, "that such a quantity of pepper is the right way to make a devil of anything."

"At all events, the Algerine shall be hung up, neek and heels to-morrow, for giving us all such a fright," said Sir Romulus.

"Hush! listen! what's that?" cried Lady Bubble. Every ear was now on the 'qui vive,' and they soon heard the drawing-room door violently shaken, as though some one was trying to burst it open from within. They all with one accord advanced towards it, when they distinctly heard, between the interstices of the assault and battery on the door, Mrs Manners' faint lisp pouring out the following eloquent appeal to the besieging Town—"Ah can't you let me out? ith dithgrathful to you to shut me up in thith way, when I tell you that I never wath, in the whole coorth (course), of my life, locked into a room alone with a man, except wanth, (once), in the rebellion, and then I had loaded pistols; and though I have no fire-armth now, I assure you I know Pamela by heart, and if you were to keep me here a wake, (week), I'd never lave off scrambling; tho you'd better let me out at wantht!"

"Ma'am!" said Mr. Town, audibly retreating as he spoke, "my revered friend, Sir Romulus knows me too well, to believe me capable of any impropriety of conduct towards you; and I hope I know my distance, and am but too well inclined to keep it, to detain you here against your will, could I find the key of the door, which, in my fright, I unfortunately dropped."

But the old lady, who, from the tittering without, did not hear one word of all this, merely replied, "Oh! indade, nothing you can thay will juthtify your conduct. You mutht be a motht artful designing villain, to contrive to get them all out of the room!"

"Sir Romulus, Sir Romulus, for heaven's sake break open the door from without?" cried Mr. Town, applying his mouth to the key-hole, "I cannot by any possibility make Mrs. Manners understand the nature of the case; for waking up and finding herself alone with me, and the door locked, she has gone back fifty years, and come to a wrong conclusion."

One of the housemaids having been sent for some other room-door keys, they were alternately tried, till one was found to fit, when the prisoners were released.

"I thuppothe," said the old lady, seizing Sir Romulus's arm for protection, "I might have lived in Ireland for a hundred years longer, and no man would have thought of offering me thulth an affront."

It took a whole fortnight to make the old lady comprehended the cause of her 'tête-à-tête' with Mr. Town; therefore this chapter being already of the longest, we will not now relate the process by which she was eventually convinced of the erroneousness of her suspicions;—suffice it is to say, that as soon as Lord Francis Fitznoodle could be excavated from the attics,—and Sir George and Lady Langton had emerged from the dining-room, where they had taken refuge, and remained the whole time,—the party, after reciprocal hand-shakings, and adieus, separated, to dream over the wonders of this eventful night, Sir Romulus winding up with one of his usual jeux d'esprit, by saying, or rather singing to the old lady, as he lighted her hand-candle, and offered his arm to escort her up stairs,—

"Oh Nelly (not Nanny) wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave this flaunting Town,"

pointing to that gentleman, as he was terminating his mackintosh in a red-worsted comforter.

CHAPTER VI.

“Honour and honesty must not be renounced, although a thousand modes of right and wrong were to occupy the degrees of morality between Zeno and Epicurus.”—JUNIUS.

“Gorgon, Icon, et Amazon!”

Propria quæ Maribus.

“C’est le sort des amours,
De se plaindre toujours.”

LE CHEVALIER DE MENILCLAISE.

MR. HOWARD MAKES A RESOLUTION WHICH HE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP, BUT KEEPS IT NEVERTHELESS.—BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.—SHOPPING.—HUSBAND’S TEA. THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO MRS. WHABBLE.—MR. MC PHIN ADVOCATES THE JEWISH MODE OF DIVORCE.—SHABBY CLOTHES.—A MYSTERY.

It is strange, yet no less strange than true, that men in all ages should have done their best—namely, their worst—to vilify and depreciate women; always taking care, from the ancient Egyptians downwards, to offer the degrading would-be compensation of false compliments for real defamation. “We should,” says Junius, “guard against the folly of accepting trifling or moderate compensation for extraordinary and essential injuries. Had women always done so, or could they be got to do so, the flattery they received might certainly be less—but their fates would as certainly be better. It is with individuals as with nations; solitary and unorganized efforts can only come under the head of, and meet with the punishment of treason; it is the united and unanimous struggle of the mass that can alone work a salutary revolution, and retain a victory. From time immemorial, whether in the mythological and imaginary world, or in the moral and material one, men have *first made* the characters they have afterwards condemned. No modern genius could treat women in a more unjust and unmanly style than Virgil did; therefore, though Dryden is right in saying that Venus is too impudently presuming, in expecting that her husband, Mr. Vulcan, should make armour for Master Cupid, the son of her lover Mr. Mars; yet was it not the education and attributes she had received at the hands of men, that was the cause of it all? The women of Plutus are almost invariably bad; and those in Terence a perfect match for them; nay, the only one among them who stumbles upon a good action by accident—that of saving her child from being murdered, as her husband and its father had ordered—humbly asks pardon of that husband for her *disobedience*, in the following submissive confession,—

Mi Chreme, peccavi, fateor, vincor!

“I was *wrong*! my Chremes, I own it—I am *convinced* of it!”

Now what a high and pure morality is here inculcated; nothing less than that every crime should be committed to gratify a husband's pleasure, and every virtue avoided that may cause his displeasure!—fie on it! fie on it!

As for Horace—that very clever and agreeable ancient Roman “man about town,”—in all his ladies, he has fully proved Pope's assertion, that “most women have no character at all;” to be sure he has been pleased to pay Livia, the wife of Augustus, the following compliment—

Unico, gaudens mulier, marito.

But had he had the patience to have lived till now, I could have found him hundreds of women who distance Livia hollow; from the well-authenticated fact, that they would be *more content* to have *no husband at all!* and Horace evidently only condoles with Neobule on her uncle's cruelty, in forbidding her a lover, and interdicting her the use of wine—in which the ladies of her time were wont to indulge so freely—because it put a woman the less in his power to abuse. As for Juvenal, Miss Squeers's plan of pitying and despising, is the best that can be adopted towards him. And the prose libellers of the Augustan era, may share it with him if they please;—even my favourite Seneca, the virtues of whose wife ought to have pleaded for her sex, has behaved shamefully to us. And St. Clement, if he is not greatly belied (in two letters published at Leyden, in 1754, in Latin, with a Syriac translation, and said to be written by him), indulges in a strain of selfish, exclusive, and slave-driving impertinence towards women, that could not be equalled by an English political club-going husband of the nineteenth century.

Among modern antiques, Shakspeare has behaved *rather* more justly to us; but then he had too much of the God in him to do otherwise. The lugubrious impertinences of old Antony à Wood are too contemptible to notice; and as for the beneficial effects produced on Selden by his learning, no one will attempt to dispute it who reads this memorable assertion of his: “It is reason, a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.” Now the foregoing part of this aphorism is sensible enough; but some persons, when they attempt fine perorations, never know where to stop, and the learned Selden appears to have been one of them. To a man in love, the woman he is in love with is “the sex;” consequently, it may be inferred that Cecil Howard was *Eve-angelical* in his creed of them at this period of his life. Yet he was but a man, and whenever those superior beings contemplate the slightest meanness, they are so shocked at it and themselves, that they settle

the question instantly by rechristening it magnanimity! Where he at once to declare his love, what opportunity could he have of testing the depth and sincerity of Theresa's? Nay more, did she accept him, he could not marry upon nothing; no, that would be selfish, and was not his intention. He must first secure the means of supporting her; yes, but in order to do so, he must, for a time, leave her, and that was disagreeable. Besides, he was not yet quite sure that she did love him; true, he had thought it—dreamt it—hoped it; but, oh, how delightful, if her incertitude about his feelings towards her should be the means of surprising her into revealing her feelings for him!

“Hang these razors! what the deuce makes Girouette sharpen them so confoundedly?” was the exclamation that broke in upon the above reverie, as some drops of blood fell on the toilet; for, shall we confess it, Mr. Howard had indulged in it while shaving. As heroines, however redundant their ringlets may be, never require to go through the vulgar process of having their hair curled, doubtless heroes, by a parity of reasoning, however smooth-faced they may be, should never be under the disagreeable necessity of shaving; but so it was in the present instance, and I can't help it. If the blood fell on the table, it also mounted into Cecil's cheek, at the declaration he had planned for Theresa to make to him. So putting down the razor, and abstractedly passing a comb through his very beautiful hair, he again exclaimed aloud, in answer to his own thoughts:

“No, hang it! that would be base and unworthy, which I will never be to her! No, no; I have no right to aspire to her. That legion-curse, poverty, extends even to the heart, and denies the luxury of love! Stuart Vernon evidently admires her; he is rich—handsome, too. I wonder if she likes light hair?” Here the hair he had been unconsciously combing over his eyes was as consciously strained back, so as to display his own magnificent forehead, as he added, “and a low forehead? If he does love her—if—oh, who can help it? He will not, that is, he cannot remain a month without proposing for her; and should she accept him? Well, if she does, why she will be rich and happy, and I shall have done my duty, instead of entrapping her into uniting her fate to a beggar's!” here ‘all the blood of all the Howards’ again mounted. “At all events, I'll try it.”

“What will Monsieur please to try—de coat dat come down from Staub yesterday?” asked Girouette, as he entered with a pair of boots.

“Yes—no—that is—what's o'clock?”

“He is half ten of de past, monsieur.”

“No one down, I suppose?”

“Personne, monsieur, que la belle Demoiselle Manners.”

"Oh, then I need not hurry," said Mr. Howard, with a 'non-chalant' look intended to mystify Girouette and all the world, had they been there to witness it. But Girouette was a Frenchman, and however deficient his talents might be for seeing into a mill-stone, he could see as far into an 'affaire du cœur' as any one; and while he came to his own conclusions and mixed some arquebusade and water for his master's teeth at one and the same time, Mr. Howard, as he progressed in his toilet, qualified his magnanimous resolves by the consoling reflection, that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Upon descending to breakfast, he descried Theresa, through the half-open door, in the breakfast room, and therefore stoically determined upon not entering it till some of the rest of the party had come down; but as he had been in the habit of gathering Miss Manners a bouquet every morning, he did not see why he should desist from so laudable a practice; and therefore repaired to the garden to gather the happy flowers that were to grace the most beautiful bosom in the world. If lovers had but the power of transforming themselves into things, what strange metamorphoses there would be in this world! and what a beautiful sprig of 'Love lies bleeding' Mr. Howard would have become, as he entered the breakfast room, and presented the bouquet to Miss Manners, whom "he hoped was not the worse for the panic Cato had caused the night before?"

"Not in the least," said she; "but all the better, as he and I drove to Shrewsbury this morning, where, poor fellow, I have placed him beyond the reach of pepper and persecution."

To Cecil's surprise, Marmaduke was already down, and apparently in a very bad humour, pshawing and fudging over a newspaper, or rather over the inordinate puffs of a new play, the extracts from which by no means justified the praise.

"It is perfectly disgusting!" said he, flinging down the paper, "the purchased and concentrated puffing that goes on now-a-days!"

"Yes, certainly; never was there an age when cliqueism and critical prostitution were at such a pitch," replied Cecil.

"And yet I don't know," said Marmaduke; "human nature has been always the same, and no pinnacle in the temple of fame seems high enough to exclude the meanest vanity. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the zenith of his glory and power, wrote a tragedy entitled 'Europe,' and brought it on the French stage; but as the piece was neither more nor less than a political dialogue between the European nations, in which the comparative state of their revenues, forces, commerce, etc., etc., was brought forward, it was barely heard, from respect to the writer; but when it was given out for

another representation, a murmur of disapprobation arose, and the 'Cid' of Corneille was loudly demanded by the audience; which so hurt the vanity of this great statesman and little man, that he actually contrived to get a long and regular critique written by the academicians of Paris, throwing ridicule on the ill-fated 'Cid,' which had been set up as a rival to the progress of his tragedy. Again, too, when a friend wrote to the elder Scaliger to tell him that he should mention him in a work he was about to publish, and, therefore, wished to know what he should say of him, his well-known reply was, 'Endeavour to collect your best ideas of what Massinissa, what Xenophon, and what Plato were, and your portrait will bear *some*, although an *imperfect* resemblance of me!' No, no! as usual, the moderns have hit upon nothing new."

"Except, sir, strangling a mon to prevent his being scratched by a cat," said Mr. McPhin, as he entered the room and seated himself at the table; for he was to go with Sir Romulus immediately after breakfast, to attend Mr. Town's sub-marine rail-road committee. Such was the lacrymose look and tone of Mr. McPhin, as he uttered this assertion, that it set every one laughing.

"Really," said Marmaduke, "after such an unequivocal display of affection as she made last night, I think you are bound in honour to convert Mademoiselle Perpignon into Mrs. McPhin."

"Never, sir! never!" exclaimed Mr. McPhin, energetically, thumping the handle of his knife on the table, "unless augh could get the Jewish divorce bill carried into execution the next minute."

"And pray, how may the sons of Levi manage those matters?" laughed Cecil.

"Augh, copitally, sir! copitally!—so much to the purpose, and no delay. They merely appear before a Rabbi, and, stating their grievances, demand a writ of divorce, which he instantly hands to them; whereupon, they mutually advance with great alocrity, as it is for the last time, and spitting in each other's faces, exclaim with heartfelt sencerity, 'Accursed be he who shall ever attempt again to bring us together!' Augh, sir, it's a monstrous good law—monsterous good."

As soon as the laugh had subsided which Mr. McPhin's energetic manner had given rise to, Marmaduke said,

"Well, but I don't understand how that tallies with the discovery of the Cabalists, who have found out that in the two Hebrew words signifying 'man' and 'woman,' are contained two letters which together form one of the names of 'God;' but if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify 'fire.' Hence, argue they, we may find that when man and wife agree together, and live in union, God is with them; but when they separate themselves from God, fire attends their path."

"All that that proves, sir," cried the unconvincible McPhin,

vehemently breaking the top of his third egg, "is thot St. Paul was wrong, and thot it's better to burn thon marry."

The rest of the party now arrived, all except the old lady, who declared "she was ashamed to face the servants, after Mr. Town's conduct on the preceding night, especially in times like the present, when, from everything getting into the Sunday papers, no woman's character was safe!" This fact Sir Romulus announced with a laugh that was echoed by every one present. Seeing him equipped for riding in a spencer and a pair of hessians, Lady Bubble inquired if he was going to ride with the girls? who were to ride with Colonel King and Captain Russell at half-past one.

"Um—um—um, my dear, I can't; I have to attend that Algerine of a committee at two. We'll all be millionaires by and by, and as soon as Town's sub-marine rail-road is finished, the struggle will be for people—not to keep their heads above water—but to get them under water."

A groan from Mr. McPhin.

"McPhin," continued Sir Romulus, "if you've a pencil about you, put that down; it will make a capital hit for my speech at the Mayor's dinner, where I intend to bring in Town's plan." And here Sir Romulus repeated slowly and sonorously, that a syllable might not be lost, waving his hand oratorically as he spoke, and finally clenching it, in order to conclude with a thump on the table:—"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Corporation,—the struggle will then—be—not—for—people to—keep—their—heads *above!*—water—but—to get—them—*under*—water! Have you written it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; then just put 'Cheers' after it—it gives one spirits to go on—and by means of a little wit and humour, I can make these Algerines do whatever I please!"

"Well then, as Sir Romulus can't ride with the girls, will you drive with me, Prudence? for I don't like to let them ride with young men quite alone."

"Oh, dear! it surprises me beyond every thing, that you should ask me to do such a thing," said Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers with a forty-fidget power, "when you know what to-morrow is."

"No, I don't; I've no idaya what you mean," replied Lady Bubble.

"Oh, dear! it's perfectly ridiculous. I think some people would forget their mouth, if it was not for their dinner!"

"What will to-morrow be, then?" asked Cecil, "for I don't know either."

"Oh, dear! you are perfectly excusable in not knowing, for you've never been told: I'm confident, if you had, it's not a thing you'd forget. But Lady Bubble does surprise me, beyond every

thing! Why, I'll tell you—to-morrow is the 29th of September, and my birth-day, and it's now three-and-twenty years—no, two-and-twenty—let me see—no, it is three-and-twenty years since I've always made it a rule to give myself a present on my birth-day. Oh, dear! I should now think it so unlucky if I didn't. I assure you, I mean what I say, and Lady Bubble knows I always buy it the day before; therefore I am so surprised that she should think of asking me to drive with her in the pony phaeton, when she knows I'm going into Shrewsbury."

Cecil was almost suffocated with suppressed laughter at the idea of Miss Prudence's affectionate remembrance of herself, and anticipating precautions about her own birth-day, which reminded him of a certain Queen Aterhatis, who forbid her subjects ever to touch fish, lest, as she observed, with an uncommon degree of calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign!"

"I quite forgot that it was Prudence's birthday; so, perhaps, you'll drive with me, Lucretia?" said Lady Bubble.

"I shall be most happy," replied the amiable Lucretia, "for on a fine autumnal day, like this, with me—

'Excursive Fancy's even on the wing.'

"Augh'll trouble you for the other wing of that chicken then, mum, if you please," said Mr. McPhin, holding out his plate, which was already like a miniature panorama of the Isles of Bones in China. Just as it was finally arranged that Lady Bubble, and Miss Lucretia, should chaperon the young ladies at an obliging distance in the pony chaise, and that Theresa, Cecil, and Marmaduke should accompany Miss Prudence in her shopping expedition to Shrewsbury, to assist her in chusing a birth-day gift that should be worthy of herself, the letters and papers arrived.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Lady Bubble, announcing that she had had a letter from her brother, Colonel Manners, in India, whom she had not seen since he was twelve years old, and who was a rich bachelor, and brother to Theresa's father, Percy Manners, whose picture, dressed as Hamlet, hung on the stairs.

"Here's a letter from Lionel; he says he should so like to have one of his nieces sent out to him; he does not say which, as he writes in a great hurry, but promises to write again by the next ship; and that there are some Delhi scarfs and Bangolas lying for me at the India House. Will you write about them, dear?"

"Um—um—um—my dear," said Sir Romulus, taking a triple pinch of snuff, and looking up from the letter he was reading, "I can't be thinking of womankind, and rattle-taps, when the fate of the nation is at stake. Here's a letter from Lord John; he says there must be a dissolution in the spring, and that it will, therefore, be

better to begin canvassing, as it were, immediately, as it will seem more disinterested, and be infinitely more secure; he also says, that that Algerine Whabble has been wavering for some time, and that I must try and clench him by all means, as he can command four-and-twenty votes. I wish, my dear, you would call upon his calamity, and don't forget to say to her, that a brevet will be out immediately, and that Lord John mentions it almost as a certainty that that distinguished officer, Major Whabble, will be included in it. Don't forget the word distinguished, because one must do things a little out of the common at election times; and let Nettletop know that Lord John comes down on Saturday."

Cecil did not know why, but he felt annoyed and uncomfortable at the idea of Lord John's arrival; for, independent of the way in which he knew he would drive him about to electioneer, a letter he had just received from his sister threw out a hint about Lord John's intending to make him his private secretary. This, were he ten times worse off, Cecil was determined to decline, as from his own political views he could not with honour accept such a post, because he could not conscientiously fill it. Gertrude ended her letter by saying that she had been up late at a ball at Lady Mornington's at Richmond, and that she had danced chiefly with Lord Mornington, on the strength of which Lady John had driven her into town that morning, and given her a new ball dress at Devey's trimmed with blush roses. Under the seal was written: "You never told me that Lord Mornington was at Eton with you; what sort of person is he!" Cecil was disappointed that he had not got a letter from another friend and schoolfellow of his, Frank Greville; he might have written to him at the present crisis, if it were only to tell him what was going on; but, then he was a great deal with old Dragglesfar, and no doubt he had turned with that respectable time-server against him. Alas! Cecil had yet to learn, and a most disagreeable study it is, that half we ascribe to enmity in this world should be attributed to indifference—people are not thinking or troubling their heads about us;—knowledge of the world does not so much prove to us that we have many enemies as convince us that we have few friends. Hundreds of persons we are continually told 'speak most kindly' of us, who, nevertheless, would not walk across a room to serve or to right us; indeed, the great difference between friends and foes, appears to be this: friendship in nine cases out of ten seems to act upon the worthy individual who professes it, as a sort of moral paralysis which prevents their stirring one inch to evince it; while, on the contrary, enmity contrives to strip both Mercury and Time of their wings to carry its feelings into action.

Sir Romulus and Mr. McPhin having taken their departure for Mr. Town's committee, Lady Bubble having gone up stairs to get ready for her drive, and the carriage having come round to convey

Miss Prudence, Theresa, and Cecil, to Shrewsbury, while Kicksy-wicksy was in attendance for Marmaduke, they also adjourned to put on their things, and shortly after set out, accompanied by Cosmo, who had begged to be of the party.

"Oh, dear! what should you advise me to get?" asked Miss Prudence, as soon as she was seated in the carriage.

"That depends upon what you yourself like," smiled Theresa.

"Oh! but I should like your opinion; I assure you I mean what I say; but I don't mean to go beyond twenty pounds. Now, I've been thinking of a tea-pot."

"Why, the house positively swarms with tea-pots," said Theresa.

"Yes, but I think the tea would taste better if I had one of my own, you know. Oh! 'tis so different from other people's things; and Sampson has such a pretty one; I'm sure I should enjoy my tea out of it beyond every thing! What do you think, Mr. Howard?"

But Mr. Howard, who was sitting opposite Miss Manners, with his arm listlessly slung through one of the holders, and his eyes riveted on that young lady's face, had to be appealed to twice before his understanding was sufficiently awakened to give his vote in favour of the tea-pot.

"And what do you think I'd better get, Cosmo, my dear?" said Miss Prudence, bending forward, and spreading her hands out over her knees, while the unfilled fingers ends of her dark tea-coloured leather gloves wriggled about like the tails of lively leeches.

"Why, I think, aunt," drawled Cosmo, as if just awaking from a profound sleep, opening his eyes very wide, and dropping his jaw, "I think, aunt, that you'd better get the most you can for your money."

"Oh dear! 'tis such a comfort to find him so sensible at his age—don't you think it is, Mr. Howard?"

"Very tormenting, indeed," said Cecil.

"I didn't say tormenting, I said it was a comfort; but you're like me, a little hard of hearing in a carriage—oh dear! I can feel for you there."

Cecil's martyred face looked as if it said "I'd rather you'd feel for me here, and let me alone."

Miss Prudence now began to fumble in her pocket, and at length withdrew from it a Russian-leather purse with a steel clasp, and diving to the bottom of it with her finger and thumb, addressed her nephew with "Cosmo, my love, what's the Latin for sixpence?"

Cosmo opened his mouth, but he didn't speak.

"What did the ancient Romans call it, my dear?" reiterated Miss Prudence, propounding the query in a more intelligible form.

"Oh—" said Cosmo, "they had no sixpences."

"Nor mince pies, I dare say, nor nothing; and yet to hear Marmaduke talk about the ancients, oh! it provokes me beyond

everything. Well, never mind, my dear, even if you can't translate it, you shall have the sixpence all the same." But Cosmo took the sixpence, and did translate it into—his pocket.

"Oh dear! now, I wish you would decide, Theresa," said Miss Prudence, as the carriage drove into Shrewsbury.

"I thought you had decided on the teapot," replied Theresa, with a smile.

"Yes, but I don't like to have all the responsibility on my head—oh dear! nor all the mud in my face!" cried Prudence, applying her pocket-handkerchief to remove a large splash of mud that Kicksywicksy had deposited on her nose, as she galloped past the carriage, which drove to the Talbot to put up, as Miss Prudence preferred walking, that she might not, as she said, be hurried in her shopping. Cecil could not help thinking of the ostler and boots, that had been hurled downward in Mrs. Jinks's "decline and fall," and inquired of the waiter how they were?—the ostler was quite well, but boots was still lame.

"Are you going to the library, or are you coming with us?" said Cecil to Marmaduke, when he had finished giving his microscopic orders about Kicksywicksy's comforts—gastronomic and personal.

"I mean, to-day, to devote myself to the '*mundus muliebris*,' and go with you," replied Marmaduke, as he offered his arm to Prudence, to Cecil's great relief. The finest day that ever issued from the heavens, Miss Prudence never ventured ten yards without an umbrella; with the assistance of which, and her brother's arm, she now trudged on to Mr. Sampson the jeweller's, while Cosmo brought up the rear, carrying a paper parcel, containing a cap of his aunt's, that she was going to leave at a milliner's to be altered; for though she wore an Urling's lace skull-cap of a morning, she always, as the Roman poet describes it, "*built a head*" of an evening, and wore a cap with a rampant border, which looked like half a sun-flower endeavouring to imitate the tower of Babel. In one shop the good lady had a paper of pins to buy, in another a yard of ribbon, in a third a sheet of sticking plaister, and in a fourth a black-lead pencil, with which her nieces might have supplied her; but "oh dear! she so much preferred having things of her own." All these important purchases, as the intelligent reader may easily suppose, took up a considerable time, but at length the Philistines appeared before Sampson, and every teapot in his shop was examined and re-examined, ere Miss Prudence made up her mind to select the ugliest—a plain unembossed one, strongly resembling an octagon box! Having desired Mr. Sampson to engrave her initials in cypher on it, and also the following inscription:—

"THE GIFT OF PRUDENCE SOPHIA BUBBLE,
To Herself, on her Birth-day,
September 29th, 18—."

she turned to Marmaduke, and said, "now I think you ought to give me a motto for it."

"Why, you hate Latin, or I would."

"Oh dear! I don't mind it on a teapot; it's very well in its place you know, only I dislike it beyond every thing to be talked about at meals!"

"Well, then, Mr. Sampson may engrave this upon it," said Marmaduke, writing on the back of a letter the following line from Terence—

Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum.

Seeing Cecil laugh, as he read it over Marmaduke's shoulder, Miss Prudence inquired what the meaning of it was?

"I fear," said he, "it would lose all its beauty if translated."

"Oh dear! but how am I to know what it's about."

"Very true," replied Marmaduke; "it means I'm sick of this dull dose of daily trash."

"Oh dear! that will never do, 'cause 'tis so very false, for I enjoy my tea beyond every-thing!"

"Well, then, if you don't like that," said Marmaduke, "put 'Cupping done here,' on it."

"Oh how can you be so silly, 'tis such a bad example to Cosmo, to be sure. No, don't put anything, Mr. Sampson, if you please—only the inscription I told you."

"Very well, ma'am," bowed Mr. Sampson, as the party left the shop.

"Now, my dear," said Miss Prudence to Cosmo, "you'd like to go to the confectioner's, shouldn't you, to buy some kisses?"

Cosmo assented, with a look that clearly proved he would all his life have to purchase any kisses he might want; so accordingly to the confectioner's they proceeded. Mrs. Stafford, the confectioner, also sold Howqua's tea; and at the time Miss Prudence and her party entered the shop, a tall raw-boned Amazonian-looking woman, in an expensive but much soiled silk dress, an Indian shawl equally ill-used, and a flaunting scarlet-velvet bonnet, with a black feather in it, was making the following complaint, in a high-toned vulgar voice, to Mrs. Stafford.

"Oh, Mrs. Stafford! that last tea which you sent over to Gorget cottage, was so bad, that it was perfectly undrinkable."

"Indeed, ma'am! I'm very sorry, it must be a mistake—I'll change it with pleasure."

"Oh no," said the first speaker, "it's not worth while to do that, for it will do very well for the Major and the children, but let me have some better now."

"Oh dear! well now, that really is what I call a remarkable coincidence; you are buying tea, and I've been buying a teapot!—now

is'nt it?" said Miss Prudence, as she walked up to, and shook hands with, Mrs. Whabble, for such the lady proved to be. Mrs. Whabble was every inch an officer's wife; she talked barracks, and looked bayonets; drilled her children daily, and cashiered her cook weekly; knew to an hour when Jackson "joined," or when Smith got a "step;" could tell to a bottle how many dozens of wine were drank at the mess, and to a whiff how many cigars were smoked in the barrack-yard. She never allowed a very smart dress or bonnet to remain in single-blessedness more than three days among the female part of the corps, when she invariably appeared in a similar one; and though she took annual precautions to prevent the house of Whabble from becoming extinct, yet she was always declaring that she could not conceive how Nixon could allow his wife to go on so with Brown, or why Grabham did not insist upon Snooks marrying his daughter. Her maternal feelings were all wrapped up in swaddling clothes. While her children were babies, Mrs. Whabble thought the sun ought to stand still, and the world retrograde on its axis for them; for she was a woman (and many such there be), who never cared to encounter "a grown-up idea;" but the moment they arrived at six or seven, to all, except the pride of the family, her son James, kisses were exchanged for cuffs, and sugar-plums for scoldings. She was very fond of asking Lord Linden and Colonel King, the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment (the——Lancers) to dinner; and, with genuine hospitality, thought nothing of giving four guineas for a haunch of venison on such occasions, which, with equally laudable economy, she made up for by keeping the Major and the children on hashed mutton and rabbits for three weeks after. The only person she could not thoroughly conquer was Lady Linden, a beautiful high-bred woman, who was content to encounter everything for her husband's sake, except an intimacy with Mrs. Whabble. But for this Mrs. Jinks had a panacea, by telling her daughter to hold up her head, and not mind Lady Linden's airs; for one of these days she'd be a "colonel's lady too, and then she'd be as good as her." The only speck on the horizon of this bright vision was a doubt that would occasionally obtrude itself into her mind, as to whether both nature and art had not made a marked distinction between majors and colonels, and whether she could put a colonel off with the scraps, cracked looking-glasses, and weak tea, that did very well for a major? At all events, it was a paradox; for, in this instance, the major was the minor consideration.

"How d'ye do?" said Mrs. Whabble, returning Miss Prudence's salutation; "how is Lady Bubble, and Sir Romulus, and the young ladies?"

"Quite well, thank you. Oh, I enjoyed that cold pig at your house, the other day, beyond everything! I assure you, I mean what I say."

“ Ah, Mr. Bubble and Miss Manners—delighted to see you. What a handsome man, my dear!—is he an officer?”

“ No,” said Theresa, into whose cheeks Mrs. Whabble’s exclamation had whispered the ‘eloquent blood.’

“ Then I’m sure he deserves to be,” rewhispered Mrs. Whabble, looking field-marshal at Cecil.

“ Oh dear, Romulus has had a letter from Lord John this morning, and there’s a message for you in it; but I’ve quite forgot what it is—let me see,” continued Miss Prudence, looking down, and pausing in the very act of breaking a bun in two.

“ For me?” said Mrs. Whabble, “ impossible! for I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship.” (Mrs. Whabble always talked Morning Post and wrote Court Journal.)

“ Oh, not to you, but something about you, or about the Major—same thing, you know—man and wife’s one flesh—Dr. Damnell told us that on Sunday. Oh dear, he is such a good man!—but how stupid I am, to be sure. Marmaduke, what was it that Lord John said in his letter about Major Whabble?”

But Marmaduke, who could most probably have described the exact thickness of Cicero’s sandals, or to a nicety the shade of purple in Cæsar’s toga; to a mullet what Horace had for supper; and to a drop how far the Nympha extended in the old Greek epigram on Bacchus, never could remember what had taken place within two hours, therefore veraciously replied:

“ I don’t know what you allude to.”

“ Oh dear, how can you say such a thing? Theresa, what was it Lord John said in his letter? Something about clench—clench votes; no—let me see—that was not it.”

Now Theresa knew very well that Lady Bubble liked to do all the electioneering herself, and would be very angry if any one forestalled her in the flummerizing department; and not being malicious enough to let Miss Prudence “betray the secrets of the prison-house,” by telling Mrs. Whabble that her husband was to be courted and coloneled in order to clench his four-and-twenty votes, she replied, that she too had forgotten; but that she knew her aunt meant to have the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Whabble to-morrow.

Mrs. Whabble, of course, was always ‘proud’ and ‘delighted’ to see any of the Bubble family, which she perorated with another whisper in Theresa’s ear, to beg she would introduce that handsome man to her, as he would be such an ornament to her party, and she meant to give one soon.

No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Cecil, not knowing well what to say, said he believed he had had the honour of travelling with two members of her family; he hoped Mrs. Jinks

had recovered from the effects of her fall, and that master Whabble had got rid of the cold in his head?—which last hope was perfectly sincere, as the electioneering might, and most probably would, again bring him in contact with that interesting youth. From the grateful compliments that issued on the part of Mrs. Whabble, capped with a regret that Mr. Howard should have found James so backward in arithmetic—which she hoped would not always be the case, as a friend of hers, Mrs. Town, who was a great phrenologist, assured her that he had the organ of calculation very fully developed,—Cecil perceived that she mistook him for Mr. Simpson; and however flattering such a mistake might have been to his vanity, the integrity of his character prevented him from ever taking credit upon false pretences. He, therefore, lost no time in undeceiving her; whereupon, Mrs. Whabble revealed that James had confessed that he liked the other gentleman much the best, as he had not teased him by talking to him. Cecil begged of Mrs. Whabble to convey his assurances to her son, that should he ever again have the happiness of meeting him, he should carefully pursue the same line of conduct, in the hope of retaining his good opinion; which Mrs. Whabble said she was sure James must be most grateful for and flattered at; after which, the party separated. But “out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and again, in the street, Miss Prudence reiterated her grateful reminiscences of the cold pig; but unfortunately, as she did so, standing on the edge of the pavement, her foot slipped, and occasioned her the bore of falling backward into the mud. Now Junius has very truly observed, that “it is only the partiality of friends that balances the defects of the heart with the superiority of the understanding.” With equal truth it might have been said, on the present occasion, that it was only the partiality of friends that balanced the superiority of the heart with the defects of the *understanding*; for although Mrs. Whabble fully appreciated the gratitude of Miss Prudence’s heart, in again alluding to the cold pig, still the little boys, yea, and the little girls too, who witnessed her ‘faux pas,’ set up an unfeeling laugh at the weakness of her ankles.

“Oh dear!” exclaimed she, when she had regained her equilibrium, “I do dislike stumbling, especially in the mud, beyond everything.”

Mrs. Whabble endeavoured to console her with the assurance, that she never should find Gorget Cottage without a pig, whenever she honoured it with her presence. Whatever put it into Mr. Howard’s head to make such a remark I know not, but he, ‘à propos des bottes,’ exclaimed:

“Then it is not your intention to send Master Whabble back to school again?”

“Oh yes, it is, poor dear,” said his tender mother; “he’s only

at home for a short time. He spent the Midsummer holidays with his grand-mamma in London; and getting the measles, I thought country air would be good for him; but he returns to town in a fortnight. Dear me, perhaps you may be going back about that time, Mr. Howard? If so, it would be delightful for James and my mother—”

“No, no,” said Cecil, with a mental ‘thank God!’ “I have no intention of leaving Shropshire just yet.”

As he said this, his eyes and Theresa’s met; and whether from that circumstance, or from what he had said about remaining in Shropshire, he knew not; but he thought the blush on her cheek looked a peculiarly happy one. Ah, happy age!—ere the feelings have shared the fate of the German wanderer¹, and lost their shadows; those shadows which make the faces of the young so beautiful, when the heart is

“Like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And turning, trembles too!”

Mrs. Whabble had walked on a few yards, when Miss Prudence followed her, and again standing on the edge of that dangerous precipice, the pavement, assured her that she should be most happy to give her tea, any evening, out of her new tea-pot; and then added, “Don’t have a pig roasted this week, because I promised to go and dine with Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall, in the family way.”

Now, it so happened, that while Miss Prudence was making this interesting communication to her friend, a drove of the swinish multitude, whose roasted infancy she so much delighted in, passed close behind her, and one of them grunting up to her, and poking its head between her heels, would again have occasioned her an epileptic fit, had she not, in falling backwards, come in contact with her nephew, who pushed her forward against Mrs. Whabble. Nevertheless, the mob, especially the pig-driver, began to laugh and hiss most vociferously.

“Never mind,” laughed Marmaduke, “it is only your initiation into the classics, my dear Prudence, for you are now fairly enrolled among the ‘epicuri de grege porcos’ of Horace.”

“Claudian has described the scene,” whispered Cecil, smiling, “in his account of the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators, don’t you remember—

*Illā pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi!*

“Ha! ha! ah! exactly so; or, as Colonel King says,—just so—just so a,” said Marmaduke.

“Oh, dear! how can you both be talking Latin,” whimpered

¹ Peter Schlemel.

Miss Prudence, "when I've been so nearly rolled in the mud by those horrid pigs?"

"Why, it is throwing pearls before swine, certainly," replied Marmaduke.

"Oh, dear! it is your coming out with Greek and Latin on all occasions, let what will happen, that makes me dislike it beyond every thing. Oh, dear, dear! how very tiresome!—I'm all over mud!"

"Never mind," said Marmaduke, "you are not the Roman Senate, which Cicero said 'should be pure from all blemish, and an example of manners to all the other orders of the city'."

"And I'm sure you are no example of manners," replied Miss Prudence, tartly, "to be always talking about the Romans—a set of people no one knows anything about. Oh, dear! 'tis so different from Dr. Damnemall, who must know more of the Romans than you, on account of having to abuse the Roman Catholics professionally, and yet no one ever hears him say a word about them, except in the pulpit, when he gives out the Lessons, if they happen to be one of Paul's Epistles to the Romans."

The conclusion of this lecture from Miss Prudence found them at the gates of "The Talbot," where Marmaduke put an end to all further discussion, by ordering Kicksywicksy and the carriage round immediately.

As they were entering the house, a poor, miserable, half-starved looking man, dressed in rusty black, which, though thread-bare, was, nevertheless, scrupulously brushed, was standing against the door-way. His cheeks were hollow, and his features and eyes very handsome, although the charnel hues of death seemed already glaring in them. Notwithstanding the squalid poverty of his appearance, he was evidently the dregs of a gentleman. He cast an eager, yet furtive glance at the party, and seemed watching till they had all passed but Theresa, when, in a hurried and mysterious manner, while a crimson spot suddenly glowed in one cheek, he put a note into her hand, and Cecil distinctly heard him say, in a low and hollow voice—

"If you refuse, my life is not worth a pin's fee!"

"Go," murmured she hastily, and in evident confusion, "I'll send you an answer."

The man instantly obeyed and vanished, but whether through the earth or wall, Cecil knew not; for all he saw was the nervous, excited embarrassment of Theresa's manner, who seemed not to have even the presence of mind to utter a single word. Here, then, was a whole year's misery and mystery, ready-made for his use,

*Censores probrum in senatu ne reliquunt,
Is ordo vitio careto. Ceteris specimen esto.*

CIC. DE LEG. iii.

without Mr. Howard's having the trouble of inventing or imagining a single particle of it. What clandestine intercourse could Miss Manners (for she was no longer even thought of as Theresa) have with such a disreputable-looking man? Alas! with the best and kindest of us, poverty and disreputability are often confounded, and what wonder when poverty is (both on vice, its paternal, and misfortune, its maternal side) first cousin to suspicion; and to Cecil's heated imagination, the keenness of famine which had glared in the stranger's eyes, as he fixed them upon Miss Manners, seemed the look of authorised and exacting love! Then her unconcealable confusion, her hurried—"go, I'll send you an answer."—Oh, yes, it was all clear as noonday! the young, the beautiful, the clever, the apparently ingenuous Theresa Manners, was, in reality, an artful, designing, degraded woman, carrying on a clandestine engagement with some low man, unknown to her family. Thank heaven! he had not played the fool by declaring his love, which might have had the honour of playing second to that of the person he had just seen. Here then was poor Theresa invested with a very tolerable catalogue of crimes, by Mr. Howard's vivid imagination, in the short space of half a minute. Dear reader! I can only hope that you have not joined in the conspiracy against her? as, indeed, she does not deserve that you should. Tears in her eyes, too! what deceit! what wickedness! she is capable of anything!

"Mr. Howard," said Miss Manners, in a voice that sounded as innocently as though she had been the best person in the world, "may I trouble you to tell one of the waiters to bring me a pen and ink and some paper—into this room," added she, turning into a small room off the passage, the door of which was open.

"Oh, certainly, certainly! perhaps you'd like me to take it to him!" replied Cecil, in a dry, deliberate, sarcastic tone, his arms folded, and his eyes glaring fearfully as he spoke, while his cheeks and lips were perfectly bloodless.

"Take what?—good God!" said Theresa, raising her eyes to the wild, haggard face before her, "you are not well!"

"Ha! ha! ha! perfectly well. I have come to my senses, and never was better. What may I have the honour of doing for Miss Manners?"

"Dear Mr. Howard! indeed, you are not well; do sit down, and let me send for a physician!" and Theresa drew a chair and placing her hand upon his arm, entreated him to take it. Cecil recoiled as though an adder had stung him, and then, looking for a moment at her anxious—nay, almost agonized face, he flung himself into the chair, and burying his face in his hands, stammered out—

"Oh! Miss Manners! can you forgive me?—I am a wretch—a madman—a brute!"

"You are ill—very ill," said Theresa; and as she spoke, one large hot tear fell on Cecil's hand.

"Oh, this is too much," cried he, kissing it off—"will you—can you ever——."

"Theresa, Theresa," called Marmaduke, at the foot of the stairs—and two minutes after he entered the room, followed by Prudence, who expressed all sorts of wonders at her not having followed them up stairs.

"Mr. Howard was taken very ill," said Theresa, with a deep blush, and much confusion of manner; which, strange to say, Cecil did not think argued the slightest deceit, or want of candour.

"I am much better now, thank you," said he, still retaining a languid air, to confirm Miss Manners' statement.

"My dear fellow," said Marmaduke, feeling his pulse as he spoke—"you'd much better let me send for Churchill, for you appear to me to be in a high fever; your pulse is going a sort of rail-road pace."

"No, it's nothing—indeed I'm quite well now," replied Cecil, rising, and walking hastily over to the window; from which he returned, however, almost as hastily, to ring the bell for the pen, ink, and paper, Miss Manners had requested him to order some time before, and which had been the innocent cause of all his recent indisposition.

"Oh dear! you do look prodigious pale," said Miss Prudence, "I'll tell you what, I'm confident it arises from fasting so long; now, I'm sure if you'd have a couple of dozen of oysters, and some bottled porter, you'd feel quite different in yourself: I always take them every day before dinner to give me an appetite; and I assure you I enjoy them beyond everything!"

As an oyster may be crossed in love, why should not an Oxonian? Cecil, half sighing, half swearing, thanked Miss Prudence for her advice, but declined it.

"Well, if you won't let me send for Churchill," said Marmaduke, "the carriage is at the door, and Kicksywicksy don't like to be kept waiting."

"I must keep you two minutes longer," said Theresa, "while I write a note."

"Make haste then," said Marmaduke, "and, waiter, let my pony be put up again till I ring—and send Master Bubble here."

Cecil, despite his momentary contrition and self-reproach for his late suspicions, would have given the world, had such things been admissible, to have looked over Theresa's shoulder, to see how she began her note—who it was to, and what it was about: but this being impossible, he came to the resolution—that "to-morrow" should, 'coute qui coute,' decide his fate;—that he would declare his love, his poverty and his prospects, his hopes, his

fears—and then he would have a right to ask, and, what was infinitely more to the purpose, to know, who the man in black was? and what that odious note was about? and in the meanwhile, not to worry himself, if possible; yet the very next minute, he asked Miss Manners if he should take the note out for the waiter to send? and felt exceedingly doubtful and indignant when she thanked him, and said she would do it herself.

As Miss Prudence got into the carriage, she declared she was half-starved, and should enjoy her dinner beyond everything!—after which, she closed her eyes, in quest of sleep. And as Cosmo followed her example, Mr. Howard had a good opportunity (as far as the twilight would permit him to see it) of gazing on Miss Manners' face; which, from sundry anxious looks she bestowed on his, he thought had never looked more lovely.

On arriving at Bubble Hall, she contrived, however, to commit a fresh misdemeanor; for, upon looking at the cards upon the hall table, and seeing Mr. Stuart Vernon's among them, she said,—“Oh, so Mr. Vernon has been here; he's rather an agreeable person.”

“So you appeared to think,” replied Cecil, in a voice whose asperity was nothing softened by the sudden recollection of the man in black. Neither was his troubled spirit at all allayed at hearing that it was so late when the young ladies returned from their ride, that Lady Bubble had asked Colonel King and Captain Russell to stay dinner; as he felt by no means inclined to endure a sitting with them afterwards. However, as no animal in the creation but a husband can be always out of humour, he rallied during the evening;—and when Theresa, at Lucy's request, sang “The Bashful Lover,” as a hint to Colonel King, she sang the two lines—

“Though I swear to adore her each morning I rise,
Yet when once I'm before her, all my eloquence flies!”

so harshly, that Mr. Howard took it as a personal reflection on himself; and doubly resolved that it should lose its application by to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

"Dormez-vous, Monsieur ? pour moi je ne ferme pas l'œil,
et cette manière d'alonger ma vie me déplaît fort."

Lettres de MADAME DU DEFFAND.

"With so high reverence and observence,
As well in speeche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his old curtesie,
Though he were come agein out of faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word."

CHAUCER.

EARLY RISING NOT ALWAYS THE WAY TO GROW HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—THE
READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE NINTH PART OF A MAN.—MR. MCPHIN MEETS WITH
AN INEXPRESSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.—ILLNESS ITS EFFECTS ON DIFFERENT PERSONS.—
MISS PRUDENCE EVINCES WONDERFUL FORESIGHT IN THE CELEBRATION OF HER BIRTH-
DAY.—A LETTER—HOPES AND FEARS.—MR. HOWARD UNEXPECTEDLY OBTAINS A PRIZE.

WHEN once a man, or woman either, are fairly "in for it," their thoughts find that their hearts, like the enchanted mule in the fairy tale, are sure to carry them, without guide or rein, unerringly to their destination. When Theresa went to bed, on the night of her return from Shrewsbury, she could not sleep; her thoughts were continually reverting to Cecil's evident anger and agitation at her meeting with the stranger at the inn. "If," said she, "he did not care for me, what could it be to him who I met or what I did? But why was I so silly as to cry when I thought he was ill? How contemptible I must have appeared to him!—yet no—his manner changed, and became kinder afterwards. To-night, too, when my aunt asked him to sing, he refused; yet the moment I asked him, he did so," and with this reflection, she became perfectly happy.

When the Hindoo girls invoke the Indian Cupid, Manmaden, (a very appropriate name, by the bye), they float rose-leaves down the Ganges, and augur their future weal or woe, that is, their chances for or against propitiating the god, in proportion as the current impels the leaves forward or drives them back; and do we not all test the wayward deity after the same fashion?—for, from the moment we upraise an altar to him in our hearts, is it not the merest trifles floating on the surface of life's current which furnish our stock of hopes and happiness, or misery and despair, during every day and night of our existence? When once a woman has made the discovery that she loves, her only goal—the one point she steers to—is is the affection of her lover. Having discovered and explored this new and mighty world, she has no room for monitory or admonitory calculations; after reaching the certainty of being loved, all else is a sort of moral polar boundary, beyond which the universe of her imagination cannot extend. Never, at the onset, does fear of the leper poverty scare from the holy temple of a wo-

man's heart those gentle spirits that preside over it; and when, towards the vespers of her worship, reason points out the danger of its vicinity, it is always for another she dreads the contagion, not for herself. While at the first a man shrinks from it, till impelled by a stronger feeling, he gradually contemplates it with calmness and resignation, till after eventually inviting it to his home, he is often the first, and it may be the only one, to complain of its presence, and writhe under its effects. But, to return, all lovers, like Hamlet, eat of "the chameleon's dish, the air," and apparently it is a light and nutritious food for their complaint. But no sooner has that great homœopathist, marriage, with its small daily doses of poison, wrought an effectual cure (as in nine cases out of ten it does), than the patient, or more properly speaking, the impatient, requires more substantial fare; and woe to the time when sighs and sonnets are superseded by cross looks and cold words, 'vice' money and mutton absent without leave.

However, all this never once entered Theresa's head; for she was too busy wondering whether Cecil was sleeping or waking—if the former, was he dreaming of her? and if the latter, was he thinking of her? These were difficult solutions to achieve; consequently, six in the morning found Miss Manners wide awake, in a burning fever, and with a violent head-ache. Poor Cecil! he had risen at eight, in order to brace his nerves with a sufficient quantum of fresh morning air, prior to the portentous communication he had to make to her. Having stripped the gardens of the very few flowers which autumn had left them, and robbed the conservatory to better effect, he repaired to the breakfast room, determined to meet Theresa, and decide his fate before any one else was down. Alas! breakfast was not even laid; to be sure, it was only half-past nine, and the earliest breakfast ever remembered at Bubble Hall had begun at eleven. But still breakfast should have been laid;—very tiresome if they came fussing in and out of the room with things, when Theresa came down—servants are so confoundedly stupid!

Having uttered this truth aloud, Mr. Howard, being, like all clever people, a person of great resource, opened one of the buffets, and toiled away the time till half-past ten, by breaking an ostrich egg, indenting the filigree of a modest, unoffending, little Turkish coffee-cup, that had ensconced itself far behind an Archangel bowl, hoping, no doubt, by so doing to live and die in peace—cramming the bowl of a hookah full of mignonette—winding a curious old German hunting horn, and violently bobbing the head of a China mandarin, till it rolled at his feet. Just as this decapitation had taken place, Mr. McPhin entered the room, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground—and, in short, looking so melancholy, that Cecil could not but ask him if anything had occurred?

“Eh—no—yes—that is—no,” replied Mr. McPhin, without raising his eyes, but removing his hands from behind his back as he spoke, and mechanically putting them into the pockets of his trowsers, and turning the aforesaid empty appendages inside out. “No, nothing—absolutely nothing,” continued he; “thot’s the order of the day, sir.”

“By the bye,” said Cecil, “I think you mentioned, some time ago, that you had some Submarine Railroad shares to sell: is it so? for a Yankee acquaintance of mine, upon my telling him of Mr. Town’s plan, as one of the European wonders, expressed himself, in a letter I got from him the other day, anxious to purchase them. Have you any?”

“Eh, plenty—he’s welcome! Would all New York like ony, think you?” cried Mr. McPhin, with greater animation than he had yet evinced. “I neever knew thot the Americans were so easily—I mean to say, so enterprising, sir.”

“Oh, they’re the greatest vapourers in the world.”

“Eh, then they are accustomed to have all their speculations end in smoke?”

“Of course, when steam is the aim and object of their lives,” responded Cecil.

“I’ll go ond get the shares for you instanter,” said Mr. McPhin, about to leave the room for that purpose.

“Archy Dunn, the tailor, sir, if you please, from Dunderhead Common, is below, and says you appointed him to be here this morning,” said Harding, opening the door, as Mr. McPhin was about to exit.

“Eh, ond so augh did; but I’ve hod occasion to alter my intentions since; however, let him come up. Poor Archy Dunn!” continued Mr. McPhin, turning to Cecil, when the servant left the room; “he’s a Perthshire mon, sir, a countrymon of mine—was starving when he came to this perte of the world, and I set him up in business on Dunderhead Common, just within a blink of the Pug and Primrose pooblic-hoouse, where ye hard of Tony Fine, the londlady’s husband, cutting his throat the other day. Well, augh assure ye, sir, Archy’s by no means flagitious for a country proctitioner, as is proved by the great custom he has got. He maks for me, sir, three churchwardens, ond the workhouses of two parishes; ond Mr. Bubble was gude enough to get from him thot vary tasty shooting-jocket ye saw him in the first morning after yer arrival. If ye would employ him, sir, his fortune would be made; ond I’m sure, after what I’ve told ye, ye connot doobt his giving ye sotisfoction.”

Whatever Cecil’s doubts or certainties might be on this matter, he merely replied, with a smile, that he thought the very name of Dunn was detrimental to a tailor. Mr. McPhin was about to ob-

serve, that if he had been christened William, which in the endearments of friendship could not have failed to degenerate into Bill, and that it had appeared in conjunction with the name of Dunn, it might indeed have proved a fatal barrier to his prospects of advancement as a decorator of the human figure. But before he had time to shape this defence into words, the door opened, and the subject of their conversation appeared, bobbing his head up and down, by way of a bow, much after the fashion of that illustrious hero Mr. Punch, when he is successfully endeavouring to avoid the civilities of Mr. John Ketch.

Mr. Archibald Dunn, formerly of four pair of stairs, Mull Lane, Perth, and presently of No. 3, third and last house on Dunderhead Common, was rather below than above the middle-size; his hair was sandy, his face long and pale, and much pitted with the small-pox. Whether panic-struck at the window-tax, or from any other motive of economy, I know not, but nature had closed up one eye, whereupon the other thought it incumbent on it to be doubly vigilant, and blinked incessantly; his nose had also been suppressed, and from being as flat as Salisbury Plain, was scarcely visible to the naked eye; his mouth was small and close like one of his own button-holes, while his upper-lip was long, and deeply indented like a water-spout; one ear was very large and very red, (evidently having purloined all the colour intended for his cheeks), the other might have been large too, but that a considerable piece was missing from the top, which, from the triangular shape of the deficit, looked as if his own shears had snipped it off by mistake, that there might be no cause for jealousy between his figure and his face; one shoulder was considerably higher than the other, his chest sunk inwards; his limbs were long, though his body was short, his knees always looked as if they were going to whisper each other, and his feet (one of which was a club-foot) had, from the force of habit, acquired the same cross-look, whether standing or walking, that they had when reposing on his own work-board. To add to the grace of his appearance, he wore a white beaver hat, much too small for his head, very round, and embellished with a piece of black crape, which did for all family mournings as they occurred; a pepper-and-salt jacket, with very short skirts, and large plain bright flat silver buttons, like unstamped shillings; a white marsalla waistcoat, with black sprigs upon it; a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his throat; the sleeves of his coat always very short—as he said it left his hands more liberty to take patterns—an example, without the same motive, which his brown corduroy trowsers followed, to the full display of a very thick pair of half boots, laced up the front with the same material. Now, it so happened, that Mr. McPhin, in the liberality of his heart, and zeal to serve his 'protégé,' often ordered articles of dress, which pru-

dence afterwards, in the attenuated form of an empty purse, compelled him to counter-order : on all such occasions he was particularly affable and complimentary to Archy—endeavouring at the same time to heal the disappointment by securing him another customer. Indeed, if the truth must be told, many was the inkstand he had upset accidentally on purpose, prior to these counter-orders, over Cosmo's unoffending nankeens and white waistcoats, in pretended violence at some expediently got-up piece of stupidity on the part of that exemplary youth ; but such was Mr. McPhin's innate sense of justice, that no sooner was the ink safely deposited, than he would discover his mistake, and instantly apologise and atone for his error, by "prating of the whereabouts," of sundry orchards to the west of Dunderhead Common, or roundly assert his knowledge of the locale of three owls'-nests—assuring Cosmo, that if he could but contrive to eat three owls' eggs a-day, for a month, he would rival Solomon in wisdom !

Cosmo was determined to try the experiment ; the only difficulty was in getting the eggs—were they but once obtained, he would commence wise-acre 'ab ovo.'

The cause of Mr. Archibald Dunn's present appearance, arose from a determination formed by his patron the day before to celebrate Lord John Bubble's advent with a pair of black kerseymere epigrams, which he had resolved to impress upon Archy should be fine, soft, and elegantly turned—why, or wherefore, heaven only knows ; but Mr. McPhin had taken it into his head that it would be disrespectful to appear before a cabinet-minister in any other costume. Perhaps his prophetic spirit whispered, that the best way to get on with the Whigs, is to shew as much of the calf as possible ; be this as it may, he had resolved that Archy should be the favoured master of the ceremonies, that should have the honour of introducing him to Lord John ; and nothing but some very untoward pecuniary intelligence which he had received that morning, could have caused him to curtail his intentions, instead of his garments.

"Eh ! Archy, hauld up yer head, mon. AUGH've been reecom-mending ye to this gentlemon, Mr. Hoord. AUGH hop ye've hod an eye to the poor-law commeessioners' coats when the've been at Dunderhead, for, coming from London, Mr. Hooard is opt to be particular."

Archy replied with great modesty and truth, blinking and bobbing all the while, "that the did not know what Mr. Hoord's expectations might be, but that three lods hod been possed from London to the Dunderhead union-workhouse lost week, and they declared they hod never been fitted sae weel before, os his were the first clathe gear they'd ever hod. But sir," added Mr. Dunn to his patron, "as in duty boond, I must tak your orders first, and

then I shall be hoppy to sarve this gentleman;" and as he spoke, he drew from his pocket an interminable measure, and threw it out behind Mr. McPhin, as though he was going to harpoon a whale.

"Ahem!—ahem! oh Archy, ye see, augh won't have them just yet."

"What may ye hove been contemplating, sir?"

"Why, a pair of block small-clothes, Archy."

"Ond what perte of your dress might they be?" interrogated Archy, sending his one eye from the sole of Mr. McPhin's foot to the top of his head, when, naturally tired after so very long a journey, it subsided into a blink, accompanied by a smiling elongation of his button-hole mouth.

"Archy! Archy! those may laugh that win," frowned his patron; "ond my winnings to-day are not sufficient to season the remembrance of the best joke that ever was heerd."

"Sir," said Archy, assuming a solemn look and tone, "it is not in mortals to commond success," as my father, whom ye ken weel was a schoolmaster, used to obsarve; but you do mair, ye deserve it—and I can only say, win or lose, I shall be hoppy to mak for you at all times."

"Thank you, Archy, thank you," said Mr. McPhin, walking away, much moved by Archy's disinterestedness, while Cecil resolved upon losing no time (through Theresa's assistance), of finding out some man, poor enough, and patient enough, to allow Mr. Dunn to exercise his talents upon him; and telling Archy that "he should soon transmit some orders to him," the latter boo'd himself out of the room with reiterated thanks.

"Mr. Dunn! Mr. Dunn!" cried Cecil, as Archy was leaving the room.

"At your sarvice, sir," said Archy returning.

"Is not Gorgel Cottage, where Major Whabble lives near Dunderhead Common?"

"Ainly a motter of twa miles or thereaboot, sir, from it."

"Well, then," said Cecil, with a face grave and dignified as that of a judge, "I wish you would call there,—ask to see Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble, and say that I took the liberty of sending you, merely to tell them, that the pelisses mostly worn by ladies of fashion, now in London, are pepper-and-salt coloured cloth, like your jacket, braided with black. Lady Davenent," continued he, writing the names on a card as he spoke, "the Duchess of Honiton, Lady Mary Marsham, Lady Lucy Leitrim, the Duchess of Arlington and the young Fitznoodles, her sons, all wear them, and I think they would be particularly becoming to Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Whabble."

"Eh, sir," exclaimed Archy, throwing up his hands, and at the same time bowing down to the ground, "I don't doot but yer as

gude os Miss Manners, God bless her ! who got me to mak a reege-mental hobit for Mrs. Whabble ; but I suppose she thenks it too gude to wear, as I neever see her in it."

"Well, I shall be sadly disappointed if I don't see her in the pepper-and-salt pelisse," said Cecil, "and you may tell her so."

"Mony, mony thanks, sir, I'll not fail." And this time Archy bowed himself out of the room in good earnest, delighted at the anticipated harvest he should reap at Gorget Cottage.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cecil, flinging himself back in his chair, as soon as he thought Archy was out of hearing, "Mrs. Jinks and her daughter will never be proof against all the duchesses and countesses I have traduced into pepper-and-salt cloth pelisses! and your poor friend will make his fortune."

"The Lord grant it may be so," said Mr. McPhin abstractedly, as he paced up and down the room, with his hands again behind his back, and his eyes again bent upon the floor, "but, eh! sir, fortunes are easier marred than made!"

The servants now came to lay the breakfast, and seeing that Mr. McPhin had no intention either of conversing or of leaving the room, Cecil recollected that Theresa must pass through the hall, and therefore repaired thither, and began pushing about the billiard balls; but, strange to say, one after another appeared, but Theresa did not appear. Cecil was growing almost angry from disappointment: — she should have known by intuition that he had been up since eight o'clock, and meant to propose for her. At length, as much to avoid Miss Prudence's remonstrances about remaining in the hall, when breakfast was ready, as to pursue a dignified line of conduct, he returned into the breakfast room.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Prudence, as soon as she was seated, "how very late Theresa is this morning, I never knew her so before; I take it particklar unkind of her not to be up in time to wish me joy on my birth-day; I assure you I mean what I say. Now I should have been down half an hour ago, but that I always say an extra prayer for myself on my birth-day. Oh, dear! I think it is only what is due to the Almighty. I'm confident, Mr. Howard," continued she, looking virgin-thorns at poor Lady Bubble, "that you won't forget my birth-day, Michaelmas day, 29th of September, every one celebrates it; always a goose at table you know on Michaelmas day; so it's nonsense people pretending to forget it. Now 'tis a most remarkable circumstance that we are all born on a particklar day: I on the 29th of September; Romulus the first of April; Marmaduke on Christmas day; Lucretia on the anniversary of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. Doctor Damnell expained to us how this was. Lucy on the 29th of May, King Charles and the Oak you know; Betsy on Shrove Tuesday, pancake-day; and Cosmo on St. Swithin's day; which I've always

maintained, and always shall maintain, in spite of all the faculty, is the reason why he cried so prodigiously when a baby. Oh! dear, here's my new tea-pot; I shall enjoy my tea out of it beyond every thing; but I must say, 'tis remarkably remiss in Theresa not being down in time to-day, of all days in the year."

Cecil silently coincided in this opinion, and Lady Bubble told Fenton to send up word to Miss Manners that they were waiting breakfast. A message was instantly returned: "Miss Manners' love to her Ladyship, and she had such a bad headache, she should not come down to breakfast." It is to be supposed this intelligence made Mr. Howard very uncomfortable; for he certainly ate no breakfast, and continued silent. Mr. McPhin was equally taciturn, though not equally abstemious. Marmaduke was not up. Miss Lucretia kept her room, to finish a birth-day-ode to her sister, which began:

"Joy to thee, dearest sister P.,

A grey-goose quill I pluck for thee,

To make your name on British shores,

Bright as your nice new tea-pot pours."

Sir Romulus was even more pompous and profound than usual, with innumerable slips of written paper attached together with red wafers, which he was bumbling over with much intenseness. The old lady was pocketing some dry toast, which she said agreed with her better at dinner than bread, and which she also declared she liked better out of that dimity oven than when fresh made! so that the meal passed off almost in silence, after Miss Prudence's harangue, except by a laugh created at Cecil's saying to Lady Bubble, when her sleeve was in her tea, "Lady Bubble, your Theresa is in your cup!" After breakfast, Cecil wandered from room to room, and from passage to passage, till at length he met Stephens, Lady Bubble's maid, of whom he inquired how Theresa was?

"Why indeed, sir, I think she's very poorly—very poorly indeed, poor thing; she cannot raise her head from her pillow. I tell my lady that she ought to send for Dr. Churchill."

"Good God! and has she not?" said Cecil.

"Not yet, sir; she says she will by and bye, if she don't get better."

Cecil waited to hear no more; but, rushing out of the house, was the next moment in the stable. Finding no one there, he himself saddled a hunter, and in less than twenty minutes, was galloping through Shrewsbury, and never drew bridle but to ask where Dr. Churchill lived? Having been informed, and luckily finding the worthy doctor's carriage at the door, he hurried him into it, and back to Bubble Hall immediately. Cecil, who had galloped on before, and left his horse in the stable, entered the house in a dreadful state of excitement, at the snail's pace he de-

cided the doctor was coming. If horses had but wings to their heels, made of lover's hearts, how they would fly! In the hall he met Lady Bubble, sailing through it.

"You've no idaya, Mr. Howard, how ill Theresa is! I'm going to send for Dr. Churchill." But, as she spoke, the doctor's carriage drove up.

"Oh, Dr. Churchill," said Lady Bubble, "you've come at a most 'à propos' time; you've no idaya how ill poor Miss Manners is!"

Dr. Churchill was too much a man of the world to say he'd been sent for, when he found that that fact was not known, and compared it with the agony of Mr. Howard's looks; but merely replied:

"Then if your ladyship will allow me, I'll go to Miss Manners directly. Has she been long ill?"

"Only since this morning; she was perfectly well yesterday, but did not come down to breakfast to-day; and I have been with her just now, and found her in a high fever."

"Dear me! that's very sad," said the doctor, as Cecil mechanically followed him and Lady Bubble up stairs. Theresa's room was within three doors of his own, and when the doctor and Lady Bubble had closed the door, he paced up and down the passage for a quarter of an hour, till they reappeared.

"Well, Doctor?" said he, darting forward; and another word he could not utter, had worlds depended on it. But the doctor felt, from the tone in which those were spoken, that life and death hung upon his answer.

"Sir, Miss Manners is young, has a fine constitution, and I have no doubt, in a short time we shall have the pleasure of seeing her perfectly re-established, and, indeed, better than before her illness."

"And what is her malady?" asked Cecil.

"Why, sir—but—I assure you—and I would not deceive you—there is no positive danger—it is the small-pox."

"Good heavens!—the small-pox! How on earth could she get it?"

"Sir, Miss Manners is a very amiable young lady—spends half her time among the poor, rendering them every service in her power; and it is to be feared that in some of her charitable visits she may have caught it. But," added the doctor, considerately, "having been vaccinated three times, I feel certain she won't be marked."

"The poor," murmured Cecil; and he thought of the man in black, and hated and suspected him more than ever, thinking he was the member of the poor, from whom she had caught this terrible malady.

"I shall send a nurse back immediately on my return home," resumed Dr. Churchill, "and I have no doubt that a few days will see her out of even the shadow of danger; but, at all events, I'll look in again myself this evening."

To judge from the cordial manner in which Mr. Howard shook Dr. Churchill's hand, it would have appeared as though he had been inoculated from Mr. Simpson in the art of forming sudden friendships, especially as he added, at the hall door; "I hope we shall see you early in the evening?"

Great was the commotion that Miss Manners' illness created at Bubble Hall, when it was known to be the small-pox. Among the household, it was unalloyed regret, and a fear that her beauty would be spoilt. Among the family,—all except Marmaduke, whom nothing could keep out of Theresa's room, and Mr. McPhin, who offered, with tears in his eyes, to sit up with the poor dear young lady all night, and even to co-operate with Mademoiselle Perpignon in attending her, if such a sacrifice were necessary,—an unmitigated fear of infection was the only feeling displayed. Sir Romulus instantly wrote to put off Lord John, especially as he had again written to say that he should bring Lady John and their little girl with him. Lady Bubble, her daughters, son, Miss Lucretia, and the old lady, lost no time in conveying themselves down to the steward's house; but as it was only two miles at the other end of the park, neither Sir Romulus nor Miss Prudence, (following her name) thought that far enough removed: so he resolved upon a flitting to Mr. Town's while Miss Prudence selected Dr. Damnemall's hospitable roof as her sanctuary, having a vague and unacknowledged superstition that so orthodox an atmosphere would exorcise anything like infection.

The Tartars have a ridiculous superstition that the world is supported upon a golden frog, and that the awkward attempts this animal makes to scratch itself is the cause of earthquakes! So, in like manner, Miss Prudence began oh-dearing and wondering how Theresa had caught the small-pox; and at length ended by roundly asserting that she was "confident it was that horrid drove of Irish pigs that had upset her, that had brought the horrid disorder all the way from Ireland, and given it to her!! But," said she to Cecil, when she was getting into the pony phaeton to go to Dr. Damnemall's, and poking her new teapot between the cushions, observing that, now she had got it, she should not enjoy her tea out of any other; and placing a basket of sandwiches and a flask of wine and water at her feet—a necessary precaution, as it was two hours since she had breakfasted, and had a long journey of four miles to go—"But what does Dr. Churchill say of Theresa, Mr. Howard?"

Cecil, who felt a sort consolation and reassurance in repeating the Doctor's words in the same confident tone he had uttered them, replied,—

"Why, he says there's not the least danger, and that he thinks Miss Manners' health will be better after this illness."

Now, Miss Prudence never liked any one to be too comfortable, or happy, and, therefore, exclaimed, as she tucked up her black-silk gown pinned it in front, spread a black and white blanket-shawl over her knees, carefully tucking it in at each side, and stowing away her umbrella in front of the phaeton, "Oh, dear, I don't hold with what the faculty say, for they always tell people there's no danger when there's the greatest, and that there is danger when there's none at all. Oh, 'tis just to make much of themselves, and get money out of people's pockets. Now, George," added she, turning to the groom, "you may go on;—oh, stop, though—did Leslie put up the goose I ordered? not that I think it likely Mrs. Damnemall should be without a goose to-day! yet sometimes people forget. It would be different if they knew I was coming; for then I'm confident they'd make a point of having one, as it is my birthday! But I think it always the safest way to see to things of consequence myself."

George assured her that the goose had been put up, but as she justly observed, "seeing is believing," and, therefore, would not be satisfied till it was excavated from the well of the carriage and placed upon her lap! when she instantly assumed a most maternal look as she exclaimed,—

"'Tis an uncommon fine one, to be sure!" and saying it would be safer if she carried it, desired the servant to drive on.

To describe the agony of grief and fear that depressed Cecil's heart, the first night he passed almost alone in that deserted house, is utterly impossible. As he watched silently and breathlessly at Theresa's door, listening for every sound from within, sometimes he'd catch the low moaning of extreme pain, and could scarcely refrain from entering. At others, he'd hear the whispered consultations of Marmaduke and the nurse, and wondered if they wanted anything; if he could but over-hear that they did, it would be a pretext to him to go in, but suddenly the murmuring would cease, and all again was hushed into silence. Yet, when we listen with our hearts, we can hear what to the duller outward sense can only be seen; and through that long and weary night, Cecil fancied he heard every time Theresa opened and shut her eyes. Night after night did he watch at that door, apparently independent of the ordinary laws of nature; for he literally neither eat nor slept till the ninth critical night, when he was in his own room in a state of mind almost bordering on insanity, waiting for Dr. Churchill's bulletin. How prophetic is even the echo of the footstep of a person who has good or bad tidings to impart! The buoyancy of Dr. Churchill's, as he entered the room, proclaimed, before his words, that a favourable crisis had taken place in the disorder, and that all danger was at an end.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Cecil, burying his face in his hands,

and bursting into tears, as the Doctor left the room, in a pretended hurry, that he might have an opportunity of giving way to his feelings. Cecil was sitting by the bed-side when Dr. Churchill came in, and no sooner had he gone than his head sunk on the pillow, and for the first time for nine nights, he slept soundly for four hours, when he was awakened by hearing Mrs. Brand, the nurse, walking in the passage. He started up, and opening the door softly inquired what was the matter.

“Oh, nothing particular, sir, only Doctor Churchill desired that Miss Manners should have some tamarind tea, and I’ve just been up to Mrs. Nettletop about it, and only fancy! there is not such a thing in the house! a pretty thing, truly, sir, a house like this without tamarinds, and a lady so long ill in it! but Mr. Bubble is going off to Shrewsbury himself for some.”

“Don’t allow him,” said Cecil, clearing the first flight of stairs at one bound, as he spoke; “tell him I’m gone, and shall be back before he could be ready.”

Ever since Theresa’s illness, a horse had been kept ready saddled, night and day. This Cecil was aware of, and, therefore, lost no time in preparations; for, although upon opening the hall-door, he found it was a deluge of rain, and thundering and lightening awfully, he would not turn back for a great coat, as he felt a sort of extravagant pleasure in braving and buffeting the elements for Theresa’s sake; indeed, could he have had a choice of dangers, he would have preferred an earthquake to a tempest, as being the most formidable of the two; and though all the dangers he could have encountered would have done her no earthly good (but a great deal of harm, had she known it, inasmuch as it would have grieved her sadly), yet who ever truly loved that did not take a prodigal delight in wasting even useless sacrifices on what they love?

“For love’s deep thirst for age doth crave a draught,
Costly as that the enamoured Roman quaff’d.”

Love having the whole world for his empire, can well afford that his extravagance should be boundless;—but it is his poor subjects that suffer: how often do they find, that in order to do homage to a single visit from him, they run through their hearts, and have not sufficient feeling left, to make a decent appearance for the rest of their lives; while others act more wisely, and make an hotel of theirs, to receive him as often as he pleases to come; for which they are amply repaid, and are sure never to break.

Saint Theresa describes the Devil as “an unhappy being, who never could know what it was to love.” If that was his only source of misery, I doubt his being so unhappy; but then to be sure I speak femininely; masculinely it may not be so. The Germans, according to Tacitus, believed that there was something divine in young women;—“*Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid, et providum putant;*” and

all lovers, of whatever country, seem of the same opinion: but no sooner are they transformed into husbands, than they appear to fly back to the council of the enlightened prelates of Maçon, in France, and question the pretension of women to be human beings! nor do they always arrive at the conclusion, that the learned prelates did at last—namely that they are human beings¹.

When Cecil arrived at the chemist's, he rang so loudly and impatiently, that he was not long before he knocked them up, and obtained what he wanted;—and presented himself to Mrs. Brand, on his return, with the tamarinds, before the hurricane, and all other drawbacks considered, she thought he could have got halfway to Shrewsbury.

Two hours after his arrival, she told him, with an air of mysterious importance, that Miss Manners was a deal better; for that she had spoken, and asked questions—and when told that Mr. Howard had himself been good enough to go to Shrewsbury in all the storm, she seemed so sorry, yet so grateful, and desired that the tamarind-stones might be taken care of, as she wanted them. Was not this an ample reward for all the storms he could have braved? at least it was to Cecil, who once more laid down with a lighter heart, and slept a calm sleep, peopled with beautiful dreams of Theresa.

It was now about a month since Miss Manners had been taken ill; Marmaduke had scarcely ever left her room, or Cecil her door. Poor Mr. McPhin had stolen up two or three times every day, to know how she was; and Cosmo, who at length had actually got an owl's egg—put his friendship to the test, by sending it to his dear cousin Theresa; though, as he gallantly observed at the time, “she had no need of being wiser than she was.” Lady Bubble, her daughters, and Miss Lucretia, were punctual in their messages of inquiry. Mademoiselle Perpignon had also begged of Mr. McPhin (whose stolen visits she had discovered) to be the bearer of the new pattern for a nightcap, which she had just got from Paris; Sir Romulus had called at the lodge twice a-week, to receive a bulletin; and on one occasion, had left an affectionate message, to say—“it was too bad of the little Algerine to get ill, just as Lord John was coming down to settle the affairs of the nation!” and within the last week, Miss Prudence had kindly sent over a message, through Dr. Churchill, to know if there was anything she fancied to eat, and whether Dr. Damnemall should come over and read

¹ Lest this fact should be doubted, I shall quote the original passages, in which the decision was given:—

Cum inter tot sanctos patres episcopos, quidam statueret, non posse, nec debere mulieres vocari homines, timore Dei, publicè ibi ventilaretur. Et tandem, post multas vexatæ hujus quæstionis disceptationes, concluderetur, quod mulieres sint homines. (Polygamia Triumphatrix.)

Exstitit enim, in hac Synodo quidam ex episcopis, qui dicebat mulierem hominem non posse vocitari, etc. etc. etc.—Gregor. Tur., Lib. viii.

her a sermon, as he had lately purchased a very rare and excellent collection of old ones, of which she sent her a list, in case she should like to choose one out of them, and let the Dr. know. — The list was as follows :

“ A Brieffe Polemicall Dissertation, concerning the true time of the Inchoation and Determination of the Lord's day Sabbath.

Wherein is clearly and irrefragably manifested by Scripture, Reason, Authorities, in all ages till the present : that the Lord's day begins and ends at evening ; and ought to be solemnized from evening till evening ; against the novel errors, mistakes of such, who groundlessly assert, that it begins and ends at midnight, or day-breaking ; and ought to be sanctified from midnight to midnight, or morning to morning ; whose arguments are here examined, refuted as unsound, absurd, frivolous.

Compiled in the Tower of London ; and now published, for the information, reformation of all contrary judgment or practise.

By WILLIAM PRYNNE, of Swainswick, Esq., London. Printed by T. Mabb, for Edw. Thomas, dwelling in Green Arbour. 1655.”

This brief dissertation contained twenty-two closely printed quarto pages. The next were—

“ The Way to be Content, A sermon appointed for the Crosse, but preached in the Cathedrall Church of St.

Paul, in London, on Monday, in Whitson-weeke, being the 26th day of May, Anno Dom. 1634.

By JOHN GORE, Rector of Wenden-Lofts, in Essex.

Printed at London, by T. Cotes, for Thomas Alchorne : and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Green Dragon.”

Next followed—

“ Israel's Call to March Out of Babylon into Jerusalem, published by order of the House of Commons. 1645.”

“ A Sermon preached at Lincoln, July the 29th, 1683, by JOHN CURTOIS, M.A. Published at the request of many loyal gentlemen who heard it preached.”

“ The Dean of Peterborough's Sermon, before the Lord Mayor, at St. Bridget's Church, in Easter-week, 1694.”

“ The Bishop of Bath and Wells's Sermon, before the House of Peers, on January the 30th, 1691.”

and divers others, too numerous to mention. I fear both Dr. Damnell and Miss Prudence thought Theresa no better than she should be ; but she civilly declined them all. Among the numerous inquiries for Miss Manners, was a daily one on the part of Mr. Stuart Vernon. Theresa was now sufficiently recovered to sit up for about

half an hour in her own room every day; and Cecil contrived to rob the conservatory of a bunch of violets, daily, to greet her rising, even when they had eluded the gardener's vigilance.

He was one morning returning from his usual voyage of discovery, when he saw Mr. Stuart Vernon ride up to the door, dismount, and order the groom to lead the horses up and down; which he had no sooner done than his master drew from his pocket two letters, which he gave with his card to the servant. Cecil did not know why, but he walked round to the back of the house to avoid meeting him, and got in by the conservatory through the drawing-room. He knew he should meet the servant with the letters as he crossed the hall, but he could not openly ask to see them, and, therefore with a deep sense of humiliation that flushed his whole face, had recourse to a subterfuge.

"Fenton," said he, "didn't I see Mr. Stuart Vernon at the door just now?"

"Yes sir; he's this moment ridden away."

"Oh, indeed! did he leave any message or—or—a letter for me?"

"No, sir; he left one for Sir Romulus, and one for Miss Manners."

Cecil bit his lip and walked silently away. When he reached his own room he locked the door, and flung himself into a bergère. "So," said he, folding his arms and grinding his teeth, "he has written to her—he has proposed for her—of course she will have him!"

And having come to this conclusion, he paced up and down the room, tore his hair, dashed the tears indignantly from his eyes, and, in short, became as frantically and hopelessly wretched, as if Theresa had not only accepted Mr. Stuart Vernon, but was to be married to him the next hour.

Some three hours had passed away, and Cecil was still trying to walk himself into resignation at the irrevocable loss of Theresa, which he had quite decided was to be his fate, when a gentle tap at the door asked admittance on the part of some one. He unlocked it and tried to look as calm as possible. It was Mrs. Brand.

"I only came to say, sir, that Miss Manners is not quite so well to-day. She's not able to sit up, and is gone back to bed; but she asked if there were no violets? so I thought I would come and see if you had got her any."

"The delight of that letter has overpowered her," thought Cecil; but his words were, "Not so well! has she over-exerted herself?—has anything excited her?—is she—"

"No, sir, nothing. She got a letter, to be sure, and reading it might have tired her; though I don't think it did."

"A letter! Did it agitate her?—did she seem annoyed, or pleased?—happy, or sad?"

"No, indeed! neither, sir. She merely threw the letter on the table, and told me to put it into her writing-desk, as she must answer it one day or other. So I don't think there was anything in that; but you know, sir, invalids will be better and worse from one day to another."

And so saying, Mrs. Brand departed with the violets, and left Cecil to seek some new source of torment, which he speedily did. To any reasonable man (but when was a man in love reasonable?) it would have been sufficient consolation to have heard how carelessly and coolly Theresa had received Mr. Stuart Vernon's letter—aye—but was it his letter? Might it not as well be from any one else? and even granting that it was from him, perhaps it was not a declaration, and from that might arise her annoyance! To a person so skilled in the art of self-tormenting, there is no knowing to what lengths he might have proceeded, had not dinner at length put an end to his surmise.

After Marmaduke had, for the thirtieth time (it being the last day of the month) expressed his delight at the absence of the rest of the party, which he hoped would long continue, provided Theresa was soon able to form a triumvirate at their dinner-table, he drew a volume from his pocket and began reading.

"I don't think," said he, a short time after laying down the book, that if Socrates in the superabundance of his wisdom did not trifle so flagrantly, I should be ever tired of 'Xenophon's Memorabilia.'"

"I don't know," replied Cecil. "I read them at school, in Greek, and thought them delightful; but whether it arose from reading them afterwards in English, I know not, but I found them prosing and tedious, and in many parts vapid in the extreme."

"There may be something in that," said Marmaduke, "for we possess no equivalent style in English that could do justice to, or give the full change for his Greek. After all, it is to light literature, such as memoirs, comedies, and, in our own time, novels, that posterity should be grateful, for they it is which alone bequeath them facts. It is to Aristophanes, Plautus, Apuleius and Terence, and not to Thucydides, Livy or Cæsar, that we owe our knowledge of the private fashions, habits and manners of the Greeks and Romans. One might as well fancy that one knew a man by seeing him on the stage, as suppose that we could learn the customs of a people, their character and bearing, from epic poems and tragedies, wherein human nature is always acting."

"Very true, but—"

"But me no buts," said Marmaduke, suddenly rising; "here am I talking away just as if that poor child was not lying ill up stairs. I don't know how it is, but I love her as well as if I really was her uncle. I suppose it is from her always calling me so;" and with

this speech and another glass of wine, he darted out of the room, leaving Cecil to dispose of himself as he thought best.

How many echoes and shadows there are that steal through the heart, which are neither audible nor visible to the external senses, and yet which act as internal forewarnings to our feelings! The whole of that evening, as Cecil kept his usual watch in the gallery leading to Theresa's room, there was a sort of noiseless stirring, a gentle and voiceless murmuring at his heart that he could neither define nor account for. Towards midnight Marmaduke opened the door softly, and stepping into the passage, whispered Cecil that the nurse was asleep, and that, feeling chilly, he wanted to go and put on his night-cap and dressing-gown. "Now, my dear fellow," continued he, "as Theresa is also asleep, and I fear to leave her alone, will you just sit by the bed-side till I return?"

"Will I!" said Cecil, and luckily it was all he could say. Much as he had always liked Marmaduke, he now could have worshipped him, the more so that his room was a considerable way off in the other wing of the house, and it would take him some time to go and return. He entered the room with a measured step and suspended breath. The fire-light, besides the candles on the toilet, discovered Mrs. Brand in a profound slumber, and also fell full upon Theresa's pale but still beautiful face. Cecil had never once asked during her illness, whether her looks had been impaired. He thought he should have loved her all the same, nevertheless it was a relief to find that they were not. He stood for a few moments gazing upon her: one arm was under her head, the other hung listlessly out of bed. Cecil could not resist the temptation of kissing the beautiful little hand before him—gently as he did so, Theresa stirred slightly, and in moving, a stray lock of hair escaped from under her cap, and wandered down her neck.—What an opportunity!—should he ever again have such another? he walked over to the table for a pair of scissors, in another moment the lock was severed

"From the lovely head where once it grew,"

and deposited safely in his bosom. If he had committed a murder, he could scarcely have felt more alarm, as he replaced the scissors, and looked timidly round the room, but he saw nothing but his own pale and agitated face in the glass. Had he secured more than half the world, he could not have felt more elated as he re-approached the bed. Oh! it is a mysterious and a holy thing, to share singly with the unseen angels, their vigils over the sleeping being that we love—to watch the helpless beauty of the form that is our all—to feel that its hushed spirit is cradled in our prayers, that it is alone with God and us! and that we curtain it over with fond looks from the harsh glare of other eyes;—if there be a moment of unalloyed

happiness it is this! As Cecil bent over Theresa, and felt her soft breath upon his cheek, he experienced

“A feeling yet without a name,
Each sordid thought of self above,
Warmer than friendship's wavering flame,
But softer than the fires of love.”

The tone even of his imagination seemed lulled and subdued into unison with the calm music of the beautiful and passionless face before him. One unworthy, nay, almost one earthly thought, he felt would be a desecration of the shrine of purity and innocence at which his prostrate soul now worshipped. He did not even think of Theresa as his, he only thought of her as God's—a link between him and heaven!

CHAPTER VIII.

“Magazine—a repository of provisions, a miscellaneous pamphlet.”—JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

“But by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.”

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

MARMADUKE IS LED AWAY BY AN EASY CHAIR, INTO FORGETTING THE PERILOUS SITUATION IN WHICH HE HAS LEFT MR. HOWARD—AND CHEATS THE NIGHT OUT OF A GOOD HALF-HOUR, BY READING, AND HAVING HIS FEET SHAMPOOED—“AY, THERE'S THE RUB!”

WHEN Marmaduke left Theresa's room, and reached his own, he found his feet extremely cold, and the bright fire and the easy chair both looking exceedingly inviting. He placed himself in the one before the other, and rang for his man to rub his feet, which was a nightly ceremony with him. On the table beside him was a pile of magazines that had arrived that evening; and, taking up one, he began with the notice to correspondents on the wrapper, some of which were as follows:—

“A. Z.'s ‘Ode to Solitude’ had better remain in that state it so highly lauds.

“G. F.'s ‘Invocation to Sleep’ is duly attended to, for it comes on the perusal of his lines.

“The sonnet commencing—

‘Her eyes they are as black as sloes,
And oh! so beautiful her nose,’

we fear would not interest the unimpassioned public, though no doubt it will produce a great effect upon the fortunate lady to whom it is addressed.

“Has A. S. S. no sincere friend who would throw his pens and ink out of the window, and burn his paper for him?

“The Essay on Indifference is too indifferent for our columns. We feel deeply for the afflicted author of the lines beginning—

‘Dear Miss, I hope that you will not refuse,
To pardon this first effort of my muse;
I swear to you by all the powers above,
That I am over head and ears in love!’

as, if his passion is not more eloquent than his poetry, the lady must be over head and ears in debt, for she never can repay it.”

Marmaduke then turned over the leaves; and, as his right foot had still to be rubbed, read the following tale:—

“THE KETCH FAMILY.

‘I see you go as slily as you think,
To steal away, yet I will pray for you.’

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

‘Yet she that loves him best is Cleopatra.’—DRYDEN.

Stulta est clementia perituræ parcere chartæ.—JUV.

“‘What a handsome man!’ exclaimed Miss Cleopatra Ketch to her sister, Miss Jemima of the same name, as they ostensibly sat at work in the bay window of their lodgings at Brighton, overlooking the Steyne.

“‘Who? where?’ asked Miss Jemima, at once coming to the point by running the needle into her finger; while her equally agitated sister broke off the thread of her discourse and her work at the same time, and relapsed into silence, the more effectually to send her eyes on an embassy to some individual without the window; in short, the one whom she had so complimentarily apostrophised at the commencement of this page, and who was a tall ‘young man,’ elaborately chained, ringed, waistcoated, gauntleted, and French polished, on a job-horse, and in job-mustachios. This latter Mezentius*-proceeding being unfortunately but too prevalent among second-hand D’Orsays, and free-list play-goers.

“‘I should think,’ resumed Miss Cleopatra, ‘from his always looking so earnestly at all the houses as he passes, that he must either be in love, or be a genius; an author perhaps.’

“‘No,’ objected Jemima, pointing to a small drab-coloured pamphlet, with a white strip across it, marked 2s. 6d. that lay on the work-table. ‘No, he cannot be a genius, for as this author says of himself, light hair is the indisputable badge of genius;’ and as she spoke she complacently twisted her own hay-coloured ringlets.

“‘Perhaps so,’ responded Cleopatra, with a sort of ‘vale Antoni’ sigh, as she caught the last glimpse of the tail of the handsome man’s horse, as he turned the corner of the Steyne, ‘but dark hair is much handsomer for a man.’

“The paternal progenitor of these two interesting young ladies was a retired stockbroker:—for many years had they ‘wasted their

* Mezentius tied a dead body to a living one.

sweetness in the desert air' of Gracechurch Street,—with no more defined ideas of pleasure than a walk to Primrose Hill, or of 'fashionable life,' than was afforded by an attentive scrutiny of the external forms of the gay bipeds that alighted from their carriages at the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday. But a little pleasure, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, as it always engenders an insatiable thirst for more. Their case would have been a sad one, were not ambition's wings always 'imped' with hope; and for once hope did not tell a flattering tale, for 'one Monday morning, right early in the year,' their illustrious sire, Mr. Samuel Ketch, returned home, by a lucky chance on 'Change, the envied and enviable possessor of a hundred thousand pounds! That very day Mrs. Ketch discharged a slender youth of fifteen, with aventurine coloured hair, and London-smoke coloured eyes, hitherto the 'largo al factotum,' of the Ketch family, for incontinently propounding his usual post meridian question, of 'if so be she would like the vest end buss stopped at four?' And despatching her son, Mr. John Ketch (who from that hour was never again called by his endearing, but in his case somewhat alarming diminutive of Jack), for a neat glass coach; and in it repairing to Long Acre, did, then and there, purchase a commodious family carriage, as smart as blue-bell pannels and a buttercup lining could make it. Miss Jemima, who was of a more aspiring disposition than her more ambitiously named sister, strongly insisted that a carriage was nothing without very tall footmen—in short they should be steeples in plush. Mrs. Ketch acquiesced, and promised to look out. In their way home there was, at the narrow door of a narrow street, a tempting tableau of all the burkers, surmounted by an announcement of the most wonderful Irish giant ever yet secured alive—all to be seen for sixpence!

"'Dear me!' said Mrs. Ketch, taking the precaution (there being no check), to let down the back window and nearly pull the driver into the carriage, as she spoke, in order to stop him, 'Dear me, girls, I'll treat you to this here sight.'

"'Exhibition, ma,' corrected Jemima.

"'I don't think it's genteel—do you think it is, Mima—to go to such places?' said Cleopatra.

"'Why I don't know,' responded Jemima, divided between her love of amusement, and her love of aristocracy, 'it's not as if we were in our own carriage yet, you know; that would be different, for then the carriage might be known.'

"'Ah, sure, Mima is right,' said Mrs. Ketch, tucking up her petticoats as she descended from the carriage; adding, in a loud voice to the driver, when she reached the ground, in order to 'set on some few barren spectators,' 'I say, coachee, be sure to keep egzactly afore the door, for not aving my hown carriage and osses to-day, I'm halways sadly afeared of strange osses.'

“The young ladies followed their ‘ma’ into a narrow sanded passage, where the fumes of Geneva and tobacco strove equally for pre-eminence. At the foot of a flight of stairs, not much wider than a worsted needle, stood a blind fiddler, his face intersected with the small-pox, and his sightless eyes Homerically raised to heaven, while he scraped indefatigably, on his three-stringed violin, the very exhilarating country dance called ‘Such a getting up stairs.’—It was a getting up stairs! for before Mrs. Ketch and her double-refined daughters was a very greasy butcher, who was almost pressed flat in the narrow stair-way, and every now and then stopped to smooth his hair down with a pocket-handkerchief, containing a lilac representation of her Majesty proroguing parliament. To the skirt of his blue frock was tethered a skewer of a boy, who obligingly told his sire that ‘them ladies wanted to pass.’ The top of the staircase was at length gained, and a leopard-skin-patterned chintz curtain was drawn aside by a very dirty hand belonging to a man in a hat without a crown, mud-coloured brevities untied at the knee, and a pair of cotton stockings ‘a world too wide for his shrunk calf,’ to whom having paid the money, the ladies passed on through a concourse of wax effigies of Messieurs Hare, Burke, and other worthies.

“ ‘And now, ladies and genlem,’ said the man who had pointed out the wax-works with a long rod, which, as he spoke, he employed in drawing aside a green-baize curtain, ‘you’ll please to hobserve the most wonderfulest gigantic-est giant as never vas seed in hancient or modern times—stands seven feet three hanches without his shoes—eats ten pounds of solid meat per day, drinks in perportion, and has no parents to signify!’ Here the undrawn curtain exhibited to the wondering and admiring eyes of Mrs. and the Miss Ketch’s, the butcher and his son ‘the gigantic-est giant of hancient or modern times,’ dressed as the Grand Turk, who having taken two or three turns to and fro, like a lion in his den, for the satisfaction of the spectators, gracefully reseated himself in a large arm-chair.

“ ‘Well, he is a prize beast?—isn’t he, Bill?’ said the butcher to his son, as he departed. But Mrs. Ketch still lingered, gazing on this truly great man. As soon as she perceived that the coast was clear, she said something in a confidential whisper to the showman, which was nothing more nor less than whether she could have a few moments’ private conversation with the giant!

“ ‘Vy, if you partiklar vishes it, marm, you can,’ replied the astonished ciceroni; and then, turning to the giant, added, ‘Mr. O’Sham, this lady vishes to speak to you.’

“ ‘She’s welcome,’ replied Mr. O’Sham.

“ ‘Ahem—ahem—’ hesitated Mrs. Ketch, advancing towards the rising giant, whom she begged would remain seated, or she should never be able to make him hear what she had to say.

“ ‘Jist as you plase, ma’am ; for I niver stand upon trifles.’

“ ‘Ahem—I was a-thinking,’ resumed Mrs. Ketch, “that a heligable and permanent situation like would suit you better than this here promiscus sort of life.’

“ ‘May be it’s a swaddler you are, ma’am, and it’s the life to come you’d be discoorsing me about?’

“ ‘Dear! how funny he talks, to be sure!’ tittered Mrs. Ketch. ‘No, in plain English, should you like to be a lady’s footman?’

“ ‘Whisht! now you’re laughing at me entirely—for how could I be a lady’s fut, when there’s seven feet five inches of me already ; and sure no lady ever had a fut that size? for if there was, no man in Ireland itself would ever get the length of it!’

“ ‘I can’t understand you, and it seems you don’t understand me ; but what I mean is, should you like to go behind a carriage?’ said Mrs. Ketch.

“ ‘I’m infinitely obliged to you, ma’am ; but if it’s the same to you, I’d rather go inside it nor behind it.’

“ ‘Dear, dear—how tiresome!’ cried Mrs. Ketch. ‘I mean, should you like to be a servant?’

“ ‘Oh, your humble sarvant is it, ma’am?’

“ ‘Yes ; to come and live with me, and walk out with us?’

“ ‘Oh now, ma’am dear, you’re laughing at me again ; for I’m sure you nor the young ladies would niver condescend to walk out wid the likes o’ me.’

“ ‘No—not with you, but for you to walk after us.’

“ ‘What for, ma’am?’

“ ‘Why, to protect us—to—a—lake care of us.’

“ ‘Oh indade, ma’am, if you’re not ould enough to take care of yourselves, it’s little care I could take of yez.’

“ ‘Well, well, what wages would you expect?’ said Mrs. Ketch, growing explicit from desperation.

“ ‘Why,’ replied Mr. O’Sham, pulling his left ear, raising his eyebrows, and protruding his lips, ‘av coorse as much as I could get, which is but raisonable.’

“ ‘What would you think of thirty guineas!’

“ ‘Why, I’d think a great dale of it, ma’am ; thirty guineas a-week is a mighty purty little pittance.’

“ ‘Not a-week—a-year!’ almost shrieked Mrs. Ketch.

“ ‘Whew! lullibolero!—that’s too little entirely for taking care of three of yez, and, may be, tagging after you from morning till night.’

“ ‘Yes, but think of the ten pounds of meat you eat a-day.’

“ ‘Oh indade, ma’am, I think very little of that ; for it’s nothing at all when one’s used to it ; and I just trate my meals as some pable do their friends—never trouble my head about them when once they are *down*.

“After a few more indispensable preliminaries, Mrs. Ketch became the joyful mistress of Mr. O'Sham; yet like all who have much, she then wanted more, and therefore inquired if he had a brother; but he ‘had no brother—was like no brother, he was himself alone!’ not having, as the showman had already explained, even any parents to signify, which being interpreted, meant that their stature did not exceed those of ordinary mortals. Shortly after the addition of Mr. O'Sham to the Gracechurch Street establishment, Mr. Ketch took a house in Gloucester Place; and the young ladies never even walked inside Portman Square, without Mr. O'Sham walking after them, looking wistfully at all the passengers without, and thinking, with a retrospective sigh, of all the six-pences he might have earned, had he remained among his friends, the Burkers,—which he calculated by analogy from all the looks he attracted. Six weeks after their removal to Gloucester Place, Mr. Ketch and his family left town for Brighton, accompanied by a maiden sister of Mr. Ketch senior, Miss Kitty Ketch, who was like all ladies not withering but withered on the virgin thorn—or, in other words, like what Baretti says of the vermin of Aldeagallego, the pasquin-makers of Rome, and the monthly reviewers of England, —she ‘would have done harm if she could,’ for she would have prevented her nieces spending so much, dressing so much, flirting so much, and talking so much—yes, all this the barbarous old woman would have prevented if she could—but she couldn't. It was luckily for the Miss Ketches and for posterity—and above all for the readers of this periodical—and they are all the world—it was luckily impossible! So now let us go back to the bay-window overlooking the Steyne.

“As we have before intimated, Miss Jemima was of an aspiring temperament, and therefore, in her matrimonial dreams, never succumbed to less than a Marquis; while the highest summit at which the gentler Cleopatra aimed, was a pair of mustachios!—thus

‘Beauty drew her with a single hair.’
and caused her in the present instance to remain in the bay window, with her eyes riveted on the spot where she had caught the last glimpse of the handsome man's mustachios. If Miss Jemima was less susceptible, she was more assured of her conquests; for like the Athenian idiot, who fancied that all the ships that came into the Pyreum port, belonged to him—so she imagined that all the looks men had to bestow, were directed to her; while her more generous sister gave where she never received.

“‘John,’ said Cleopatra, raising the window, and calling to her brother, a roly-poly young gentleman, with a bay-window figure, and pale but cherubimical face, who was at one and the same moment smoking [a cigar, and looking powder puffs at a pretty little ‘modiste’ that was ringing at the next door to the house of his

respected parents; 'John, I wish you would walk with me on the beach?' (the mustachios had vanished seaward.)

" 'Well, I don't care if I do—anything to oblige a pretty girl,' and he cast another goosedown look at the little milliner, as Miss Cleopatra put down the window and the compliment together, declaring to her sister as she left the room, to equip herself for walking—'that really John had become quite polished since he had seen more of the world.'—They had been ten days at Brighton!

" Miss Cleopatra and her brother had just turned the corner of the Steyne, when they met Mrs. Ketch, followed by O'Sham, with a cargo of novels.—'Where are you going, dears,' inquired the tender mother.

" 'Only for a blow-out upon the beach,' replied John, 'as the governor hasn't given one at home since we've been here.'

" 'Why, you see, Jack,—'

" 'Mother, remember! no more Jacks,' interrupted Mr. John, making an allegorical slipknot on his pocket-handkerchief, and giving his revered parent a significant look.

" 'Oh, hang it, I always forget; but,' resumed Mrs. Ketch, 'I was a going to say, that we don't know people enough yet; though the Wiggins's did promise that they'd introduce us to a sight of fine people—three Irish members of Parliament, who, they said, would be happy to dine with us any day, or every day,—Mr. Fibwell, the great attorney—Mr. Scrub, a first-rate literary gentleman, who writes for the noosepapers on both sides—Dr. and Mrs. Classicgander, who finish young noblemen and gentlemen before they go on the grand tower—and Sir Endymion Fribble, who was made a barrowknight a few weeks ago; and aying behaved hill to his wife, goes about, as Mrs. Wiggins tells me, trying to make himself populous.'

" 'Popular, ma!' corrected Cleopatra,

" 'Well, my dear, isn't it all the same thing?'

" 'Not quite,' said Mr. John.

" 'O'Sham,' said Mrs. Ketch, 'I'll walk on to the beach with Miss Cleopatra, and you may leave those books at home, and then go and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins are.'

" 'I shall, ma'am,' responded O'Sham, and strode away on his homeward mission. Miss Cleopatra could well have dispensed with this maternal reinforcement; but out of every misfortune comes some good, as the termination of her walk on that day clearly demonstrated. As usual, it blew a hurricane on the beach; and Mrs. Ketch, as Mr. Liston truly observes, having, like all fine women, run to seed very fast, her ancles were like those of an elephant, and sunk to a proportionable depth in the sand every step she advanced. Now, although she had never read Junius, she was intuitively aware that 'we incline the balance as effectually by lessening the weight

in one scale as by increasing it in the other,' and therefore ordered Cleopatra to leave her brother, and come round and give her the assistance of another arm. The Egyptian queen's namesake obeyed, 'mentally ejaculating,' as the war novels say, 'how very disagreeable if we should meet him!'—the mustachios understood. Mr. John and his sister had spent about a quarter of an hour in the filial exercise of towing their revered parent, when suddenly the echoes of a horse's hoofs were heard; the wind rose still higher—so did Miss Cleopatra's hopes—the handsome owner of the mustachios appeared. She had just time to untie her bonnet, (a 'ruse' she had decided upon previous to leaving home) when on came the stranger's horse, and off flew Miss Cleopatra's bonnet, rolling in playful caprioles before the fiery Bucephalus of the handsome man.

"Miss Ketch had not read through the whole of the *Minerva Press* without being perfectly aware that a scream was as indispensable to a heroine as a sword is to a soldier; accordingly, uttering one skilfully attuned to the right 'conquer or die' pitch, she faintly articulated 'Oh, my bonnet!' and then clung to her brother in the most beautiful attitudes of feminine distress, so as effectually to prevent his moving one step in pursuit of it. What was to be done? Nothing but what was done; the handsome man reined in his steed, from which he dismounted, and after a five minute's fruitless chase after the truant 'capotte,' succeeded in securing it on the top of his whip, and triumphantly flourishing it in the air, like a cap of liberty, gracefully advanced, and presented it to Miss Cleopatra, who murmured something about 'gratitude to her deliverer,' and then cast upon his mustachios such a look of caloric circumvallation, as must inevitably have melted the wax by which those capillary graces adhered to his upper lip, had he not instantly taken the precaution of pressing them down with his pocket handkerchief.

"'I'm sure, sir,' said Mrs. Ketch, spreading out her left hand upon her hip, fanning herself with her handkerchief that she held in her right, moving her head from one side to another, and panting as she spoke, 'I'm sure, sir, both I and my daughter is (*are, ma,*' whispered Cleopatra), are exceedingly obleeged to you for the courage you've displayed on this here occasion.'

"'Quite so—quite so—ha! ha! ha!' laughed Mr. John, 'and—'

"'My dear, let me speak,' said Mrs. Ketch, laying her white silk gloved hand upon the bottle-green sleeve of her son's arm. 'We shall be most appy, sir—Mr. Ketch my husband, and I—to get acquainted with you. Praps if you aint a-going nowhere else, rather than stay at home by yourself, you'll come and dine with us to-day?'

"Never, according to Miss Cleopatra's judgment, had her mother uttered so much sense in such few words.

"'I shall be most proud—most appy,' said the stranger, bowing

to Mrs. Ketch, but looking at her daughter, whose cheek was slightly tinged at his repetition of the word 'appy,' which she had a misgiving was a quotation from her mother; but further acquaintance convinced her that the whole family of the h's must have unaccountably offended him, as they never were, by any chance, invited to the intellectual feasts of his conversations.

" 'Ha! ha! ha! that's right!' said Mr. John. 'Here's my cord and address—may I ask the pleasure of yours?'"

" 'Certainly,' replied the stranger, withdrawing a slip of paste-board from a card-case, which he presented to Mr. John, which bore the inscription of

'CAPTAIN FITZPRIGEM,
BERKELEY SQUARE.'

an effacing line drawn through the Berkeley Square and 'Dorset Gardens' written above it. When Mr. John had sufficiently spelt over the name to admit of audible and accurate repetition, he undertook the part of lord-in-waiting, and presented their new acquaintance in due form to his mother and sister.

" 'Captain Fitzprigem, my mother, Mrs. Ketch; my sister, Miss Cleopatra Ketch.'

" Fitzprigem smiled and bowed, and bowed and smiled in couplets; and then, as the party walked on, murmured low in Miss Ketch's ear, while a kind of St. Antony's-fire seemed to suffuse her face, 'Cleopatra!—what a—a—celestial name—positively heavenly!'

" 'We are obleeged to dine at the unfashionable hour of six, on 'count of Mr. Ketch's elth, sir,' apologized Mrs. Ketch, as they parted with their new friend at the corner of the Steyne.

" 'At five, mother,' revised Mr. John.

" 'No, six, my dear; and I'm sure that is hairly enough,' frowned Mrs. Ketch, with a little by-play that her son perfectly understood.

" 'I don't care what hour I dine at,' said the gallant Captain; 'hours were made for slaves, as the late Mr. Wilberforce used so justly to observe.'

" 'Used he, indeed, sir?' responded Mrs. Ketch; 'then, I suppose, he was a great West Ingee perprietor?'

" 'Well, never mind if we do dine at six,' said Mr. John, with an energetic slap on his right knee; 'we'll break into some of the governor's best claret.'

" At the phrase 'break into,' the refined Fitzprigem, no doubt shocked at its vulgarity, hurled a kind of Old Bailey look at Mr. John, under which he might have felt disagreeably restrained, had not his mother come to his assistance, by saying:

" 'My dear, I'm sure you can't have any better claret than what we have every day.'

“Mr. John looked oblivious and interrogatory, and Captain Fitzprigem took advantage of the pause to make his adieux, promising punctually to remember six.

“‘My dear Jack,’ said Mrs. Ketch, ‘you should not let out that we dine at five before such a fashionable man as Captain Fitzprigem, when you know none of the quality ever dines before eight.’

“‘Well, but we do dine at five, mother, and one can’t always remember to tell lies, and I’m sure your memory is no better than mine, for, after all your promises, you will go on calling me Jack.’

“‘I’ll never call you Jack again,’ said Mrs. Ketch, with tears in her eyes, ‘if you’ll remember not to be so free-spoken before strangers : and then talking of the best claret,—enough to make people think that we hadn’t the best every day.’

“‘No more we have,’ retorted Mr. John, ‘for we’ve no claret at all, except when there’s company.’

“‘Dear me!’ said Mrs. Ketch, as she knocked at her own door, ‘I hope your father is in a good humour, for I’ve three things to bring about : first to tell him about having asked the Captain ; next about having put off the dinner till six, which I know will make him very cross ; and next to get him to dress for dinner, which I’m sadly afeared I shall not be able to do. You must come and help me, Cleo, to talk him over.’

“‘Indeed, ma, I can’t ; for it’s now three, and it always takes Dumps three hours to plat my hair in a Grecian plat, and she says she can’t do it under.’

“‘Then let her do it over,’ said Mr. John, who was the wit of the family.

“‘Well, I don’t wonder at your wishing to look well for the Captain,’ cried Mrs. Ketch ; ‘so tell Mima to come to me—and John, remember, if nothing else can get your father to be grateful to the Captain, and receive him in a genteel manner, we must make out that Cleo, but for him, would have been half-drowned.’

“‘Oh, half-seas-over, if you like, provided you put in for the best claret,’ acquiesced Mr. John.

“Upon reaching the drawing-room, they found Mr. Ketch senior seated in an arm-chair in the window, with his hat on his head and his spectacles on his nose, reading a newspaper. His dress consisted of a blue coat and buff waistcoat, mud-coloured unmentionables, and gaiters. His feet were stretched out horizontally, and his under-lip in the same direction, as he held the newspaper at a respectful distance from him, the better to scan its contents. Mrs. Ketch knew, by the horizontal under-lip, that she must at once resort to the worst. So, rushing into the room and clasping her hands ‘à la Siddons,’ she exclaimed,

“‘Oh ! Samuel ! my dear ! our Cleo has had such an escape !

must have been lost!! destroyed!!! drowned!!!! but for the gallant conduct of a young officer!’

“ ‘Why,’ said Mr. Ketch, ‘has the girl been in the sea?’

“ ‘No, my dear; but the sea was a coming to her as fast as hever it could, and all her things blew off, when a young man—’

“ ‘All her things, Mrs. Ketch!’ exclaimed Mr. Ketch, actually taking off his spectacles; ‘All her things! how very shocking, scandalous and improper!’

“ ‘No, my dear, not all; but her bonnet and collar—only you’re so quick you never let one finish what one is saying—and but for Captain Fitzprigem, she might have been brought home to you a dead corpse!’

“ ‘And pray, who is this Captain Fitzprigem?’ inquired Mr. Ketch, still unroused into a proper degree either of paternal gratitude, or hospitable feeling.

“ ‘Why, my dear, he lives in Berkeley-square!’ Still, even under that galvanic announcement, Mr. Ketch remained immovable. ‘And,’ continued Mrs. Ketch, fixing her eyes full upon him, ‘he’s quite the gentleman! has evidently moved in the first class!’

“ ‘Humph! likely enough!’ grunted Mr. Ketch. ‘Since the rail-roads have been established, many people do move in the first class.’

“ ‘Oh, my dear! how can you?’ expostulated Mrs. Ketch; ‘and, besides, he seemed so taken with Cleo.’

“ ‘Did he?’ said Mr. Ketch, instinctively buttoning up the pockets of his mud-coloured inconceivables; for, like every ‘Faber suæ fortunæ,’ he had an insuperable mixture of contempt and suspicion of all who could give no proofs of being of the same genus. ‘Did he! hope he won’t be mistaken in her.’

“ ‘He appeared a deuced sharp, shrewd, clever fellow,’ diplomatised Mr. John, who began to fear there would be no chance of the claret if he did not put in his oar.

“ ‘Oh, indeed! and who do you say he is?’ said Mr. Ketch, turning to his son, and for the first time condescending to interest himself in the business.

“ ‘A Captain Fitzprigem—evidently, as my mother says, a gentleman—for he has very black mustachios, and—and—very bland manners.’

“ ‘Fitzprigem!—Fitzprigem!—let me see?’ mused Mr. Ketch, calculating on his fingers, during which (with him at all times solemn and portentuous ceremony) Mrs. Ketch scarcely dared to breathe. ‘Is there not a rich Lord Fitzprigem that lately bought a villa near Richmond?’

“ ‘Surely,’ said Mr. John, ‘he bought it, if you remember, after making that immense speck in the Spanish Bonds.’

“ ‘And is this man any relation to him?’ asked Mr. Ketch, speaking energetically, and turning quickly round in his chair.

“ ‘Most likely his son,’ said Mr. John, in a confident and courageous voice; ‘but we can ask him to-day at dinner—as my mother, you know, could not do less (nor more, according to English notions of gratitude), sir, than ask him to dinner, after saving Cleopatra’s life!’ added Mr. John, walking with the air of a Jupiter up to the glass, raising his shirt-collar about a quarter of an inch on each side, and then precipitately placing his hands on the hind pockets of his coat, as though to ascertain that all there was safe. His mother looked laurel-groves at him for his heroic conduct, while his father quietly said, without further comment :

“ ‘So he dines here—does he—I should like to know if he is that very clever man’s son; Jack, don’t forget to ask him.’

“ ‘I won’t sir; but in case he should be as I’ve no doubt he is, don’t you think it would be as well to have some of the best claret out?’

“ ‘Well thought of,’ cried Mr. Ketch, quickly unbuttoning one of the so recently buttoned pockets, and withdrawing from it the key of the cellar, with which his son instantly quitted the room. Mrs. Ketch and her bosom’s lord were now tête-à-tête; but one difficulty more remained to be surmounted, thanks to the enterprising conduct of her son; and rather than do any thing that could for a moment risk the new-born popularity of Lord Fitzprigem’s son, with that real genius that is ever quick to decide, and bold to undertake, in cases of emergency, she resolved to calumniate the cook. This was bad, certainly; but to have had Captain Fitzprigem badly received would have been worse. So advancing to the back of Mr. Ketch’s chair, and leaning fondly over it, said, as she looked tenderly in his face : ‘Really, dear, that cook is too tiresome, she says the venison came in so late, she cannot possibly get dinner ready before six;—tiresome is’nt it, love?’

“ ‘Discharge her to-morrow!’ thundered Mr. Ketch, which convinced Mrs. Ketch (who was a woman of great penetration, and as soon as any thing happened, always perceived exactly what it was), that it would have been madness to have let Captain Fitzprigem rest under the odium of delaying the dinner.

“ ‘At half-past five the young ladies were dressed and in the drawing-room, where they fidgetted from chair to sofa, and sofa to ottoman, in a state of strong nervous excitement, till six o’clock precisely, when a cabriolet—the cabriolet drove up to the door. The sisters were at the window instantly, peeping through the blind, ‘Is’nt he handsome?’ asked Cleopatra.

“ ‘Why, how strange,’ said Jemima, ‘I do think I saw him shake hands with his groom.’

“ ‘Nonsense!’ scoffed Cleopatra, with the look of a Zenobia.

“Whether Captain Fitzprigem heard the voices, if not the words, through the open window, I know not, but he again turned to his groom, and placing his hand upon his arm, as though to enforce his directions, said, in an audible voice, ‘Be sure you send those letters off immediately—and—a—Jenkins—the cab at eleven.’ Two minutes after, Captain Fitzprigem was announced, and perfectly dazzled the young ladies with the gilt ginger-bread gorgeousness of his appearance: he wore a pink satin waistcoat, and innumerable little shirt frills, like a cauliflower run to seed, and studded like a firmament with jewels; his coat was embroidered, and turned back, which gave him a magnificent spread eagle appearance; thick masses of curls graced each side of his head, resembling from their rigidity the stone representation of a Greek mask more than anything human; while his hands, from the quantity of rings he wore, looked like a diorama of a jeweller’s tray; his voice was somewhat peculiar, as though he had plums in his mouth, that gave it a certain unintelligible thickness, which was not relieved by his smile, which was more muscular than mental, merely distending his mouth, without illuminating his other features. Such was the fascinating Fitzprigem, as he entered Mrs. Ketch’s drawing-room. Mr. Ketch had been prevailed upon to dress for Lord Fitzprigem’s son, but could not be prevailed upon to deviate from his usual custom of never meeting his guests till he met them in the dining-room. Every thing was beautifully arranged; for, although Captain Fitzprigem was obliged to take Mrs. Ketch down to dinner, Miss Cleopatra contrived that he should sit next her. Mr. Ketch received his ‘distinguished guest’ as though he had been drinking ‘the glorious, pious, and immortal memory’ in solemn silence; which awful pause continued for some seconds, till Mrs. Ketch (who was never ashamed to mention the Wiggins’s because they were richer even than the Ketches, and consequently great people in her estimation), turned round to O’Sham, and said, ‘Did you go to know how old Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins were?’

“ ‘I did, ma’am, and Mr. Wiggins is seventy-two, but they did not know how old Mrs. Wiggins was.’

“ ‘Dear me, how stupid you are,’ said Mrs. Ketch, ‘I sent you to know how their health was—not what their age was;’ and then leaning over to Captain Fitzprigem, added in a whisper, ‘what stupid people the Irish is—aint they?’

“ ‘Why,—a—yes—we find them great blunderers in our profession.’

“ ‘Indeed? I always thought they were reckoned good soldiers,’ ventured Miss Cleopatra.

“ ‘Yes—a—I—a—believe they are,’ said Captain Fitzprigem, abstractedly balancing on his fore-finger a massive gilt fork. This

was in Cleopatra's eyes a decided proof of his genius, for all geniuses are absent, especially when they are present.

“ ‘Ave you been at the hopera, Captain?’ asked Mrs. Ketch.

“ ‘Cleopatra was in an agony whenever her mother opened her mouth for any other purpose than to eat her dinner—for beside her feuds with the ‘h’s,’ there were as many ‘says I’s, and ‘says she’s’ in her conversation, as there are in Fontenelle’s ‘Plurality of Worlds.’

“ ‘To this last question, Captain Fitzprigem not only replied in the affirmative, but ran out into such raptures about Taglioni, that Miss Cleopatra felt towards that divine danseuse with the epic feet and musical limbs, almost as spitefully, as Martial expresses himself about the Betic and Gaditon female dancers.

“ ‘What I so particularly admire in Taglioni,’ pursued Captain Fitzprigem, ‘is the breathless attention with which she rivets all beholders. I really believe, while she is dancing, you might cut off people’s heads, and they’d never feel it!’

“ ‘I ax (e) your pardon, Captain,’ said Mr. John, ‘ha! ha! ha!’

“ ‘Pray, sir,’ cried Mr. Ketch, tired of bursting in ignorance—‘may I ask if you are any relation of Lord Fitzprigem’s?’

“ ‘A no—a no—I—a—ave merely been at his ouse—our’s is the elder branch of the family, we are linally descended from an ancestor who suffered crucifixion in Tiberius Cæsar’s time.’

“ ‘Then,’ said Mr. John, quaffing another glass of champagne, ‘I should fear there was a cross in the breed.’

“ ‘Ha! ha! ha! deuced good,’ laughed Captain Fitzprigem, but Jemima frowned her brother into silence; while Mr. Ketch senior plunged into a reverie not of the pleasantest kind, at the idea of his best claret being drank by a man who was not Lord Fitzprigem’s son! he even whispered Mr. John, to know if there was not any other out, but Mr. John gave a shake of the head, that assured him he was in for it.

“ ‘Each succeeding day, Captain Fitzprigem ingratiated himself more and more into the good graces of every member of the Ketch family, except, indeed, Mr. Ketch senior, who some how or other did not take to him, though the gallant Captain assured him, that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had been closely ‘liée’ with a family of the name of Ketch—indeed there had been such a friendship between them, that the Fitzprigems had been known to lay down their lives for the Ketches. It has been truly observed, that ‘one-half of human life is made up of wasted consideration. The high-ways of the world are strewed with the sand of thoughts cast away. The events over which we have no controul affect our destiny a thousand-fold more than the few that we can govern; and while we ponder over our decision, fate decides for us, and the game is played!’ But Captain Fitzprigem eschewed

this mode of proceeding, and wisely resolved to leave nothing to fate that he could avoid. Accordingly, about a week after his debüt at Mr. Ketch's dinner-table, he determined to propose for Miss Cleopatra; and as genius always makes the opportunities it cannot find, he fabricated the following one for the medium of his proposal. Miss Cleopatra was sitting accidentally on purpose alone in the back drawing-room, one Thursday morning, at the hour when Captain Fitzprigem was wont to call. After the first salutations, the Captain sighed; Miss Cleopatra blushed, but as a woman is always the first to break silence on these embarrassing occasions, she ventured to ask to what regiment Captain Fitzprigem belonged?

“ ‘I am—that is, I was till I knew you!’ replied he, flinging himself on one knee, ‘Unattached. Oh Cleopatra!’ Here Captain Fitzprigem buried his face in his handkerchief. Now every one knows, who knows anything (and those who know nothing one can never enlighten) that, oh Cleopatra! or oh Julia! or oh Fanny! as the case may be, when coupled with a pocket handkerchief to the face, is, or ought to be, a proposal. So, accordingly, Miss Cleopatra ‘owned the soft impeachment,’ and then suddenly recollected, as she raised her head from Captain Fitzprigem’s shoulder, that she had a father, and that it was generally customary on such occasions to make him a party concerned;—a custom, it is true, which she thought would be ‘better honoured in the breach than in the observance;’ but necessity has no law, while, on the other hand, law has so many necessities, that it is better if possible to comply with them.

“ Mr. Ketch’s first question, when applied to, was, what Captain Fitzprigem would settle on his daughter? Captain Fitzprigem looked as if he was willing to settle himself immediately, with a promissory look that he would settle his wife the moment they were married, and then murmured something about writing to his agent for papers and title-deeds, trusting in the meanwhile to his Cleopatra’s devotion, to allow no such mundane delays to retard their happiness. Mrs. Ketch was all point-lace and preparation, and Miss Jemima was in a perfect fever of reversionary tremours and trousseaus. Mr. John looked twenty per cent. fatter and fiercer. Miss Kitty Ketch, the maiden aunt, was alone calm, calculating, and cantankerous; and was even vindictive enough to beg Miss Cleopatra would peruse the following domestic epic she had just received from a friend:—

“ ‘Fanny, bent on love and marriage,
Scoff’d at wealth, despised a carriage;
And took, as all young ladies do,
Advice like gall, because ’twas true.
‘Pause, love,’ cried her anxious mother,
‘Weigh well,’ urged her prudent brother;

' Fan, a cot is not a palace,'
 (This she thought fraternal malice),
 ' Then think how wretched is the life,
 Of a poor, lone, neglected wife;
 And men you know are prone to range.'
 ' Yes, but my Charles can never change!
 His eyes are like the star that throws
 Its glance upon the Persian rose,
 Brightest of all that's bright above,
 The very cynosure of love!
 His hands as lily bells are white,
 His silken hair as black as night;
 His flower-breath'd voice is silver sweet—
 Nay, there's e'en music in his feet.'
 ' Fudge!' cried her brother, ' what's all this
 To do with weekly bills, pray Miss?
 His hair though black won't turn to coals,
 Nor his white hands to penny rolls!
 And though at you he casts sheep's eyes,
 They cannot change to mutton pies!'
 ' George, how can you be so horrid?'
 Fanny cried, and press'd her forehead,
 ' I'd rather live with Charles on beans,
 Than like Lord Melbourne feast with queens.
 For him I'd gladly beg, starve, die!'
 ' For shame!' frowned George, ' Oh Fanny, fie!'
 Just as George flash'd his angry glance,
 An ancient dame called—fresh from France,
 To see Fanny and her mother,
 Who chimed in with her rude brother.
 ' My dearest child, mind what I say,
 I know de men dis many day;
 De dark, de fair, de short, de tall,
 From nort to sout, I watch dem all;
 And I have found from west to east,
 Yes, 'pon my word, ALL MAN IS BEAST!¹
 No sooner shall you be deir femme,
 Den dey begin deir prank Goat d——m.'
 Despite this eloquent appeal,
 Fanny prepared to sign and seal.
 Wedded she was, and in a hurry
 ' The happy pair' set off for Surrey.
 For the first month, or thereabout,
 ' Angels' and ' darlings' help'd them out,
 But full soon the moon of honey
 Turned to gall, for want of money!
 And oh! must we own it? Charles would chide
 To find ' the wife dearer than the bride!'

¹ As it is only geniuses of the highest order that are entitled to the *dolce far niente*, luxury of plagiarism, I think it right to state, that this sublime aphorism, containing as it does the nucleus of all philosophy and metaphysics; was uttered by an old French lady, married to a Dutch man. It was the result of seventy-two years experience. This ornament to her sex had the face of a Bonassus, and the courage of a Boadicea; and this striking truth was elicited, by hearing a beautiful young friend, recently married, ask her husband to go to the opera with another lady—whereupon, the wisdom of ages burst forth in the following sentence—"What for you let your husban go to de opera wid dat woman? you young wife, I old wife, and I tell you from experience, dat ALL MAN IS BEAST!"

He soon kiss'd less, and eat much more,
 Thought dining tête-à-tête a bore.
 Said rude things, half grave, half joking,
 Left off singing, took to smoking!
 Thought that Fanny was grown thinner,
 And apt to flush after dinner!
 As husbands love too well to flatter,
 He wish'd her like Miss Vernon, fatter.
 Soon 'business' kept him long in town,
 Yet once a fortnight he'd run down,
 Just for to get a pipe, or book,
 And give his wife a hasty look,
 Or say, 'he thought it very odd,
 She could not flourish like a sod,
 With fresh water and fresh air,
 And unmolested time to spare.'
 'Then back to busy life again,'
 With his enlightened fellow-men.
 He'd forget sorrow, care, and strife,
 Or, in one word, forget his wife!
 Poor Fanny's lot's by no means rare
 Amid what's called the 'British fair!'
 Through life's dull game they still must smart,
 Who vainly throw away their heart;
 Still must wives weep in 'doleful dumps,'
 As long as *clubs* alone are trumps;
 And Fanny be nor last nor least,
 To prove indeed—'all man is beast!'

"This charming poem (!) had no salutary effect upon the modern Cleopatra, who was resolved upon lavishing the pearl of single blessedness on the vinegar of matrimony. She and Captain Fitzprigem had got long past music and moonlight, and were progressing fast towards the almost conjugal state of tiffs and tears—he anathematized his agent's delay—she pleaded her father's authority. But what may not 'truths divine' effect when they come 'mended' from a pair of mustachios?—father and agent were at length both forgotten, and Cleopatra promised to elope with Captain Fitzprigem on the following night!

"The following night at length arrived. Miss Cleopatra had received a note, early in the day, from her adorer, saying he thought it would be more prudent to defer their expedition till two or three in the morning, when the whole family would be sure to be fast asleep, in which she acquiesced. But sleep for her was, of course, out of the question. In all the novels in which there were any elopements, she knew it was 'de rigueur' for the heroine to leave a letter on the table prior to her departure, to inform her disconsolate parents of the event. Miss Cleopatra had just sealed and superscribed one to 'Samuel Ketch, Esq.' that she had copied verbatim from the second volume of 'The History of Miss Emily D——,' and was descending with it to the library, which adjoined the dining-room, when she was startled by a sort of whispering noise. On

entering the room, she perceived Mr. O'Sham at a table, with a book before him, out of which he was copying the printed letters on a sheet of blank paper; or, in other words, instructing himself in the art of writing and orthography.

"'Is that yourself, miss?' said he, dropping his pen, and blotting the result of all his labours at the apparition of Miss Cleopatra, who instead of replying to his question touching her own identity, inquired what on earth kept him up till that time of night?

"'The butler's out, miss, and I promised I'd sit up and let him in.'

"'Very improper,' said Cleopatra, with a mistress of the house air, 'to be up at such an hour.'

"While she spoke, O'Sham heard the butler's signal, and went to the door to let him in. Cleopatra left the letter, and was preparing to return up stairs, when the butler, who remembered he had left some gold plate on the sideboard that evening, passed through the library into the dining-room, which he had scarcely done before he called loudly to O'Sham, who instantly came to his assistance, followed by his young mistress, who there beheld the butler in the act of tearing a black mask from one man's face, while O'Sham lost no time in securing the other, when—oh, horror of horrors!—she beheld the adored features of her much loved Fitzprigem! Still, she thought it was for her he had incurred all this danger, though the packets of plate he and his servant Jenkins, (alias his accomplice), had brought up from the pantry, might have instantaneously convinced a more suspecting person to the contrary. Mr. O'Sham, who never relaxed his grasp of the gallant Captain, threw up the window, and invoked the aid of the police, who had no sooner come to his assistance, than they pronounced Messieurs Fitzprigem and Jenkins, alias Scott and Jackson, to be two of a gang of notorious housebreakers, whom they had long been in search of. Miss Cleopatra fainted; but not before she had seen her once idolized almost husband dragged to prison. But one blow her too susceptible heart was spared—his mustachios were not of the party! * * * * *

"The next day the Ketches left Brighton. Miss Cleopatra has never been a Ketch to any second Fitzprigem—shielded, no doubt, by the unalterable conviction that

ALL MAN IS BEAST!"

"Humph," said Marmaduke, "that's not far from the truth—and I am one of the number; for here have I been all this time away from Theresa—and where the deuce did I leave Howard?"

CHAPTER IX.

“Vous n’y penserez plus, et cela me console,
S’il a pu m’échapper un ordre, une parole,
Un regard qui vous blesse, il faut tout oublier.”

G. DELAVIGNE.

“As I trembled, look’d and sigh’d,
His eyes met mine; fix’d their glories on me,
Confusion thrill’d me then, and secret joy
Fast throbbing stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upwards, turned my face to crimson.”

BROOKE’S *Gustavus Vasa*.

A NEW EDITION OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.—EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE—HOPES AND FEARS RELATIVE THERETO.—MISS PRUDENCE ABLY VINDICATES DR. DEMETRIUS DAMNEMALL FROM THE ACCUSATION OF THEOLOGICAL INTOLERANCE.—MR. HOWARD BECOMES CONVINCED IN THIS CHAPTER OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONVINCED LONG AGO.

How different is admiration from affection. “We always admire what we love, but we do not always love what we admire,” says La Bruyère, and he says truly. Admiration is a separate and distinct feeling. Affection is the only coin that can purchase affection. When we mourn for the dead, it is not so much the recollection of their great talents, their great services, or even their great virtues, that makes us weep, for these were not so much ours, as the world’s and posterity’s, and the world’s and posterity’s it is to mourn for and reward them. No, it is the remembered kind look, the soft word, the little wish anticipated, the fault pardoned, or kindly reproved, the nameless attentions, nothing in themselves, but everything to those on whom they are bestowed—these are our own—these it is that we never forget, and the memory of which causes the tears that keep green the graves of the dead, and raise to them monuments that cannot perish, and epitaphs that cannot flatter. We are told that the soldier’s mistress was more grateful to Peter the Great, for never forgetting that she was fond of wallflowers, and always bringing her home some whenever he met with them, than for making her Empress of Russia. I can readily believe it. The works of God are alone sufficient to make us wonder, admire, and worship; but the Great Being who knows the heart he has made, wins us to love Him, by telling us to “cast our burden upon Him, who careth for us”—he does not say on Him who is superior to us, and in whose power we are.

Mr. Stuart Vernon had, in a very disinterested, high-minded, and chivalric manner proposed for Miss Manners during her illness; and lest her delicacy should be shocked at the suddenness of the proceeding, he had, with the true honour of a generous mind, conducted the whole matter so as to exalt her in every possible way

—first he had obtained the approbation of his father and mother, Lord and Lady Mendip; who had humoured their mutual idol, as they had given their consent by expressing almost as much anxiety for the match as he did himself; and secondly, he assured Theresa that his motive for proposing for her thus precipitately, was in case she should have lost her beauty by the terrible illness she had sustained. To convince her, that although it might, and certainly had attracted him, yet it was not for it alone that he loved her. If she did not already like him, he implored her to take time, and try and do so. All this was very ‘preux chevalier’-like, and uncommon certainly in the nineteenth century; and it was with real pain that Theresa was obliged to reject so much devotion and magnanimity. She admired so fine a nature as it deserved, yet she could not love him, for all her memories and associations were with Cecil, to whom, indeed, she had been so forward as to surrender her heart before he had even asked it; and not having a ‘cœur d’hôpital,’ she had no room for more.—Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon! Horace, such a pretty name too—but “what’s in a name?” in any name? except the name we love—and that indeed contains the “open sesame” to the most secret recesses of all that constitutes our world;—another proof, by the bye, were it wanted, that Petrarch did not love Laura, or he would never have changed her real name of Lauretta, for the sake of harmonious versification. Had he loved her, were her name Judy, it would have seemed to him the most beautiful and the most poetical of names.

It was about a fortnight after the night on which Marmaduke had asked Cecil to watch in Theresa’s room till his return, that she was sufficiently well to get as far as a pleasant up-stairs morning room, with a southern aspect at the end of the gallery. All the family had returned to Bubble Hall about a week, and had each in their turn paid Theresa a visit on that morning, announcing collectively, and individually, the to them elating tidings, that Lord and Lady John, and their only hope, Johndina (a name invented in the overflowings of Lady John’s conjugal affection), were to arrive in a fortnight! Lady Bubble had expressed her wonder as to whether Lady John dressed well—and whether marriage had improved Lord John—and whether Johndina was fair like her mother or freckled like her father? The young ladies had stated their hopes that Sir Romulus would ask some fashionable men to the house during Lord John’s stay. Mademoiselle Perpignon had been undergoing a course of ‘Numa Pompilius,’ prior to his arrival, and vented some of its effects on Theresa. Cosmo hoped that Lord John would not presume upon his intimacy with the Latin grammar, so as to talk of it as a mutual acquaintance—and that Johndina was not a ticklish child, that screamed every time she was touched. Miss Lucretia wondered if Lord John had ever written anything for the ‘Antijacobin,’ at the

time Mr. Canning wrote for it—and whether Lady John having been nobody (she was the daughter of a respectable lead merchant who had turned his lead to gold), was all soul? Miss Prudence wondered whether they liked French or English cooking best—and hoped they attended divine service punctually, or Dr. Damnemall would be so disappointed, as she knew he expected preferment upon Lord John's coming into Shropshire, and Sir Romulus had announced that he should spare neither turtle nor tokay during the stay of his distinguished relative;—to which Miss Prudence had replied from the very depth of her digestion—“Oh dear! I do think you are so much in the right of it, Romulus.”

Theresa was half-lying half-sitting upon the sofa, wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, her face partly shaded by the lace of a morning cap, which even Mademoiselle Perpignon had pronounced to be ‘*charmante*,’ and her head half-buried in two delicately trimmed pillows, that were scarcely whiter than the beautiful little hand that was placed between them and her cheek; Miss Prudence, the last of her *levée*, sitting beside her on a chair, and helping to heighten the very becoming flush the others had talked into her face, when another knock came to the door,—it was Marmaduke, followed by Cecil, who, however, did not advance, till the former said, “Well, Theresa, do you feel sufficiently grand to receive another visitor to-day? but why have you not a warmer shawl? I thought you promised to buy one with the ten guineas I gave you on your birth-day.” All women are naturally coquettes, and Theresa's quick eye having caught a glimpse of Cecil's head, replied, as she raised herself to receive Marmaduke's salutation, without answering his question about the shawl, “Yes, quite well enough, dear uncle, to see any one you bring.”

“Then, Cecil Howard, come into court¹.”

Every one knows that love's but a child, and they also know that children can't talk as soon as they walk. Accordingly Cecil advanced, but did not utter one word. However, Miss Manners saved him the trouble, by extending her hand, and saying, “How can I ever thank you sufficiently, Mr. Howard, for all your kindness while I was ill?”

In his reply to which, Mr. Howard could get no farther than a crimson glow, and an “oh! Miss Manners!” which might have appeared awkward on his part, had not Miss Prudence filled up the pause by working her fingers and turning round to her brother, on whom she opened the following battery—

“Oh, dear, Marmaduke! 'tis so wrong of you, never by any chance to call on Dr. Damnemall, and he saw Kicksywicksy standing at the door of the ‘Pug and Primrose,’ the other day, and it is

¹ An injunction, which it will be found in the course of this chapter, Mr. Howard appears, from his subsequent obedience, to have taken literally.

but a quarter of a mile from his house. He is such a good man—he's been so kind to Mrs. Fine, in her late misfortunes—does everything he can to console her and tells her she must be prepared, in case her husband should cut his throat again, when it might be effectually. And you can't think how resigned and comfortable she seems when he talks to her so. It shows what a good man he is."

"He's a rare old humbug, and a terrible old bigot,—so horridly intolerant about Roman Catholics."

"Now, I'm so glad you've said that, for I have it in my power to give you a proof to the contrary; for an Irish gentleman, a Mr. Bogbrogue, dined with him, the other day: what's more, he brought him some whiskey from Ireland, and the Doctor seemed to enjoy it beyond everything, and that gentleman was a Roman Catholic!—there!! now what do you think of that?" and as she concluded, she gave the unoffending table before which she sat a very sharp slap.

"Why," replied Marmaduke, "I tremble for the established church, to think that one of her greatest pillars, Doctor Demetrius Damnemall, should sit at the same table with a papist, imbibing the very spirit of Catholicism!"

"Oh, dear, no! there you're wrong again: I'm confident the Doctor will never do that, for he's as staunch a Protestant as ever. I heard him tell Mr. Bogbrogue, with my own ears, that he disapproved of the fast in the Roman Catholic Church beyond everything."

"I dare say he had no objection to the feasts, though."

"Oh, I did not hear him say anything about them, but I should think not; 'cause, of course, he'd not make too many alterations at once, you know. But, I assure you, Mr. Bogbrogue is an extremely agreeable man, and so well-informed! Now, his learning is of some use. Oh, dear! he related such an interesting circumstance, which was that before the true cross fell into the hands of the infidels, all children used to have thirty or thirty-two teeth; but since that fatal time they have never had more than twenty-three*. Poor little dears! they must have enjoyed their dinners so much more, with such a number of teeth!"

"Humph! at all events, that accounts for their being so cross when they are cutting them!" said Marmaduke. "Come in," added he, in reply to a knock at the door. It was Cosmo.

"Uncle," said the latter, "papa wants to speak to you in the library;" and as he spoke, he took up a silk-bound book, with very marbly-looking hands, and began looking over the plates.

* A grave historian, Rigordus, who wrote a book in the thirteenth century, entitled *Gesta Philippi Augusti*, gravely asserts this as a fact; at all events, it must have been a sad disappointment to the infidels, to find that people were converted to Christianity in spite of their teeth.

“Cosmo,” said Marmaduke.

“Yes, uncle,” responded Cosmo, looking incipiently frightened.

“I never can see you claw a book with those Ethiopian hands of yours, without longing to admonish you, in the words of the American epitaph that Matthews tells us of, and cry out, “Paws! reader! paws!”

“Oh, dear! you should not talk to a youth of his tender years, of such dismal things as epitaphs—’tis so wrong of you.”

“What! you think the subject too grave a one, eh?”

“Oh, decidedly; no doubt of that. Dear me!” continued Miss Prudence, looking on the blanched surface of a turnip-faced watch that she had first drawn from her pocket, and then from a chamois-leather case, “it’s ten minutes past two, and the bell has not rung for luncheon yet! Now, do you know, I would not keep the best servants breathing, if they did not ring the bell for meals punctually. I assure you, I mean what I say. Oh dear! ’tis so very wrong of Lady Bubble not to speak about it; but I don’t think Irish people mind about having their meals comfortable. Cosmo, my dear, I hope you’ll never marry a wife that don’t attend to these things!”

“Why, as dinner-bells are the only belles he is ever likely to know any thing about, he had certainly better be as attentive to them as possible.”

“Yes, uncle, I shall know about other bells by and by—diving-bells, I mean, when Mr. Town’s sub-marine rail-road is finished.”

“Oh, that will be a most desperate affair, as you’ll most undoubtedly be over head and ears there.”

“Well,” said Miss Prudence, rising and following her brother and nephew out of the room, “I shall go down stairs to luncheon. As for you, Mr. Howard, I can’t think how you live, for you don’t seem to me ever to eat.” So saying, she closed the door, and Cecil found himself alone with Theresa. If hypocrisy be the homage that virtue renders to vice, timidity is as certainly the homage respect renders to love. The moment that Cecil had looked for, longed for, prayed for, had now arrived, and yet he was silent!—silent in words and in gesture. But the heart has a peculiar and separate eloquence of its own, and in looks Cecil’s knelt to Theresa.

“May I trouble you, Mr. Howard,” said she, in order to break what was to her an embarrassing absence of sound, that only made the deep pleading of Cecil’s looks echo more audibly through her heart, “May I trouble you to light that taper, as I must send off this letter?”

“Certainly,” replied he, starting from his seat. “Allow me to seal it for you,” added he, seeing Theresa’s hand tremble violently. “I fear you have exerted yourself too much—I mean, that we have all talked too much!”

"No—only I am still very weak," said Theresa, leaning back, after giving Cecil the letter.

When he had sealed it, contrary to every rule of propriety and good-breeding, he could not resist looking at the address, which was neither more nor less than

"THE HONOURABLE
HORACE STUART VERNON,"

"Theresa—Miss Manners!" exclaimed Cecil, flinging himself at her feet, "all further disguise is useless—all further restraint is impossible! I love—I adore you! I have no thought—no life—no hope beyond you. For you I live, move, and have my being—with you it rests whether I shall continue to do so, or receive at your hands a moral annihilation. Theresa, mine is no passing fancy, born of a look and quenched at a word—no boyish madness, which time can cool into reason, or interest tame into subjection. You are my sun—my soul—without which my world is darkened—my existence ceases! At your mercy I place it—but be merciful—and if you do not, cannot love me, say so at once!"

"Not love you!" said Theresa, bursting into tears, as her head sank on Cecil's shoulder; "would that be possible?"

What a divine spirit seems to mingle with our clay when we hear for the first time that we are loved, and compass, with our single arm, all that we love on earth! It is then—and then only—we feel that Time has shaken from his glass over our existence the one moment which outweighs the misery of a world, by concentrating the happiness of a life! So at least felt Cecil and Theresa, as their tears mingled and their lips met—for theirs was

"A love which pure from soul to soul might pass,
As light transmitted through a crystal glass."

For some moments, they continued silent. Theresa could not, nor had she any wish, to recall what she had said; and Cecil felt that any sound louder than the whispered murmuring of a kiss, would displace those which had made him the happiest of created beings. At length, when they did speak, it was not as each had intended, to descant on their poverty, and honourably set forth all the disadvantages by which they were surrounded—but to ask how and when and where they had first loved? Then came Cecil's catalogue of all he had endured on such a day and in such a place—when he had been certain that Theresa did not care for him, not forgetting the torments the man in black had excited in him.

"Well, to punish you for such unworthy suspicions," said Theresa, smiling, "it shall still be a mystery to you, at least for a day or two." And here followed her reminiscences of Cecil's cold looks and variation of manner which she could not understand beyond that they had the power of making her miserable or the reverse,

just according to their different alternations. "And pray," added she, playfully, "if you have loved me for the immense space of two months, how came you never to tell me so before?"

"Why," said Cecil, clasping her beautiful little hands in his, as he again knelt before her and looked up into her blushing face, "I can only answer you in the words of Dryden :

'I knew 'twere madness to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love,
But such a love kept at such awful distance,
As what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whisper there! queens may be lov'd,
And so may gods; else why their altars rais'd,
Why shine the sun, but that he may be view'd,
But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.'

And I felt, dearest, that you were all too bright for me. What business had I, with broken fortunes and not over fair prospects, to aspire to you?"

"Nay," replied Theresa, as a crimson flush suffused her face, "don't you know that I have nothing; and, worse than nothing—no prospects?"

"You have yourself," said Cecil, kissing her passionately, "beyond which earth contains neither wealth nor fame for me; besides, money may be made—I feel that wealth will yet be ours."

Alas! all lovers are like the Athenian youth, who was the first discoverer of that exquisitely beautiful red called minium, and who had no sooner found it than he believed gold might be made from it;—for to them the blush with which love tinges the cheek of beauty always appears to indicate an embryo El Dorado.

"I confess," said Theresa, with a sigh, "I dread the very natural and perhaps very prudent objections of our relations, upon whom we are both but too dependant; and with your talents they will naturally persuade you to a more advantageous, if not more ambitious course."

"And with your talents and your beauty," interrupted Cecil, "they will of course forbid your throwing yourself away upon me: here then, at least, we are upon equal terms."

"Ah Cecil," said Theresa; (but it was the first time she had called him by his name, and a kiss was the result—a barrier that for a few seconds prevented her finishing her speech), "I was going to say," continued she, "that you talk from the present without any reference to the future. From all I have heard of Lord John, he is not the sort of person to advance your fortunes if you married me; and one daily and hourly sees how Love flags and eventually flies from those who have to toil through this work-a-day world. He is an epicurean who only thrives on luxury and leisure; and I frankly tell you, there is but one thing I could not

bear for your sake—I could not bear to see and feel your regret at being pushed into a subordinate position through me—to know that the very struggles and sacrifices I made for you, by wounding your pride, would infallibly lessen your love;—for such, alas! is but too often the result in such cases.”

“Good heavens! what a wretch you must think me! You make struggles and sacrifices for me, and I requite them in any way but by adoring you, if possible, even more than I do at this moment. Ah, Theresa! you do not, cannot love one of whom you think so unworthily!”

“Not unworthily,” said Theresa, raising her eyes steadily to his; “but I have seen enough of the world, though little, to know the difference between men and women’s love. We only love the more those for whom we struggle and sacrifice. But in jostling through the intricate bye-paths of life, the rivets of a man’s heart are nearly always loosened, and his best feelings lost.”

“Well,” replied Cecil, in a suffocating, and somewhat angry voice, as he took up the letter he had sealed, and re-read the address, “here is a person who will never have to jostle through the intricate and bye-paths of life, and who consequently, is more worthy of Miss Manners than one whose brittle and valueless heart is not deemed capable by her of standing so severe a test!”

“Nay,” said Theresa, placing her small white hand on his arm, “you wrong me; it is not you I doubt so much as myself. I doubt my power of atoning and sufficing for all that for me you must give up;—all that through me you will encounter. You are not, believe me you are not, calculated to vegetate in the shade of a country life, or even stagnate in mere sun-shine. You—”

“But I do not mean,” interposed Cecil, “to live in the country, and try the dangerous experiment of love in a cottage. We will live in London, where I feel that I can and must win my way.”

“Ah! there it is,” sighed Theresa, “that is what I dread. Country poverty is never vulgar, because nature is never vulgar, and its luxuries are for all. But in artificial life, the vulgar aristocracy of wealth must of necessity be paramount, especially in England, where poverty is the only crime punishable by the laws of society. To be poor, is to lack merit, talents, beauty, and to lose caste; or, in one word, to lack advancement. And to what disadvantage does a poor wife appear, when compared to the rich, brilliant and careless beauties who fill the pageants of the world. Then, worst of all, comes custom! that false god at whose shrine all men worship, more or less, till they follow Ben Jonson’s advice, and think that

‘———Husbands must take heed,
They give no glut of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses.’ ”

“Theresa!” cried Cecil, his whole face working convulsively as he spoke, “answer me truly, has Mr. Stuart Vernon proposed for you? and—and—de—do you love him?”

“Your last question,” replied Theresa, haughtily withdrawing her hand which he had seized, “is an insult, after what has passed between us. But this letter,” continued she, breaking the seal and presenting the one she had written to Mr. Stuart Vernon to Cecil, “will answer both.”

He ran his eye hastily over the letter, which was an unequivocal refusal of Mr. Stuart Vernon’s offer, but a grateful acknowledgment of the honourable and disinterested manner in which it had been made.

“Forgive me, dearest,” cried he, dropping the letter and falling at her feet. “Never, never again shall my heart be darkened by a doubt of your affection. But oh, Theresa! I do so adore you, that I should be jealous of myself if I thought you loved me better at one moment than another.”

“Then, truly, will you be jealous without cause,” said Theresa, smiling through her tears, as Cecil kissed them off. “And now,” continued she, “as I know you are all suspicion and suspense about the poor man you saw speaking to me at Shrewsbury, I may as well tell you.”

“You shall tell me nothing,” said Cecil, placing his arm round her waist, and drawing her gently towards him, as he kissed her into silence, “except that you love me, and that you may tell me again and again, until I forget that there are any other words in the world but those, and parrot-like can repeat no other.”

“But what if you should have a relapse about the man in black, as you call him?” said she, smiling archly, “don’t you think I had better tell you, for fear of accidents?”

“No, no; there is no fear,” replied he. “I don’t want to know; the whole world may be men in black, or black men, for aught I care. You love me! you have told me so! and that is enough. We will not even talk of our future plans, for they include others. Neither is there any use, till I have officially encountered Lord John’s pomposity, in even letting Marmaduke, kind as he is, into our secrets. As for the others, they are, of course out of the question.”

In this Theresa acquiesced; for she felt, without shaping her feelings into words, that this was their dream of life, which, if realities did not dispel, they would at least disturb, and the heart is always for dreaming on. As for Cecil, in the intoxication of his present happiness, he forgot

“Friendship itself, the vanity of fame,
And all but love, for love is more than all.”

CHAPTER X.

"Some good we can all do; and if we do all that is in our power, however little that power may be, we have performed our part."—Miss BOWDLER's *Essays*.

"Methinks I see him now—

Fallen his crest, his glory gone;

The opening laurel fading on his brow—

Silent the trump of his aspiring fame!

No future age shall hear his name."

AFFABLE BEHAVIOUR OF LORD AND LADY JOHN BUBBLE AMONG THE NATIVES.—MR. MC PHIN HAS MORE PUPILS THAN HE BARGAINS FOR, AND IS AFTERWARDS ON HIS HIGH HORSE.—NOT SO SIR ROMULUS.—CHIVALRIC CONTRETEMPS.—ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. SIMPSON AND ONE FROM GERTRUDE, WHICH MAKES MR. HOWARD RESOLVE ON RUSHING INTO PRINT.

IT was now nearly the middle of December, and Lord and Lady John Bubble had been about a fortnight at Bubble Hall, where they had evinced much affability and alacrity in accepting invitations to dinner round the neighbourhood. A ball was also pending at Mrs. Whabble's; and Sir Romulus, bent upon having, as he said, "something out of the common," had inclosed a part of the common, at the back of Bubble Hall, as an amphitheatre, and issued a proclamation, bidding every one to a tournament on the first of January; for, as he justly observed to Lord John, this would be an effectual means of collecting the whole county together, and giving him an opportunity of seeing what could be done with those Tory Algerines. Lady John was to be the queen of the tournament, and great were the preparations and rehearsals that took place. Sir Romulus had decided that Mr. McPhin, from his height, should be the first to enter the lists as Don Quixote, and run a tilt with every unknown knight that might appear, while he himself was to officiate as Sancho Panza, mounted on Kicksywicksy; and Mr. Town, from having so long been his own trumpeter, was appointed herald. Cecil was to be a knight of the swan, in bright steel chain-armour; and Marmaduke had volunteered his services as his esquire, while Cosmo (though he had moved an amendment, which had been carried *nem con.*, namely, that to prevent accidents, the lances should be made of barley sugar, affixed to telescope handles), preferred acting as page to Lady John, justly considering that in all cases where there was the remotest danger,

"The post of honour is a private station."

Cecil had never liked Lord John, but now he almost hated him, for, since his arrival, he had been in the habit of expressing a hope, whenever Theresa did not come down to dinner, 'that the young person up-stairs was not worse?' What a man to be obliged to

consult upon that on which the happiness of one's life depended,—a man whose very nerves, if he had any, seemed all made of toads and tortoises, things instinct with prolonged and unfeeling life. At all events Cecil determined to put off the evil day as long as possible, and the perpetual bustle, and external ferment, Sir Romulus kept his lordship in, furnished a good pretext for so doing. As for Lady John, she was a corresponding torpidity. Her complexion and hair were of a light-drab colour; her eyes of a pale and delicate green; her nose long and thin, with a slight tinge of carnation towards the end; her lips were thin and compressed; her teeth good, but too large; and on her left cheek was a mole, out of which sprouted two long light hairs; her figure was long and flat, as if it had been pressed in a cheese-vat; her hands were large and freckled, and she always kept them crossed over her wrists, to avoid the possibility of shaking hands with any one; her voice was wiry, high-toned, and jirky, like a wheel going over a rut. The phrase “very pretty,” or, as she pronounced it, “putty,” she applied to everything, from a thunder-storm down to a toasting-fork, or from an epaulet up to an epic. There was not that living thing Lady John could not get something out of. She would have courted a spider had she wanted to get rid of a fly; and her charities were invariably dispensed through the medium of subscriptions levied on her acquaintance. She was a great person for bazaars and fancy-fairs—the surplus of which she always bought up for a song, and either appropriated to her own use, or sold at some future charity for treble the original value. As a parent, she spared no words; and if talking about it constitutes education, Johndina's was perfect. Poor child! although she was never let to touch fruit or sweetmeats, and was condemned to the most stoical abstinence; yet was a whole pharmacopœa wasted on her daily, and never was she allowed to move, sit, or stand as nature dictated, being always warned into an opposite course by an admonitory “Johndina, my love—your head,” or, “Johndina, my dear—your feet,” or, “Miss Bubble—your chin.” In person, Johndina combined the angles of her mother with the awkwardness of her father; and Lady Bubble had ascertained, to her full satisfaction, that she also combined the fairness of the one and the freckles of the other. For the rest, as far as could be surmised from so very undemonstrative a little being, she was not without feeling. Since Lady John's arrival at Bubble Hall, it had occurred to her, in the plenitude of her maternal solicitude, that Johndina might ‘pick up’ something by being in the room while her cousin Cosmo was receiving his Latin lesson; so accordingly, every day at one, Lady John and her daughter, to Mr. McPhin's great annoyance, were to be found occupying the black leather sofa in Cosmo's school-room; yet, notwithstanding her mother's injunctions to be very attentive and learn all she could,

Johndina appeared to devote more time to getting Cosmo out of scrapes, and helping him to look out words in the dictionary, than to illicit attempts to purloin his classic lore.

If it is a misfortune in some cases, it is an equal blessing in others, that children do not always grow as they are trained. The only Latin that Louis the Eleventh of France allowed his son Charles the Eighth to be taught, was the infamous maxim of Tiberius : ' *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*' Yet his ' *bon naturel*' conquered this pernicious education, and gave Philip de Comines reason to say of him : ' *Qu'il n'était pas possible de voir une meilleure créature.*' And in spite of Lady John's indefatigable efforts to make self her object, it appeared the only one of whom poor Johndina was perfectly careless.

As Lady John was sitting one morning, cutting strips of paper for poor people's pillows, Johndina helping her, and Mr. McPhin's temper oozing out at every pore at Cosmo's more than usual stupidity, his good natured little cousin thought to divert Mr. McPhin's anger and attention by soliciting a piece of information from her mother ; and therefore said, in a mild and hesitating voice, during an awful pause, in which Cosmo was twisting the leaves of his Virgil to alumettes, and Mr. McPhin had his despotic ruler already upraised for a rap on the knuckles of his devoted pupil—"Mamma."

"Hush, my dear ! you'll disturb Mr. McPhin and your cousin."

But this being precisely Johndina's aim, she returned to the charge, saying in a more assured voice, as though she would be answered,

"Mamma, I only want to ask you one question : are tories born wicked, or do they become so¹ ?

"Why—a—my love—they are born so ; for virtue and vice are always hereditary."

"Eh, not so Latin," groaned Mr. McPhin.

"Poor people !" sighed Johndina ; " then they can't help it ; for we can't be born what we please, can we, mamma ?"

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear," said Lady John, in answer to her daughter's philosophical truism, and as she spoke, she looked as profound as her words.

"I naver heered less nonsense from one of the name," muttered Mr. McPhin ; and then added aloud, addressing himself to Cosmo, and pointing to a duodecimo birch-tree, in the shape of a rod, and two crossed canes, that formed a sort of scholastic escutcheon over the mantelpiece, "Augh tell ye what it is, Maister Bubble:—ye see those instruments of war out yander? well, ye'll either pay attention, or I promise ye they shan't have a sinecure ony more than myself."

¹ This enlightened query was really put a short time ago, by a young lady, of Whig extraction, to her mother !

Cosmo unrolled the leaf he had so indefatigably rolled, and again began :

Infernus—

“Look at yer booke, sir!” thundered Mr. McPhin, the ruler descending forcibly on the table within a hair’s-breadth of Cosmo’s hand, “look at yer booke, and see if it is ‘infernus,’ ‘Infernal’ would be ‘more germain to the matter.’”

Cosmo recommenced in a whimpering voice, and the tears that fell seemed to clear his sight.

*Infernas accede domos ; et Averna per alta
Congressus pete nate, meos.*

“Eh, ot last ! aum glod to see the cataract has fallen from yer eyes to some purpose,” said Mr. McPhin, brushing away as he spoke, with one flourish of his handkerchief, Cosmo’s fast falling tears, that deluged the book.

“Oh the Algerine is here !” cried Sir Romulus, flinging open the door, followed by Archy Dunn and John Nolan, the village blacksmith, while he himself glittered in a partial suit of block-tin armour : I say partial, as there was an evident discrepancy in front, while Sir Romulus held in his right hand what had every appearance of being a colossal blancmange shape.

“Your Ladyship here !” said he, turning to Lady John ; “and what have you done with my calamity ?”

“Lady Bubble said she should go to the amphitheatre,” replied Lady John, “when I left her.”

“Not she,” said Sir Romulus ; “there’s no collecting any of them ! And McPhin, I sent six messengers after you ; what the deuce have you been about ?”

“Eh Sir !” sighed Mr. McPhin, placing his hand on Cosmo’s shoulder as he spoke ; “here have I been all the morning, like Tarquin the Proud (with a difference), conquering the Gabii (Gaby).”

“Oh ! the Algerines, there are nothing but gabies. I have had a world of trouble about my armour, and have at length been obliged to contrive this myself,” said Sir Romulus, placing the Brobdignag jelly-shape before him, which then discovered its meaning to be a sort of casket for the bay-window promontory of his figure. “The Algerines never had the wit to invent this—and consequently, my armour, as Dunn had planned it, and Nolan had executed it, was a sort of universal thumb-screw ! whereas, now,” continued he, turning leisurely round, taking off his helmet, and bowing to himself in the glass, “I’m the very glass of fashion !”

“To say nothing of the ‘mould of form,’” rejoined Mr. McPhin, pointing to the blancmange shape with which Sir Romulus had filled up the gap, or rather covered the promontory, in the front of his armour.

“Well quoted, Mr. McPhin, well quoted,” reiterated Sir Romulus, “but I want Lady John and you to come to the amphitheatre, and I’ll shew her a little fun, in the way of one of our rehearsals; for Lord Francis writes me word, that the Duke and Duchess of Arlington want to come over to see our arrangements on Monday; and it’s the very thing—Don Quixote and Sancho riding, not reading, before the Duke and Duchess—do you approve of that variation, Lady John? riding, not reading, this is just the sort of pleasantries and wit (!) to delight the Duke.

“The Duke of Arlington is a very clever person,” said Lady John.

“Very clever,” assented Sir Romulus, “it is a pity he is such a tory; but we’ll see if we can’t tilt some of his toryism out of him. McPhin, they have brought your armour home too, and I wish you would go and try it on. The gridiron bars to the vizor have a tremendous effect!—a tremendous effect! The Algerines will be frightened at the very sight of you—but away with you now and try it on, and then follow us to the amphitheatre.”

“The tin you shewed me strook me as being rather slight and easy to be perforated,” said Mr. McPhin, addressing Nolan.

“Eh, sir,” chimed in Archy, in a stage whisper, “I took the precaution of advising him to line all the back with a solid plate of iron, that they may spear ot till they’re tired, ond it will have nae effect.”

“Hoot, mon, what would ye insinuate?” replied Mr. McPhin aloud, with a mingled look of valour and vengeance; “gin yer eyes looked straight like other mortals, I should not wonder at yer seeing all things in the same point of view, but, conseedering they have chosen such opposite directions, ye might ken, that though larning generally travels by a bock road, courage does not tak the same direction.”

“Um—um—um”—bumble-bee’d Sir Romulus, “Dunn is right, precaution is every thing, and prudence the invariable badge of a hero. Marshal Saxe never would fight a duel—looked carefully under his bed every night, and never got into it without locking his door, for fear the Algerines should murder him.—Ahem, Nolan, I think a plate of iron would be an improvement down the back of my corselet, just to steady it, nothing more.”

While Sir Romulus was thus evidently taking pains to avoid a servile imitation of the great Condé, however he might laud Marshal Saxe, Lady John looked ready to exclaim with the sister of the former, Mme de Longueville, “je n’aime point les amusements honnêtes,” as she took Sir Romulus’s glittering arm, while he led the way like an ambulating tin-mine to the amphitheatre. Upon arriving there, they found the rest of the family assembled. On the walls behind the seats were rude frescoes, on one side representing

the Borgo and Città of St. Marino, and on the other the interior of the chapel, with the people at high-mass, expelling Cardinal Alberoni, and his attendants, when, in 1740, he made an attempt to bring their little republic under the dominion of the Pope.

“How beautiful,” said Cecil, pointing to the mimic representation of the Borgo—“are those Tuscan plains, even in this daub!”

“Um—um—um—Tuscan! my dear fellow, I’m surprised at you. St. Marino is only twelve miles from Rimini. If that Algerine, Cosmo, had made such a mistake, I should not have been surprised—but you!”

“He has made no mistake,” interposed Marmaduke, while Cecil contented himself with a compassionate smile, “he is perfectly justifiable in calling them Tuscan plains. Polybius describes that immense plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and the Hadriatic, and also the plains about Mola and Capua, called the Phlegraran Fields, as anciently inhabited by the Tuscans—and this people’s territory, he says, formed incomparably the finest portion of Europe. However, before Polybius wrote his history, the dominions of the Tuscans had contracted to a narrow span: and, according to the parlance of the modern Italians, while the Pope possesses the marrow, the Grand Duke has now only the bones of Italy.—So, classically speaking, Howard made no mistake at all.”

“Oh dear!” said Miss Prudence, calling to Cosmo to come and help her down off the benches upon which she had clambered—carefully tucking up her gown all round her,—“Oh dear! the carpenter has made a very great mistake—he’s gone and nailed up this door.”

“Oh my dear, the mistake was in the Algerine’s making a door there at all—it would have killed all the people with the draught that came from it.”

“But what I look to, Romulus,” rejoined Miss Prudence, “is the immense way they’ll have to bring the refreshments round; and at this time of the year, all the soups and things will get stone-cold, and I do dislike cold soup beyond everything.”

“What you want, I suppose,” laughed Sir Romulus, “is to have the thing conducted on the plan of the Lord Mayor’s journeys—when the papers inform us that his Lordship stops every quarter-of-an-hour to take luncheon till dinner is ready.”

“One thing is certain,” said Marmaduke. “Prudence’s ‘Réunions’ would differ widely from the ‘Symposia’ of the Greeks, or the ‘Convivia’ of the Romans; for, instead of philosophical dialogues, and epideiktic orations, she would have nothing discussed but soups and sirloins. All else is caviar to her multitude.”

“Oh, dear! how very tiresome it is that one cannot mention a cow’s horn, Marmaduke, but what you will dose one with Greek

and Latin, which you know I dislike beyond everything! You don't tease Lucretia in that way, and I can't see why you should me."

"Most worthy Prue, the difference is great between you. Lawyer-like, you eat your terms, and, therefore, are entitled to a little civil strife. Whereas, Lucretia's life is modelled on the '*nocte sera deditam lanæ inter lucubrantes ancillas*,' which Livy ascribes to her Roman namesake; but that Prudence may no longer pity you for my neglect,—what art reading, Lucretia?" added he, turning to that amiable spinster, who, not to lose time, was never without a book, and was now applying her handkerchief to her eyes, on the perusal of some tender tale, described on hot-pressed paper, and bound in crimson silk.

"Oh, a tale of simple village-love that is most touching!" responded Miss Lucretia, "between Betty Barton, a dairy-maid, and John Jenkins, a carpenter. John has just seized Betty's soft white hand, and in the most refined and respectful manner says to her, 'Betty, cannot my feelings blush themselves into your notice! or must they resort to the coarse medium of words to make themselves understood?' is it not beautiful?" murmured Miss Lucretia, again using her handkerchief.

"Fudge!" cried Marmaduke, "no Betty Barton and John Jenkins in England ever made love in that way; and these arcadian descriptions of the lower orders of the English make me sick, it is such d—d nonsense!"

"How does your ladyship approve of this sort of thing!" inquired Sir Romulus of Lady John, alluding to his preparations for the tournament; but following as it did so closely on the heels of Marmaduke's philippic, she concluded it related to that, and merely replied:

"Oh, very putty!" which she thought must please all parties, as Lucretia might take it in the light of a panegyric on the tale she admired, Marmaduke as an acquiescence in his critique, and Sir Romulus as a satisfactory and complimentary answer to his question.

Here Mr. McPhin appeared, heralded by peals of laughter on the part of Cosmo, and great neighing on that of Kicksywicksy, who was led in by a groom in the rear of the large white cart-horse, on which Mr. McPhin was mounted, no other having been deemed sufficiently strong to bear so great a hero. The tin in the pseudo knight of La Mancha's armour was, as he had before hinted, rather thin; consequently, every movement he made, it flashed and rattled into dimples, alias bulges like itinerant thunder and lightning, packed in a strolling company's caravan. His helmet was painted black, with a small white windmill on the top, and a vizard of black gridiron bars, which had, as Sir Romulus had announced, "a tremendous effect." A lion's tail had been purchased from a neigh-

bouring menagerie, which, hanging gracefully down from the back of his helmet, considerably added to his formidable appearance. On his shield was emblazoned an appropriate coat of arms. Crests, a goose gorged with a broken heart, and donkey rampant, three gules argent. On the dexter side, a cap of maintenance with bells. Ground or, a cat's paw, with three chestnuts azure. Supporters, two female figures in white. Motto, 'Certum pete finem.'

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Sir Romulus. "Cervantes himself would be delighted with you; and here is your Dulcinea all ready," added he, pointing to Mademoiselle Perpignon, who had provided herself with a lap full of beans, in order to 'Del Toboso' Mr. McPhin as much as possible.

"Eh, sir," cried the latter, wheeling his huge quadruped short round, out of the meridian glare of Mademoiselle's glances, "Au've always conseedered thot fat scullion os the most superfluous and inconvenient perte of the booke."

"Oh, you Algerine! you've no gallantry in you; but just get down and help me up, will you, for this little devil is plunging and capering worse than ever."

Mr. McPhin did as he was desired; but just as he had placed one foot on the ground, and was in the act of releasing the other from the stirrup, Kicksywicksy seemed to resent his want of politeness in turning his back to her, for she no sooner perceived it than she began butting her head vehemently, when, getting on the blind side of Mr. McPhin, she charged so furiously against the anterior part of his armour, that, but for the plate of iron Archy Dunn had had the precaution to have it lined with, she must have executed an indenture so disadvantageous to Mr. McPhin as to have irrevocably disqualified him from resuming his seat. However, no sooner was Sir Romulus, by the joint assistance of himself and the groom, safely mounted, than he began practically to illustrate the motto on his shield, by aiming a blow at the sure end of Kicksywicksy, which so exasperated that high-mettled little animal, that she reared up on her hind legs, thereby disencumbering herself of Sir Romulus, who rolled to a considerable distance in the saw-dust, his very worldly wig and helmet deserting him in his misfortunes, while the springs of the blancmange shape being loosened in the fall, it flew upwards and descended upon his rampant, feet fettering him beyond all power of extrication, while Kicksywicksy set off full gallop, racing round and round the amphitheatre, putting every one to flight before her, and considerably exhilarated by the screams of the ladies.

"Stop that Algerine of a pony!" cried Sir Romulus, as soon as he could speak. "Where's my calamity?"

"Where is it not?" said Marmaduke, taking the tin shape off his feet; "for you appear overwhelmed with calamities of every kind."

"A—just so—just so—a," chimed in Colonel King, entering at a side door, and picking up, on the end of his cane, Sir Romulus's wig and helmet, while Captain Russell succeeded in catching Kiksy-wicksy's bridle; upon which the ladies ventured to descend from the upper benches, where they had taken refuge. As soon as Sir Romulus was again on his feet, had re-adjusted his wig and consoled himself with a pinch of snuff, he turned to Lady John, saying,

"Well, I think we have had enough of fun for to-day. What do you think of it?"

"Oh very putty—very putty indeed," drawled Lady John.

"I had no idaya, my dear," said Lady Bubble, "that such a little animal could have thrown you to a such a distance."

"It only shows," replied Marmaduke, "that the greatest man may be laid low in a moment."

"A—just so—just so—a," assented Colonel King.

"Oh dear! I don't know when I've heard you talk so sensible, Marmaduke—now quite remarkable so;—'tis like an observation Dr. Damnemall would have made."

"How very well you have arranged all this," said Colonel King, looking round the amphitheatre "uncommonly well!"

"What do you think of the paintings? pretty—ain't they?" asked Miss Prudence.

"A—very—a—very. Do you draw at all?" inquired the affable Colonel, by way of saying something more than from any desire to acquire the information he asked.

"Oh dear, no—not at all; but I've a new teapot that draws uncommon well."

Here Lord John made his appearance, looking like an embodied frost; and after his best county shake of the hand with Colonel King and Captain Russell, he presented several letters to Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, and Cecil, who with Theresa retired to read his. One was from Gertrude by which it was evident that she was becoming attached to Lord Mornington, and it might be fairly surmised he had given her cause so to be; a whole page she then devoted to praises of his mother, and lamentations over the bad health and low spirits of Lady Mornington's brother, Sir Headworth Clavering, who had lost all his children. Gertrude ended her letter by saying, that a furious attack had just appeared on the Duke of Arlington, in the shape of a very clever pamphlet, the author of which nobody knew. Cecil's other letter was from Mr. Simpson, filled with statistical descriptions of Ireland and the Irish, and a minute account of the approaching nuptials of his friend Mr. O'Gander Braddle, for whom he had designed two bridal offerings in the shape of seals. One was to consist simply of his crest, a stag's head, while the other was to be an anchor, wreathed with heart's-ease, with the charming motto, "May they be yours."

After perusing this interesting document, Cecil again read his sister's letter, and ended by writing up to Ridgway for the pamphlet she mentioned, determining to answer it. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Duke of Arlington's public and private character. But this was not all : he could not come into public notice under fairer auspices than by a successful defence of that great man. Alas ! poor human nature ! Science itself might remain dormant, and philosophy stand still, but for the impetus of private motives. I very much doubt if Descartes would ever have attempted to subvert Peripateticism, had he not been addicted to passing sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty in bed.

CHAPTER XI.

“Preachers have I heard, who were just for all the world like mummers, which I once saw at Valladolid, when I went upon some business of the Holy office ; and there were stage-plays acted ;—just so they throw about their hands as the toppingest man among the mummers.”—FRIAR GERUND.

DR. DAMNEMALL PREACHES BEFORE LORD JOHN.—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN MARMADUKE AND MISS PRUDENCE, AS TO THE MERITS OF HIS DISCOURSE.—TALES OF THE WOODS AND FIELDS—NOT THOSE OF THE CHARMING AUTHOR OF “TWO OLD MEN'S TALES.”—MR. HOWARD DEFENDS THE DUKE OF ARLINGTON.—MARMADUKE SUGGESTS THE EXPEDIENCY OF A “FLAGELLUM PARLIAMENTARIUM” FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

THE day after the rehearsal for the tournament being Sunday, all the family at Bubble Hall proceeded to church, Lord and Lady John, and Sir Romulus and Lady Bubble occupying one carriage, while Miss Prudence, Mademoiselle Perpignon, and Cosmo, filled another. The rest of the party, consisting of Cecil, Theresa, Marmaduke, the two young ladies, and Miss Lucretia, preferred walking, as the morning was fine, and the church only the distance of a mile across the fields. This was Lord and Lady John's first appearance at the village fane, they having been too tired after their journey on the preceding Sabbath to go to church. Great was the commotion their advent occasioned ; several of the officers and townspeople had deserted their church at Shrewsbury on this memorable occasion. Dr. Damnemall himself rustled in a new surplice, while Mrs. Damnemall seemed to have impied her bonnet with a dozen ostrich wings, and dipped them in a rainbow afterwards. Mrs. Town headed a squadron of her sons in a pew to themselves, while Mr. Town sat in one to himself behind them. Major and Mrs. Whabble, their “fine family,” and Mrs. Jinks, occupied a conspicuous pew in the centre aisle, and were all, except the Major, dressed in a full livery of pepper-and-salt cloth, braided with black—such as Mr. Howard had described to Archy Dunn as being the reigning mode in London !

Dr. Damnemall having, during the catechism of the charity children on the preceding Saturday, particularly impressed upon them the imperative duty of subordination to those placed in authority over them, had ordered them to rise simultaneously the moment that Lord and Lady John entered the church, which they obeying to the letter, the shuffling of feet and rustling of serge became so tremendous, that it resembled the whizzing sound of the approach of the Glums and Gowries as described in "Peter Wilkins," and caused Lady John to remark to her Lord, that it was a very "putty" sight to see so many of the *rising* generation together. Miss Prudence had gone into Mrs. Damnemall's pew, where she had an opportunity of remarking that there were five more loaves on the shelf to be given out on this Sunday than the last; and also how exceedingly well the doctor was looking in his new surplice; and for her part she was not sure that she did not prefer the church to the army or the royal navy!

In figure Dr. Demetrius Damnemall gave one the idea of Sir John Falstaff in full canonicals. His face was of a ruddy purple; his cheeks ample, and overflowing as it were, on his snow-white muslin cravat; his forehead was low; his eye-brows bushy; his eyes dark; his right eyelid drooping exceedingly; his nose was small and straight; his lips voluminous; his teeth white; and his chin cleft like a peach; his ears were red and downy, like large red gooseberries, the ample ends of which were doubled up by the interference of his cravat; his hands were very large and very white; his nails very long, and very pointed; on the little-finger of his left hand he wore a large oval red cornelian antique, representing the miracle of the loaves and fishes—on that of the right hand, an equally large emerald, formerly in the possession of Thomas-à-Becket. "Take him for all in all," a portly-looking man was Dr. Demetrius Damnemall—and no wonder Miss Prudence preferred the church in that form, to either the army, or "the Royal Navy!"

The church at Bubbleton not possessing an organ, the Doctor had been particular in getting extra musicians against Lord John's arrival; and most of his parishioners being puritanical like himself, had volunteered their services, so that he had secured the reinforcement of a clarinet, and a sort of Sternhold and Hopkins' edition of King David on the harp;—to be sure they were not exactly in unison, but this only produced the more variety. Peter Partridge, the clerk, who, from his lathy appearance, had obtained the soubriquet of "long cloth," in contrary distinction to the Doctor's 'nom de guerre' of "broad cloth," had, from officiating in the double capacity of waiter and of clerk, contracted a habit of bowing every time he opened his mouth; and report went so far as to say, that at several of the vestal tea parties where he attended, he had been heard, when asked for, or told to do anything, to reply "Amen."

Seeing that Lord and Lady John were seated, and all the silks and satins in the church comfortably adjusted, he gave out in a truly forlorn-hope whine, the following hymn :—

“The saints should never be dismay’d,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The lord he will appear.”

“Oh dear! ’tis so applicable to Lord John,” whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall, while twang went the harp, and out squeaked the clarinet, accompanied by the dulcifluous nasalities of the charity-children.

“That Algerine of a clarinet,” murmured Sir Romulus to Lord John, “is out of tune. My calamity has a prodigiously fine ear; had they consulted her, she would have put them right.”

The service then proceeded much as usual, except that in the litany the Doctor delivered with peculiar emphasis—“That it may please Thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding,” looking full at Lord John.

There had been great feuds in the parish lately; several of the children’s parents, and consequently the children themselves, stealing away whenever they could, to hear a very orthodox and excellent, but by no means puritanical, clergyman, of the name of Faithful, read the church service, which he did twice a-week at Shrewsbury;—consequently, as parochial business must be attended to, Dr. Damnemall took his text from chap. XXX, of Isaiah :—“Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me.” After for some time forcibly anathematising the sin of disobedience, the Doctor got into the midst of the Deluge, and floated for some time on the surface of the waters, till the ark landed; when he pointed out how the best men may be tempted to err, and lamented over Noah’s inebriety—adding, “Oh my infantine brethren!—for it is to you I address myself—Drunkenness is a dreadful sin! In the archives of our erring sister, the Roman Church, it is related, that the devil (for oh! he is a subtle devil), offered a poor saint his choice of three sins, compelling him to chuse one. Thinking to chuse the least, he selected drunkenness—but when drunk, lo! he committed the other two! therefore, I say unto ye, beware! beware! beware!” here the Doctor’s ‘verbum ardens’ and happy facility of expression, hurried him on, till he found himself at Belshazzar’s feast, when he exclaimed—“What a fine sight this must have been, a thousand of his lords!!! Our House of Lords! my beloved sinners! is a very pleasing, nay, a very edifying sight; but what is that compared to Belshazzar’s, with his thousand lords all seated side by side at a sumptuous feast, where was no doubt every delicacy of the season!!” As I always endeavour to

¹ I think it right to state, lest I should incur the odium of treating irreverently so sa-

instil into you, my Christian brethren, respect for your superiors is one of your greatest virtues! Moses was a weak young man! still he was God's prime-minister! and, as such, to be respected!!!"

"Insufferable stuff!" said Marmaduke, as the Doctor concluded; "it is a disgrace to allow such people to profane God's temple, and scandalize religion."

"Oh, dear, what an edifying discourse!" exclaimed Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall. "I assure you, the way in which the Doctor described Belshazzar's feast, made me quite hungry. Oh, dear! I could actually see the things before me. It shows what a clever man he is. If Lord John does not get him made a Dean after that sermon, I'll never say that any one can live by their wits again!"

"I hope I see your ladyship quite well?" said Mrs. Whabble, simpering up to Lady Bubble; and then added in a whisper, "Do you think I could prevail upon Lord and Lady John to come to my ball on the 26th? I should be so proud if they would, and I assure you some of the most genteel people in the neighbourhood are coming to me."

"I'm sure they'd be very happy," replied Lady Bubble, who knew how anxious Lord John was to be introduced to Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes. "I'll introduce you to Lady John. Lady John, allow me to introduce you to Major and Mrs. Whabble—Lord John, Major and Mrs. Whabble."

"Most happy to have the opportunity of making Colonel Whabble's acquaintance," said Lord John, looking as if he was going to be hanged.

"Your lordship has promoted me, for I'm only a major yet," said that worthy individual.

"No, but Her Majesty soon will promote you," chimed in Sir Romulus. "So you see the colonel (kernel) lies in a nutshell—lies in a nutshell! ha! ha! ha! do you approve of my wit, Lord John?"

"Wit?" responded Lord John, innocently; "oh—ah—yes, very good."

"Are you Lady John Bubble?" said Master Whabble, grasping her ladyship's dress so emphatically that he nearly severed it from her body as he stared up into her face.

"Yes, my dear, I am," replied she, with great elective-franchise suppression of temper.

"Ma—ma—I say, ma," vociferated that charming child, mistaking his mother's boa for a bell-rope, and tugging at it accordingly, "she's just like any other woman!"

"Hush, James; you should never make remarks."

"Oh, I think it's so putty to hear his remarks," fibbed Lady

cred a subject, that this sermon was actually preached, verbatim, with what follows about Moses, six months ago, by a clergyman of the Established Church!—not at Shrewsbury, but in one of the eastern counties.—*Sic itur ad astra.*

John, and thought that if that did not secure Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes, her husband had no chance of his election.

"Oh, sir," cried Mrs. Jinks, puffing and panting up to Cecil, while she made ineffectual efforts to disencumber her right hand of a plum-coloured leather glove, "Oh, sir, I'm so glad to see you again. I assure you, I often talk to my daughter, Mrs. Major Whabble, who, I believe, you've had the pleasure of being introduced to, of the agreeable journey we had together from Lunnun. I ope the 'Merican gentleman was quite well when you heerd from him, for I everheerd him saying as he should write to you. He banged Cocker at 'rethmatic, didn't he? lor! I never! But ow ave you been since, sir?"

"Quite well, I thank you. May I venture to hope that you have quite recovered the effects of your fall?"

"Oh, lor! don't talk of it! we make a joke of it now. The Major, he's so full of his fun, that he says I might have seen by the halmi-nack that there would be a fall of some kind about that time, and that the Rocket being a hopposition coach, that was the reason as they lowered the fare. We do run on so, to be sure; but lor! I was such a mass of bruises for more nor six weeks after. You can't think how quite black and gray! like this here p'lese. Dear! sir, it was uncommon kind of you to tell Dunn what all the fine ladies in Lunnun was a wearing, for I do love anything flashy and genteel in the way of dress; aud doesn't Mrs. Major look particklar well in hers?"

"Annihilatingly so, indeed," smiled Cecil.

"I'm glad you think so," said Mrs. Jinks, "for Jane, I mean Mrs. Major Whabble, is so partial to fashionable men, you can't think,"

"Pitiable creatures!" murmured Cecil.

"Doctor," said Sir Romulus, as he stepped into the carriage, "will you and Mrs. Damnemall dine with us to-morrow?—and you'll meet with a liberal turtle and a tory duke."

The Doctor, justly considering both excellent things in their way, and in his way, accepted the invitation. As the carriages drove off, and the pedestrians paired off, Mrs. Jinks again wrung Cecil's hand, and, indeed, his heart, by expressing a fervent wish that they might always travel together. While Dr. Damnemall, after expressing a great deal of vulgar surprise at Marmaduke's early rising within the last few months, added.

"But, my dear sir, how uncommonly well you are looking!"

"Well, sir," said Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground, and giving the Doctor a sort of ogre-in-Puss-in-boots look (that is, as if he was going to transform him from a lion into a mouse), "Well, sir, if I am, what of that?—there's no act of Parliament against my looking well, is there?"

"Certainly not, my dear sir, certainly not," replied the terrified divine; "but you are looking so wonderfully well!"

“Glad of it!—glad of it!—shows there’s no resemblance between my looks and your preaching. Good morning to you!—and ‘Good Lord deliver us’ from Dr. Damnemall!” added he, as he cleared the stile from the churchyard into the field. “That man is too much for my temper,” continued Marmaduke; “and yet I’ve no doubt that unmitigated old fool, my sister Prudence, will tell us all when we get home, that she enjoyed the tissue of nonsense that fellow called a sermon ‘beyond everything.’”

“I think,” remarked Miss Lucretia, mildly, “that it was too political.”

“Political! what do you mean by that? As far as the church went, it was most impolitic; for it was enough to bring any church into disgrace.”

“Why—a—I mean calling Moses a weak young man, and God’s prime-minister, was evidently an allusion to Lord John,” said Miss Lucretia.

“Couldn’t be—couldn’t be; for he’s a weak old man, and not a prime-minister—only a man who primes the minister. Would to heaven he’d make him *go off*!”

“Oh well, you gentlemen know best,” deferred Lucretia; “but I should have thought it a political sermon.”

“Who’d have thought it? Moses caught it,” laughed Marmaduke.

Here Cecil, who was walking on before with the two young ladies and Theresa, and who was afraid the wind blew too coldly in her face, stopped to settle her veil, which had become untied, and as Marmaduke and Lucretia brought up the rear, they stopped too, when from behind the hedge they overheard the following colloquy:

“John, why doesn’t spake?”

“Got nothing to sye (say).”

“Why doesn’t tell me eh lovest me?”

“I tauld ee that afore.”

“Why doesn’t kiss me then?”

“I will present-ly¹.”

“I tell ee what, John Brough, there’s no use in our keeping company, if you goes on in this way.”

“You be always in such a hurry, and no good ever comes along of being in a hurry.”

“Missis says as she’ll get another servant gal if I asks leave to go out so often; and she do storm so about the butter, I shall have to leave off giving ee buttered toast with ee tea.”

“No don’t ee,” responded John, “and I’ll kiss ee now.”

As Sir Giles Overreach says, the kiss “came twangingly off,” and the first speaker resumed,

¹ This dialogue is taken down, verbatim, from one that a friend of the author’s overheard in Berkshire.

"You don't know how out a-pocket I be along of you, John. Missis (drat her!) never leaves the key in the tea-chest now."

"I tauld ee I'd make ee the feller to it, if so be you could lay hold on it for half an hour; and then you no call to be out of pocket, Sal."

"It's more easily said than done, John Brough. An honest, hardworking, 'dustrious gal has no chance with such an old skin-flint as she. Mary Cook, at Mrs. Whabble's, do a-complain sadly; but as I tells her, her missis be a lady mayoress to Mrs. Town. Lor! if there aint a man's hat a-listening, t'other side of the hedge!" almost screamed Sally. "Why don't ee wallup un, John?"

"I wull present-ly," answered the procrastinating John. This was enough. Marmaduke and Cecil burst out into a loud laugh; and, not waiting for Mr. Brough's 'present-ly,' walked on.

"Now is not this exactly what I always tell you?" said Marmaduke to Miss Lucretia; "common people invariably pair (for I cannot call it making love) after this fashion, and do not, as described by some Arcadian writers, talk lilies and roses, and look doves and deities."

"I should hope," said Miss Lucretia, sentimentally, "that those wretches are a solitary instance, and that more pure ethereal refinement palpitates in humble hearts, and sublimates rural love than in any other."

"D——d nonsense!" cried Marmaduke—an exclamation he continued to mutter till he reached home, where the rest of the party had arrived before them. In the library he found Mr. Town confidentially sycophantizing to Lord John, from whom he had extorted a promise to lay his plan for a submarine railroad before the House of Commons; and in return, like a true insect, he thought the best way of buzzing his flattery into Lord John's ear, was to sting the reputation of the Duke of Arlington, whose speaking he was depreciating as tame and cold. Had Mr. Town made his misstatement to Cecil alone (coming as it did from so insignificant a quarter), he would not have thought it worth refuting; but being anxious that Lord John should not labour under any false impression as to his political tenets, he rejoined, with some warmth, and rather ironically:

"Notwithstanding the veto of so good a judge, I cannot coincide in that opinion; for if (which I am willing to admit) the Duke sometimes creeps with Timæus, he as often, if not oftener, lightens and thunders with Pericles; and, as too many of his contemporaries have reason to know, his invective is so withering and terrible, that all things perish beneath its influence, like vegetation over which a sirocco has passed; and his irony, however strong, is always dignified, while his power of ridicule is perfectly irresistible. In fact, as an orator, I never heard nor read of any one who

possesses such light and shade : for whether he rises to epic sublimity or sinks to colloquial familiarity, the result is always the same—that of leaving a fact or an image the more in one's memory or one's imagination. But more than all, I venerate his total absence of party spirit—that only test of unimpeachable political integrity ;—for whether the caprice of a monarch or the prejudices of a people are to be offended, and consequently his favour with the one or his popularity with the other to be risked, he cares not, as long as right is to be pursued or good to be achieved, though I grant that nature must claim the merit of this ; for his is one of those master spirits that never can sink to the grovelling paths of meaner minds. In fact, what was said of Napoleon may be with truth asserted of him :

“ The ebb and flow of his single mind,
Are as tides to the rest of mankind.”

Therefore, born to sway and to command, it is not likely that he should ever succumb either to murmuring complaisance or to spurious pride, that licks the dust.”

“ Really,” replied Lord John, raising his eyebrows and pitching his voice three degrees below zero, “ such intemperate zeal in behalf of the Duke of Arlington, I must observe, Mr. Howard, comes with a bad grace from any relative of mine, however distant, sir—however distant.”

“ I am sorry,” said Cecil, “ that my manner should have offended you. The utterance of my opinions I certainly may suppress ; but the opinions themselves I cannot alter.”

“ God forbid that you should !” exclaimed Marma duke ; and then added, “ I tell you what, Cecil—suppose you and I write an ‘ abstract and brief chronicle’ of both Houses of Parliament, eh ? We’d have ’em on the hip there !”

“ What, like Mr. Greville’s delightful ‘ Book of Maxims’” asked Cecil.

“ No, no ; more to the purpose than that—plain truths, and no fiction. Stay, like this,” continued Marmaduke, reaching down a small volume, entitled ‘ Flagellum Parliamentarium ; being Sarcastic Notices of the First Parliament after the Restoration,’ and then read out the following passages from it :

“ ‘ DEVON.—Sir Thomas Clifford.—The grandson of a poor Devonshire vicar—treasurer of the Household—one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury—Bribemaster-General.

“ ‘ Sir Gilbert Talbot.—The King’s Jeweller—a great cheat at bowls and cards ; not born to a shilling.

“ ‘ Sir Courtney Poole.—The first mover for chimney-money, for which he had the court thanks, but no snip.

“ ‘ Peter Prideaux.—A secret pensioner of 200*l.* per annum and his daily food.

“ ‘ Henry Ford.—So much in debt he cannot help taking his bribe and promise of employment.

“ ‘ Sir John Shaw.—First a vintner’s poor boy, afterwards a customer that cheated the nation of 100,000*l*.

“ ‘ Anthony Ashley—son to the lord that looks on both sides, and one Wry, who is the great bribe taker, and has got and cheated, 150,000*l*.

“ ‘ ESSEX.—Sir Harbottle Grimston—Master of the Rolls.

“ ‘ Then comes Sir Richard Wiseman, with no comment, good, bad, or indifferent, appended to his name, and, like many of the wise men of the present day, I doubt not, felt himself more aggrieved than any of them, by such total oblivion. Next follows

“ ‘ Thomas King—a poor beggarly fellow, who sold his voice to the Treasury for 50*l*. bribe.

“ ‘ GLOUCESTER.—Sir Bayn Throgmorton—who has 300*l*. per annum in land given him.

“ ‘ Sir Edward Massy—a Command in Ireland, and 10,000*l*. per annum there.

“ ‘ HEREFORD.—Thomas Price—a debtor to the King 1,500*l*.

“ ‘ Roger Vaughan—a pitiful pimping bedchamber man to his Highness, and Captain of a foot company.

“ ‘ Sir John Barnaby—(another nonentity.)

“ ‘ HERTFORD.—Samuel Grimstone—a silly son of the Master of the Rolls, and son-in-law to the Attorney-General.

“ ‘ Thomas Lord Fanshaw—a pensioner, and much in debt.

“ ‘ LINCOLN.—Sir Robert Carr—married first his mother’s maid, to whom he gave a 1,000*l*. that she would not claim him, because he was married to Secretary Bennett’s sister. He had a list of his debts given into the bribe-master Clifford’s hands, who has already paid off 7,000*l*. of them.’

“ ‘ Now here,” continued Marmaduke, “ is a poor man that is to be pitied—one of the members for Cambridge,

“ ‘ Sir Charles Wheeler, a foot Captain, once flattered with hopes of being Master of the Rolls, now Governor of Nevis, and a Privy-chamber man.

“ ‘ William Lord Allington—a Chatham collector, and a court cully, laughed at by them.

“ ‘ LANCASTER.—Sir William Bucknell—once a poor Factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the revenues of England and Ireland, on the account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given 20,000*l*.

“ ‘ WILTS.—Sir Stephen Fox—once a link boy, then a singing boy at Salisbury, then a serving man, and permitting his wife to be a philanthropic beyond the seas; at the Restoration was made Paymaster to the Guards, where he has cheated 100,000*l*., and is one of the green cloth.

“ ‘ Henry Clark—hath had a lick at the bribe jar.

“ ‘ William Ashburnham—not born to a farthing—now Cofferer.

“ ‘ WALES.—Edward Progers.—A bed-chamberman, not born to a farthing.

“ ‘ Sir Herbert Price.—Master of the king’s household : pays no debts ; his son in the guards, his daughter with the queen.

“ ‘ Roger Whitby.—Knight Harbinger, means honestly, but dares not show it.’

“ Poor, pitiful knave !” exclaimed Marmaduke, “ he is worse than if he meant dishonestly, and dared show it, inasmuch as that cowardice and hypocrisy are the worst of sins : but don’t you think a very amusing comparative analysis might be written of the House of Commons of the present day ?”

“ If true, it would, I fear, be more disgraceful than amusing,” replied Cecil.

“ Such a work,” said Lord John, taking his hat, and leaving the room, followed by Mr. Town, “ would be a violation of the laws of the land, and of the laws of society !”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha !” laughed Marmaduke, “ the laws of the land, and the laws of society, a fine peroration ! but he’d better have kept it for the opening of the next budget !”

CHAPTER XII.

“ How strange that a day, nay, an hour, a minute, may bring us acquainted with one that shall be knit with our future destinies, yet of whose very existence we were ignorant the preceding hour.”—FRANCIS FLOWERDALE.

“ It is not the hunger which interests us, but the distress which that hunger occasions.”—ADAM SMITH.

A WALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.—SEEDS, FROM WHICH SPRING CHARITY.—ONE MYSTERY SOLVED, ANOTHER BEGUN.—CECIL AND THERESA MEET—NOT IN A CROWD.

LOVE’S creed is an Athenian one, that peoples the world with deities ; the object of his choice being the great Jupiter, that inhabits the region of the heart ; Jealousy the Neptune, that lashes into storms the restless ocean of thought ; Fear and Incertitude, the watchful Nereides that haunt the mysterious streams of imagination ; and Hope, the mighty Dis, that rules over the vast and undiscovered future : while not a hue, a tint, a sound, an echo, of this visible and material world ; not a blush upon the flower, a shade upon the forest, a ripple upon the wave, the murmured secrets of the winds and the trees, the vigils of the stars, or the gushings of the fountain, but what become the voices and the omens of the tutelary divinities on his self-elected altars ; till the mythology of the heart, like that of the Greeks, multiplies its creation beyond the power of the wide Pantheon of imagination to

contain its images. Yet, among this plurality of gods common to both, what is wanting to each? Reality. This craving for the real it was which made the Athenians, amid their myriads of imaginary divinities, still erect another altar, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD;" this craving for the real it is, that makes all who love cling to the present; and it was this feeling which made Cecil shrink from communicating with Lord John on the subject of his marriage with Theresa; for he felt that so doing might end that present, which, in their scale of happiness, was all that they could call their own. Differing, too, as he did from him, not only in politics but in most things, he scarcely knew what even to ask, much less to hope, from him; besides, in order to deal with a man, you must know his temper, by which you can lead him—or his ends, by which you can persuade him—or his friends, by whom you can govern him; but Lord John was a combination of negatives. He had no temper, or if he had, it was of so stagnant and sluggish a nature, that it was difficult to know of what properties it consisted; for his ends, they were equally inscrutable; as ambition had been "thrust upon him," and was therefore neither the bit that he champed, nor the spur that urged him onward: and as for friends, even the members of his party had never shackled themselves with so empty a name.

Among the mass of mankind all are idolaters: some of interest (and these are the most numerous); some of fame; some of power; some of wealth, which is power, for it matters little what may be the virtue, knowledge, and integrity of one man,—or the profligacy, villainy, and hypocrisy of another,—let but poverty cast a shadow over the former, and wealth a halo around the latter, society is ever ready to turn its back on the one, and open its arms to the other. Some few worship Love; some fewer Wisdom,—or what they deem such; for there is a mysterious circle in the economy of human affairs, which, after the most laborious and extended researches of philosophy, the deepest and most careful excavations of science, forces wisdom to content itself, or, at least, to sit down with so large a portion of negative knowledge, that it meets ignorance half-way, by still taking refuge in doubt; and never shows itself greater, than when it prudently submits to taking things as it finds them. There are also human as well as animal sloths, and Indolence is the ignoble deity at whose shrine they worship. Thus, then, nearly all men have their idolatry; the art of governing them consists in finding out the idol. This is the master-key to the heart. But if men have neither idols nor hearts, as does sometimes, though rarely, happen, then does the management of them become almost an impossibility, as the ordinary laws of nature are not only to be waved but surmounted. In their case, it is a common error to suppose, that the human nature of the mass must necessarily be the human nature of all; and this arguing

from analogy it is that has afforded protection and impunity to some of the most iniquitous characters of all ages. The strength, depth, and undying nature of maternal love has passed into a proverb; and yet more persons than Savage, the poet, have had unnatural mothers; while those of China sacrifice their female children without hesitation or remorse, merely because it is not geographically criminal to do so. So much for the universality of maternal affection. There is no error more common nor more fatal, than confounding knowledge of human nature with knowledge of the world; they are two separate and distinct things. As well might we conclude, that because a man was a first-rate husbandman, and could interpret every shade in the earth or heavens as connected with his calling, that he must of necessity be an equally skilful architect or coach-maker. A Savage might be a profound adept in human nature, and guage to a nicety the ebb and flow of every separate passion, and yet on his first entrée into civilized life might be duped and cajoled at every turn, which would be no proof of folly, as what is called knowledge of the world can only be acquired in the world, and by an intercourse with the very worst portion of it.

Cardinal De Retz's answer to his secretary, Joly, when the latter remonstrated with him upon his misconduct, evinced great knowledge of the world. "What you say is all perfectly true," said his eminence, "and I am as well aware of it as you are; but you'll never get the world to believe it, and in that is my security." The world is always for referring every thing to the '*vraisemblable*,' and therefore judge the motives of men's actions by this test, forgetting that '*nullum simile quod idem est*,' and that consequently nothing is often more unlike truth than truth itself. But to return; with reference to idols, Lord John was one of the few exceptions that prove the rule. He had no idol, or if he had, Propriety was his divinity; and Cecil was well aware, that her starch and buckram attributes could not receive a greater violation in his lordship's eyes, than for any one to propose making him a party concerned; in fact, an aider and abettor, in a matrimonial alliance, not based upon what the world, and therefore himself (which, as he justly considered, formed a most important part of it) thought suitable prospects. Fully imbued with this conviction, Howard encouraged himself in putting off the evil day, and secured present happiness by ministering to, or anticipating every little wish of Theresa's. What a mistake is it to say, that time that passes happily passes quickly: it is the dull monotonous, unloved, unloving life, that seems, at the end of each succeeding year, as though it had all been run into one long tedious day; whereas, in the chronology of the heart, every pulsation is an epoch, marked by a victory or a gala; and in a single day of actual time, we often live a century of positive life.

Theresa had been wishing to obtain some hibiscus, or musk-plant seeds, of a particular sort ; but there being thirty-six different species, Cecil thought the best way of procuring what she wanted would be to get them all. For which purpose he set off to Shrewsbury one morning early, before breakfast ; and after going to every seed-shop in the town, had secured every kind but two, which he had been recommended to seek at a nursery garden at the back of the suburbs. The morning was intensely cold, but as the sun was bright, and the air dry, this prolongation of his walk was rather pleasant than otherwise. As he was passing through a narrow, gloomy lane, his attention was arrested by the loud sobbing of a child, that issued from a small baker's shop, accompanied by the broken, but determined asseveration of—

“ No, I ne—ne—never will eat parish bread ; I'd starve first.”

“ Aye, and better starve, too,” rejoined a shrill adult voice, “ Miss Carlton, than your father should cram you with such unbecoming pride, when he's nothing else to give you, and can't pay honest folks their due.”

“ He has paid you honestly always,” sobbed the first speaker, “ till my poor mother's—” Here the child burst into such a paroxysm of tears, that the remainder of the sentence was inaudible.

Under the pretext of enquiring his way, Cecil entered the shop.

Charles Lamb has truly and touchingly remarked, that common people's children “ are dragged up, not brought up.” There is a precocity—not, indeed, of intellect, but of prudence and worldly wisdom—in them, that is truly painful. Care has usurped the empire of carelessness, that legitimate monarch of a child's being, and, like all usurpers, has, in the vehemence of his achievements, anticipated the slow march of Time. Life itself, which among the children of the rich is an exuberant overflowing, that, lavish it as they may, still seems inexhaustible, among those of the poor is a lean phantom, grasped at with pain, and maintained with a struggle ; in short, they know nothing of youth but its feebleness and its wailing ; its bloom and its buoyancy being, like every other luxury, beyond their reach. To me the most painful sight in this world is a poor, that is, a destitute child. Whatever misery a grown person may be plunged into, a thousand suppositions are left for its palliation : they may once have been well off, or they may have been the artificers of their own ruin, and they may live to see better days ; but children—they can have done nothing to deserve that the one blessing, unmortgaged at the fall, the carelessness of youth, should be taken from them.

The little girl that now stood before Cecil, though bearing every outward mark of poverty, and shivering from the intense cold of the morning, and the scantiness of her clothing (which consisted of a threadbare brown-stuff frock, and a thin, ragged, black silk

handkerchief, pinned like a shawl over her shoulders), yet bore evident marks of gentler birth than her present position seemed to warrant. Her features were beautiful, though disfigured by an expression of care and famine that was truly appalling : though apparently not more than eight or nine years old, the lines in her face were strong, as though the marks of tears so prematurely shed would not be effaced ; her lips were full and beautifully chiselled, and looked as if they would have been red, had they ever known the sunshine of a smile ; her eyes were large and dark, with such an expression of intense watchfulness, that she actually appeared to listen with them ; the only part of her person that seemed to have received much attention was her hair, which was rich, dark, and glossy, and plainly twisted up with a comb. She shrunk back upon Cecil's entrance, while the woman to whom she had been speaking, — a large, coarse, zoneless female, with a fat white face, rendered still whiter by flour ; light eyes, with red rims ; a linen cap, half at the back of her head, displaying well floured hair, that might have been any colour ; her bare arms a-kimbo ; a short blue bed-gown ; a blue apron, also well floured, and turned over under one hand ; black worsted stockings, and slip-shod shoes, — advanced, and, changing the bullying tone she had used to the child into one of obsequious civility to Cecil, said,

“What may you please to want, sir?”

“Can you tell me?” said he, keeping his eyes all the time on the little girl, “which is the way to Wilmot's nursery garden?”

“Take the first turning on your right, sir,” replied the woman, pointing through the shop window, “and go straight along Mile Lane, till you comes to Fine's brewery, and then turn down Frier Street ; but, dear heart, sir,” added she, wiping some of the superfluous flour off her arms, “I'll go a bit of the way with you.”

“By no means, thank you,” said Cecil ; “at all events, attend to this little girl first, and give her whatever she wants.”

“Lor ! love ee, sir !” cried the Fornarina, with a contemptuous smile, that would have been a frown to anything less than a gentleman, “if I were to give she what she want, I'd have enough to do ; it would be a thriving trade to make, and bake, and then give away the bread for nothing. Why, sir, her father do owe me a sight of money already, and it's a chance if ever I see a fardin of it, for he be only one of them stage-playing people, that's never no good, and his wife went and died a-Friday : she was a very good, quiet, 'dustrious sort of woman, and did pay when she could ; but now she's not there to take in work, I don't suppose as I ever shall set eyes on my money. There's no use in your crying and bellowing in that way,” continued she turning to the poor child, “as I was a-telling you afore this gentleman comed in, parish bread is much the wholesomest for your complaint.”

Disgusted at the unfeeling brutality of the woman, and pitying the deep affliction of the poor child, Cecil turned to the former, and said, "And how much does this poor man owe you?"

"Lor! sir, a matter of five-and-twenty shillings, all within the last fortnight; for latterly, nothing would serve them but they must have dainties—chickens, and such like, as I have been ordered to bring for 'em."

"You know it was for my poor mother, who was dying," sobbed the child, convulsively.

"There are your five-and-twenty shillings," said Cecil, indignantly flinging down two sovereigns; "and now go out and buy more chickens with the rest of the money; you ought to be ashamed of such inhumanity to your fellow-creatures; how should you like to be so treated yourself?"

"Lor! sir, very well; for I'm sure if I owed money, it would be long enough afore I'd find gentlefolks ready to come and pay it; though, thank goodness, I don't owe a farden, nor James Sutton, my usban', though we have rent and taxes to pay, and work hard from morning to night; but, then, to be sure, we don't set up for gentility," concluded Mrs. Sutton, flinging a look at the poor child, as she made her exit.

"What is your name, my good little girl?" asked Cecil, patting the child's cheek kindly.

"Blanche—Blanche Carlton," replied she, in a low voice.

"Blanche is a pretty name."

"It is a pretty name, for it was my mother's," and here the little girl again burst into tears.

"Where do you live, my poor child?" said Cecil; "perhaps I may be of some use to you."

"I live here in this house, at the very top."

"Well, let me go up-stairs with you?" urged Cecil.

"Thank you; but—but my father is out," hesitated the child.

"And is there no one at home?" said Cecil, at a loss what to say, and not liking to press the little girl against her will.

"No one," replied she, in a broken and hollow voice, "but my mother and brother."

"Then it was not this child's mother that that unfeeling woman mentioned as having died on Friday," thought Cecil, as he added aloud, "And will they be angry at my going up-stairs with you?"

"They will never be angry at anything again," said the child, in a calmer voice than that in which she had yet spoken, "they are dead!"

A shudder came over Cecil as he took the little girl's small shadowy hand, and thought how soon she might join her dead mother and brother.

“Poor child!” cried he, “take me into some room up-stairs, and tell me what I can do for you.”

“You cannot bring my mother and little Henry back again, can you, sir?” said the child, clasping her hands, and looking imploringly, yet half doubtingly, up in Cecil’s face through her tears.

“No, my poor child, I cannot,” replied he, brushing away his own, “if God has taken them; but I may be able to do something for you.”

“I wonder when God will take me?” sighed the child, burying her face in her hands, as she leant her head against the wall.

“You were getting bread for your breakfast,” said Cecil, offering her a roll to divert her attention, “when I came in, and interrupted you.”

“No, no, not for my breakfast; there is something in my throat that chokes me, and I cannot eat; I was trying to get some for my father’s against he came home; but I’ve no money, and she would not trust me.”

“Poor child, I will trust you; you shall have bread, only take me up-stairs with you.”

“I wish I might love you,” said the little girl, timidly placing her hands on Cecil’s arm.

“And so you may; but why?”

“Because you speak so kindly to me, and call me ‘poor child;’ and my mother used to speak kindly to me, and call me poor child often. Oh, so often at night, when she thought I was asleep; but now it’s four whole days since she has spoken, and my father says she’ll never speak again, for she’s a great way off with God.”

“Then she is happy,” said Cecil, quite overcome with the child’s words.

“God won’t be angry with her, then, because she can’t eat, will he?” asked the child, almost in a whisper.

“Angry!—no—but I don’t understand; what do you mean?”

“Why, God is our father, you know, and—and my father used to be so angry when he had sold something, or been a great way to get things for my mother, and that she could not eat them when they came; but now he cries, and is so sorry about it, that I don’t think he’d ever scold her again if she’d come back.”

Luckily for Cecil, Mrs. Sutton now returned, which saved him the necessity of making any reply, as he felt the same choking in his throat of which the child had complained. No sooner had the baker’s wife made her appearance, than the little girl turned into the narrow passage off the shop, and proceeded up-stairs, whither Cecil followed her as soon as he had told Mrs. Sutton to roast the chickens, and get a bottle of wine. At the end of the fourth flight of the narrow, dark, creaking, sanded stairs, the little girl stopped, and, by the feeble light that issued from three panes of greenish bull’s-eyed glass in the

roof, looked even paler than she had done below stairs. She took a key from her bosom, and gently unlocked the door, as though she was afraid of disturbing some one within.

"Tread as lightly as you can, although they cannot hear you," said she, turning to Cecil, and speaking under her breath, as he followed her into the room.

The shutters were closed, but the light that streamed through a round hole at top of one of them, displayed a largish, desolate-looking room, the lower end of which was partitioned off by a blue and white check curtain. On a small narrow chimney-piece, stood two empty medicine bottles, an old silver thimble, a pair of scissors, and a reel of cotton. On each side of the chimney-piece the yellow-washed wall projected; from one buttress of which, from a rusty nail, hung a dilapidated pair of bellows, one of the handles being burnt off; while from the other was suspended a very rusty tin rushlight box. On the right side of the mantel-piece, on a small square sofa, without a cover, and the horse-hair appearing at different openings, lay a scarlet theatrical cloak, a hat and feather, and a pair of gauntlets; while under it were two basket-hilted rapiers, and a pair of very thick dusty old shoes. Over the sofa hung a piece of deal, suspended by pieces of rope, for a book-case, on which was placed a small old edition of Shakspeare; an odd volume of Ben Jonson; an incomplete edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; "The Diary and Thoughts of Richard Tarlton, with an account of the right merrie laughs her highness vouchsafed to his humbel endeavour to pleasure her," supposed to be authentic, and reprinted from 1665; "Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments;" three odd volumes of "The Parliamentary, or Constitutional History of England, from the earliest times to the Restoration of Charles the Second;" "Tom Jones;" an old volume of plays, containing, "The Married Philosopher," "Vanetia," "Love and Ambition," "The Modish Couple," "Athelwold," and "The Modern Husband;" which, with Bentivoglio's Letters, and "The Prophecies of Michael Nostradamus, Physician to Henry the Second and Charles the Ninth of France," completed the collection. In the narrow grate were a few cold embers, or rather ashes, that looked as if they had been extinguished for several days. In a dark corner of the room, opposite the fire-place, under another projecting wall, stood a narrow low bedstead, without curtains; the whole bedding of which consisted of a mattrass and a small stable rug; beside it was a small square rickety deal table, with a cracked white wash-hand bason and jug; an old bible, a comb, and brush; the remnant of a sponge, a small square looking-glass, one half broken, and a piece of brown paper appearing from the back: another deal table, rather larger, before the sofa, with a leaden inkstand on it, two or three old pens, and a slate; with two rush-bottom chairs, much

broken; a shelf, containing three cups and saucers, four plates, a tea-pot, two saucepans, and a kettle; constituted the whole of the furniture of this miserable apartment.

As Cecil followed the little girl into the room, the sun-light, that came through the aperture in the shutter, forcing itself through a medium of moats and dust, enabled him to perceive two fiery eyes glare from the head of the narrow bed in the corner of the room, which presently advanced towards the child, accompanied by a plaintive howl.

"Poor Cato!" said she, taking a large cat in her arms, "you'll have to starve too; for even the good young lady never comes near us now."

"Cato!—young lady!" repeated Cecil. "My good little girl, where did you get that cat?"

"A beautiful lady, who used to be so good to us, and so kind to my poor mother," replied the child, still speaking in a whisper, "brought it here, and gave us so much a-week to feed the cat; but a great deal more than it could eat."

"And is not the lady good to you any longer," asked Cecil, "that you say she used to be good to you?"

"Oh, yes, she is good to us again, for it was only last night she sent my father money; but he is gone to buy a coffin for my mother and little Henry with it all," said the child, bursting into fresh tears.

"Poor child; but has not the lady been to see you lately?" resumed Cecil, in the hope of turning her thoughts into another channel.

"No," sobbed the little girl; "poor lady, she caught the small pox the last time she came to see my mother, when my little brother was born. I'm glad she did not die too; it was enough for it to kill them."

"But you have a father, have you not, my poor child?" asked Cecil, not knowing well what to say.

"Ye—ye—yes; but he's not my mother," said the child, crying still more convulsively than before.

"Well, but I'm sure he must be very fond of such a good little girl as you appear to be."

"Yes, he is fond of me when he has time; but my mother never was too busy to love me, and I could help her in all she did, and I can't help my father; so when he reads or writes he often tells me to go away. I used to go to my mother, but now I shall have not one to go to," and the child sat down on the narrow bed, and covered her face with her hands.

"Have you no water up here?" said Cecil, fearing she would cry herself into hysterics.

"Water—oh, yes; that reminds me—" and she rose and, taking

the broken water-jug, walked to the window, and opened a bit of the shutter. On the floor beneath stood a flower-pot, with a shrub of some sort, but so withered that it was impossible to discover what, which she began to water assiduously.

“I fear that is past the power of water, or even sunshine to revive,” said Cecil; “but I’ll bring you a fresh one, if you’ll tell me what it is.”

“Ah, sir, I don’t want a fresh one, for I’ll never part with this although it is dead. It was such a sweet rose geranium; my mother planted it herself. I well remember, it was of a summer’s evening, we had not been out for a long, long time; she walked into the country, and took me with her, and when we were a great way off, we stopped to look at a pretty garden—oh! so large, and filled with flowers; my mother cried, and said she had once had a garden like it. A good-natured little girl, who was walking in it, gave us some flowers, which we brought home, and my mother planted this geranium, and used to watch it, and be so fond of it, for she said it reminded her of home, and made her feel young; and I loved it too, for it was the only green thing we ever saw. But when my mother got ill, it was neglected, and it died even before she did; but perhaps it is gone to heaven with her, and nothing ever dies there. Oh, sir, if I am very—very—very good, do you think God will take me soon? for I cannot bear being here alone.”

“I am sure,” said Cecil, much affected, “that if you are good God will take care of you as he does of all; but you are young, and—”

“Ah, my mother used to say I was young, but I don’t think I can be, for she said when she was young she was happy, and other children that I see in the streets seem happy, but I never was.”

“I think you would be better in another room,” said Cecil, attempting to lead her to the door.

“We have no other room,” sobbed the child, “and if we had, I’d not leave my mother and brother while they are here.”

“Here!—where?” asked he, with a slight shudder at the solemnity of the child’s look and voice; who made no other reply to this interrogation, than by walking slowly to the other end of the room, and withdrawing the before-mentioned check curtain, which discovered, on a miserable looking bed, the dead bodies of a woman and an infant, whose faces were covered with a white cambric handkerchief.

“Do not look,” said the child, in a hollow whisper, gently raising the handkerchief, “you would not like to see their poor changed faces; but I remember them so pretty, I do not mind their being ugly now,” and so saying, she was about to fling her arms round the two loathsome looking corpses before her, when Cecil dragged her forcibly back. “No! no! you sha—” shrieked the child, and sank senseless on the floor.

“Poor wretched little being,” said he, as he raised her, and carried her down stairs.

* * * * *

Mrs. Sutton had all of a sudden become wonderously tender-hearted, and in reply to Cecil's query, “if she had not another room where he could take the poor child to, out of the infected atmosphere of that miserable garret?” she got much nearer the ground in a downward movement that she intended for a curtsey, as she replied:—

“Lor ah, sure sir, there be the 'partments on the first flure, as I could put her in, but I do ask a guinea a week for un, and I have had as much as five-and-twenty shillings, but I don't mind letting they have un for a trifle (if so be as I don't get a let), till such time as the poor woman is buried.”

“Let me see the rooms,” said Cecil, again taking the insensible child in his arms, without even alluding to Mrs. Sutton's excessive magnanimity and generosity, in driving as hard a bargain as the exigence of the business and the shortness of the notice would allow.

“Martha!” screamed Mrs. Sutton, to a slip-shod handmaiden, who was dividing her attention between half-quarterns and half-pence in the shop, “Martha! the key of the first-flure 'partments;” and Martha took a key from off a hook, and threw it with such dexterity and address, that instead of breaking any of the panes of the glass door, that divided the shop from the back parlour (by the bye this, has always struck me as a most superfluous distinction, where the primogeniture of a front parlour is merged in a shop), it lighted in the very centre of Mrs. Sutton's ample bust.

“This way, sir, please,” said the latter, as she waddled up the narrow sanded stairs before Cecil, and with no small degree of pride, unlocked, and flung open the door of the “first-flure 'partments,” which displayed the following luxuries, heightened by a subdued perfume, at once horticultural and zoological, or in common parlance of apples and cats. A small three-windowed square room, painfully clean as far as paper and paint went,—that is, a buff paper, with alternate pink and blue pyramids on it, and a light blue surface picked out with white,—a Scotch carpet, of very brilliant orange, green, and scarlet geometrical flowers; six mock rosewood cane-bottomed chairs, ranged three and three, ogling each other from the opposite walls; scarlet moreen window curtains, trimmed with a strip of black-cotton velvet, a piece of straight moreen by way of drapery, drawn across the top, with four distinct and separate black-velvet Vandykes, after the fashion of dame Quickly's petticoat; a very small short sofa, much resembling a slipper bath, also covered with red moreen, and surmounted by a very small convex looking-glass upheld by a gilt crow and three gilt balls; opposite was the

chimney-piece, which like the French painter's Helen, that could not be made handsome, was at least made fine, for in the centre was a small glittering basket, that looked like azure sugar candy, or a sample of the blue grotto at Capri; on one side of it was an inoffensive gentleman, composed entirely of small shells, with a Bolivar hat; on the other, a lady, (probably his wife, or a maiden aunt, by the indifference he manifested towards her), of the same material; the rest of the mantel-piece was taken up with egg-shells charmingly painted, with panoramic fragments of the metropolis. Such as Langham church and half a tree, or Paradise-row and the residue of an omnibus. Over the mantel-piece was about a yard of looking-glass in length, and half a yard in breadth, in a gilt frame, elegantly bordered with black fluted wood, hung slantingly, so as to reflect all the beauties of the room. Surmounting the looking-glass, was a portrait in oils of Mrs. Sutton, as she was in the habit of appearing on a Sunday; that is to say, in a black silk dress, the body of which was elaborately braided in wirligigs of satin pipings; a large gold chain, and equally large watch graced her neck and decorated her left side, while on her head was a cap of very stiff tulle, with a mirage of rampant mock blonde, and different coloured flowers round it; at either side of her forehead were miniature sausages of hair: in the foreground of the picture was a round three-legged tea-table, upon which was placed a red tray, two Indian China cups and saucers, a silver tea pot, and a plate of muffins! In Mrs. Sutton's fat red right-hand she held a tea-cup, half way to her lips, with her little finger extended, doubtless pointing at Mr. Sutton, whom it might be presumed would in reality have been at the opposite side of the table; while in her left hand, the wrist of which rested on the edge of the tea-tray, she held by the stem, between her finger and thumb, a large cabbage rose, which from a peculiar shade given by the skill of the artist, she actually appeared to twirl. On the opposite wall hung another picture, of Mr. Sutton, in a bright blue coat, gilt buttons, drab 'vade mecums' and gaiters, sitting before another three-legged round table, with a black tray and black bottle, supported by a large tumbler, half full of an amber-coloured fluid with a spoon in it, and seconded by a stone jug with a fox hunt on it, from which, with a little grey and white paint, issued an admirable diorama of steam, rising majestically from behind a bason piled with lumps of white sugar; the thumb of Mr. Sutton's left roosted in the arm-hole of his buff waistcoat; in his right was a newspaper, upon which however he did not seem to bestow much attention, for though his straight black hair was combed smoothly down over his low forehead, nearly hiding his small black eyes (which gave him a look of unfathomable dullness, well befitting a politician), yet his ruddy face, high cheek bones, fine display of teeth and gums, owing to a facetious smile, that caused his mouth to

turn the corner, gave to his whole physiognomy a taint of condescension, that seemed, as he leered at Mrs. Sutton, in the opposite frame, to denounce all politics beyond those of the home department. Before the empty bars of the grate, were three perpendicular brass fire irons, polished as Lord Chesterfield but awkward as his son. On one side of the fire-place hung a toasting fork and a pair of bellows, on the other a hearth brush and a kettle holder, representing a kettle on a blazing fire, beautifully executed in orange and slate-coloured worsted in cross stitch; while in a small recess a little farther on, was a card table, upon which stood what Mrs. Sutton called a "tea-caddy," namely, a small square satinwood box, lined with red morocco paper and lead within, and divided into two compartments, while on the lid without, a large shell was represented, by sundry narrow slips of inlaid white wood. A door opened from this charming saloon into a small bedroom containing a tent bedstead with what had once been yellow curtains, with a fine flowing pattern of green geranium leaves over them, but which now, from sundry unskilful ablutions, much resembled badly boiled vegetable marrow, or 'aubergine,' the new French vegetable; a bamboo wash-hand stand, three ditto chairs, and a high walnut-tree chest of drawers, completed the furniture of this apartment; while beyond it was a still smaller dormitory, containing a turn-up bedstead, wash-hand bason, table and chair.

Having laid the child gently on the uninviting red moreen sofa, and surveyed the beauties of the locale, Cecil turned to Mrs. Sutton, offering her fifteen shillings a week for all he surveyed, which after some few objections and remonstrances on the part of that lady, she was graciously pleased to agree to: whereupon Mr. Howard farther stipulated that Mrs. Sutton should instantly light a fire and lay the cloth, and then bring down the few books and other things belonging to the occupant of the garret; all of which orders were executed with such alacrity, that in less than a quarter of an hour these new arrangements were completed, and Cato purring by a bright fire, the withered geranium in the window to catch the rays of the morning sun, and the key of the deserted attic upon the chimney-piece, while Cecil, with the aid of a little fresh air and some wine and water, had succeeded in reviving the little girl.

"I wish," said the child, rubbing her eyes and looking at the fire, "that we had such a nice room when we were awake, and yet I've had a horrid dream too."

"You are awake," replied Cecil kindly, "and this is your room, and you are not to be unhappy any more."

"What then, am I in heaven?" asked she, "but where is my mother? where is my brother?"

Before Cecil could make any answer, the door opened, and Mrs. Sutton, at the top of her voice was heard exclaiming, "This way

Mr. Carlton, this way, ma'am, if you please, you've no 'casion to go any further, for a gentleman have tookt the first flure 'partments for Mr. Carlton, not half an hour ago, and all his things is moved in quite comfortable." So saying, she flung open the door, and Miss Manners entered.

"Cecil!"

"Theresa!"

"How did you find out?—how did you know?"

"I have found out nothing—I know nothing, but that you take walks before breakfast without me," said Cecil, half jestingly, half reproachfully. But a second person had entered the room with Theresa, and sunk into a chair, from whence proceeded such a convulsive sob, that Cecil turned round, and beheld the little girl clinging to the identical man in black who had occasioned him such uneasiness, by giving a note to Theresa at the Talbot, about two months before.

"Father, do look up," said the child, imploringly. "See, here is a good, kind gentleman, as good as the pretty lady, who has brought us to this nice warm room."

"Thank you, dear Cecil," whispered Theresa, as she pressed his hand, in gratitude for his kindness to the two unfortunate beings before them.

"What!" said the man, staring wildly at Cecil, "is there another human creature with a heart?—then is the world coming to an end."

"You appear exhausted," said Cecil, "and will be the better for some refreshment, which I have ordered, and by-and-bye you will perhaps tell me how I can serve you."

"I ought to be, I am grateful to you," said the man, leaning his head upon his hand, "but I am too miserable to show it, for gratitude is a luxury. As for you," continued he, turning to Theresa, "you are an angel, therefore never marry unless you marry wealth; for poverty is a sorcerer, that converts love into a demon, which devastates earth to people heaven. Ha! ha! ha! it's a brave trade when famine makes angels." And as the maniac-laugh rattled in the wretched man's throat, Cecil and Theresa exchanged looks, while the child stole round and whispered Howard—

"Oh, sir, don't let him laugh so; you don't know how dreadful it is when he begins."

"Try and calm him, dearest," said he to Theresa, "and I will go for some advice."

He soon returned with a doctor, who, from his description, brought a composing draught with him, which they had some difficulty in getting the unhappy man to swallow; after which, the medical man prescribed food as the best restorative he could have. When Mrs. Sutton brought up the roast chickens Cecil had ordered, they had much trouble in prevailing on him to taste them; but no

sooner had he done so, than the inordinate cravings of long accumulated hunger made his voracity quite alarming.

“Stop,” said Cecil, “you had better take a little wine before you eat any more; and now,” added he, as soon as the man had complied with his request, “I should like to know what I can do for you, as it is getting late, and I fear we must go.”

Carlton looked first at Cecil, and then at Theresa with a scrutinizing, but much more sane and collected look than he had yet assumed as though the ignoble body once satisfied, could reduce the noble mind to subordination and docility, and then said, as if in answer to his own thoughts,—

“I may be right, or I may be wrong in my conjecture, but, at all events, you shall have the benefit of my history; and having put his arm round her neck, and drawn his child towards him, he related, as soon as the doctor had taken his departure, what will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF CARLTON.

“For I full many a dream had wove,
Such dreams as cheat the hopes of youth,
Of meeting souls, that meet to love;
Unchanging love! undying truth!
What have I reap'd?”—KENYON.

“He says he'll keep his honesty;
What will he do with it? go beg with it?
For in this age 'tis of no other use,
But like a beggar's child to move compassion;
Yet never gains the half it costs in keeping,
For all men will suspect it for a bastard.”

ROWLEY'S *Noble Spanish Soldier*.”

“As generous a passion as love is accounted,” commenced the stranger, “it will on due examination be found tolerably selfish. Love it was that caused me to make one human being miserable. Love it is that from the recollection of having done so, will make me hate myself for the remainder of my wretched life. I was not always the poor attenuated outcast you now behold, dependant upon charity—which, till lately, I never met—for food to prolong the misery of existence. The younger son of an ancient, and not undistinguished family, the halo of my father's wealth gilt all my attributes, physical and intellectual, into the world's admiration. Although a younger brother, my connexions were so powerful, and my prospects so bright, that I was not beneath the notice of the most worldly mothers in the kingdom, especially after they had found my two elder brothers unattainable. Like most very young men, my ambition, if I had any, was more to ‘briller’ in society than to attain a solid fame. Notwithstanding that at all the debating

societies, both at Cambridge and in the metropolis, I had been voted a second Cicero, still oratory had only charms for my own sex ; and my aim being to attract the other, I assiduously cultivated my musical talents, which my friends pronounced equal, if not superior, to Mozart's. The consequence was, that at the end of six months I produced an opera : four rehearsals were to be given at my mother's, and all London manœuvred for invitations. The people, who could get no farther than the hall, pronounced it wonderful ! exquisite ! divine ! and having some knowledge of the then lessee of the opera, I had the satisfaction, in almost three weeks after its first production in Grosvenor Square, of seeing placarded : ' The new grand opera of Clodius, by a gentleman of fashion and extraordinary musical talents, will be brought out on Saturday next, with splendid scenery and decorations.' This announcement was also heralded forth in every newspaper by a legion of the most subtle and zephyr-like puffs.

“ The subject I had chosen for an opera was the celebration of the mysterious rites of ' The Good Goddess,' among the women of ancient Rome, at which it was death by the law for any man to be present. The plot was Clodius braving the penalty, by going disguised as a singing girl to meet Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, whose passion for him being suspected, she was never allowed an opportunity of meeting him elsewhere. The first act merely represented the preparations for the rites, and the female slaves, going their rounds to ascertain, by a strict scrutiny, into every crevice, that no male animal profaned with its presence the mysteries of the goddess, which business was chiefly carried on through the medium of choruses. The second act opened with Pompeia's slave watching for, and meeting the fair-haired Clodius disguised as a singing girl. And, after a duet or two, exiting to acquaint her mistress, who instantly comes to him, when much love is sung between them, till Clodius is alarmed by the approach of the priestesses from the other end of the gallery, and wishes to escape. But Pompeia still clings to him, till the lamps of the vestals actually flash upon them, when he makes a precipitate retreat behind a pillar, and Pompeia joins in the rites and passes on. The next scene discovers Clodius avoiding the light, and wandering through the darkest rooms, till met by a slave, who, taking him to be really what he appeared, importunes him to sing, which he no sooner does than his voice betrays his sex. At the sound of which the lamp falls from the hand of the young slave, who shrieks and flies from him. The alarm being instantly given, he is surrounded and captured ; and though in the middle of the night, the matrons precipitately disperse, to impart the horrible tidings to their husbands, first throwing a veil over the sacred mysteries. The last act is Clodius before the judges, who, though eager to condemn so sacrilegious a mortal, yet, as the po-

pulace declare for him, are obliged to acquit him¹, when he is borne home in triumph past the Forum, where groups of senators are discussing the matter. I am thus minute in my details of this opera, because its representation gave the impetus that turned the cast of the die which decided my fate. I was witnessing the representation from a stall near a pit-box, when the shriek that the slave gives on the stage at discovering Clodius, was echoed from behind me. I turned and beheld one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen, reclining in a fainting-fit on the shoulder of an elderly gentleman. I raised my glass, and in the gentleman, recognized a 'cicdevant' private tutor of mine, of the name of Nugent. I had never liked the man, for he was pompous, worldly, and encroaching, and had looked much more after my father's livings, than my Latin. Nevertheless, I was now seized with an unaccountable desire to shake hands with him, and lost no time in repairing to his box. I found him in the anti-room, seated on a sofa, with the young lady who was partially recovered from her swoon.

" 'Carlton,' said he, 'I'm delighted to see you, and congratulate you most sincerely on the brilliant success of your splendid opera. This must be a proud night for your father! I always knew that you had gigantic talents; but I had no conception that—'

" 'I fear,' cried I, interrupting him in the middle of his fulsome harangue, 'that the heat has quite overpowered this lady.—Can I be of any use in getting her anything?'

" 'Oh by the bye—I believe you do not know my youngest daughter, for she was at school when you were with us,' said Nugent, 'but she knows you thoroughly by report. Blanche, my dear, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Carlton, whom you have often heard your mother and I talk of as the most promising young man of the present day.'

" 'Mr. Cobham you mean, papa,' said the young lady.

" 'No, my dear,' frowned her father,—'Mr. Carlton. You have a bad memory for names.' Mr. Cobham was the son of the then Premier, and had also been a pupil of Dr. Nugent's—so no doubt his daughter was perfectly correct as to the name of the person she had been in the habit of hearing so belauded: moreover, it was Mr. Cobham's box they were then in. No sooner had the introduction taken place, than Miss Nugent said to me in a sweet low voice—'I have been so charmed with your opera, Mr. Carlton—not that my praise is worth having; as, being the first that I have ever

¹ Cicero, on the contrary, speaking of the acquittal of Clodius, in a letter to Atticus, says that he was acquitted by the influence of Crassus; and expresses himself as follows:—"In two days he completed the affair, by the means of one slave, a gladiator. He sent for him, and by promises, wheedling, and large gifts, he gained his point. Good God! to what an infamous height has corruption at length arrived!" He then enters into the minutiae of other and more disgraceful influences, by which judges were tampered with, and justice made unattainable; and yet old ladies of both sexes insist upon it, that the world is worse than ever it was! 'Credat Judæus,'

heard, I am no judge—but every one else appears equally delighted with it—so I suppose I am right.’

“Blanche is a sad blunt girl, so you must not be offended with her,” said her father; and then clearing his throat with a sonorous hem, said, by way of indemnification, in a friendly whisper—‘Ahem—a hem, you are aware that my son John is connected with the daily and periodical press in all its branches. I see him very attentive in the pit, and I’ve no doubt I have only to give him a hint of my wishes, and, as far as a flattering notice of your opera goes, he’ll do the thing in style.’

“‘I should be sorry he praised it at any one’s instigation,’ replied I, ‘unless he really thought well of it—besides, I was not aware that he understood music.’

“‘Nor does he, a note,’ said the doctor, ‘but you understand little of these matters, my young friend, if you think any species of criticism, now-a-days, requires a knowledge of the subject—or the facts to be criticised. No, no, it is conducted on a much easier and more sweeping principle. Party and personal feelings decide everything; and a review often depends as much upon a ball to which the vulgar wife or family of the reviewer is asked, as a puff does on a bank-note lent to the reviewer.’

“‘Then I would rather be for ever without a panegyric, than derive it from such contemptible channels.’

“‘You are wrong, my dear young friend, depend upon it,’ again asserted the doctor. ‘Now, there is my son John—it is astonishing all he does in this line, and without possessing a particle of what even the partiality of a father can call talent; I expect to see him an Under-secretary before I die, from the obligations he is continually lying rising men under, in the political and literary world. He is also engaged in a biography of eminent statesmen, which enables him to draw complimentary parallels between those of the past and present times—indeed, he has been of such material use in city politics, that Mrs. Nugent’s brother, the Alderman, intends making him his heir.’

“Much disgusted at the tone of this conversation, I changed the subject as soon as possible, by asking Miss Nugent ‘if she intended remaining long in town, or returning to Guildford, where she lived?’

“She said, she believed her father intended to remain six weeks in London. Never had any piece of intelligence given me so much pleasure. Shortly after, I took my leave, telling the doctor that I should call upon him the next day. My mother was about to give a grand ball in the course of a week, and I had set my heart upon Miss Nugent’s gracing it; accordingly, from their box I repaired to my mother’s. She was not in the habit of refusing her children anything; and it was not likely, upon the first night of my opera, that she would begin: so, after having received her felicitations and those of

the lady with her, on its success, I told her I had met my old tutor, Dr. Nugent and his daughter, and that it would greatly oblige me if she would let me ask them to her ball. 'My dear,' said she, without making any direct reply to my request, 'I thought I had heard you say that you did not like Dr. Nugent?' 'Nor do I very much,' said I; 'but I should like to pay him the attention of asking him, as he is only in town for a short time.' But that my mother was near-sighted, she might have perceived how I coloured at the falsehood I had uttered; but she made no further remark than 'Oh, very well—just as you like, Henry;' as she drew one of her 'at homes' from her reticule, with which I instantly prepared to leave the box, in order to write 'for Dr. and Miss Blanche Nugent' on it, when my mother said, as I reached the door, 'All I hope is, Henry, that the daughter is not vulgar.' 'Indeed she's not,' replied I, which piece of truth was very refreshing after my recent subterfuge. I returned to the Nugents with another—namely, that my mother was most anxious to have the pleasure of seeing them at her ball. The doctor made what his son would have reported as a suitable reply, of which I heard nothing but 'most proud,' and a volley of 'ladyships.' The next morning found me at Dr. Nugent's lodgings in Holles Street, by one o'clock. If I had thought Miss Nugent beautiful on the preceding night, I thought her doubly so the next morning. I had often dreamt of, but never before seen the ideal embodied in the real. My poor Blanche!" exclaimed Carlton, pouring out a glass of water, which having drank, he sobbed convulsively, and buried his face in his hands.

"Father," said the child, raising her tearful eyes, "don't cry; for, as you told me, she is in heaven, and all are happy there."

"Come with me, dear," whispered Theresa, drying her own eyes; "I think you'll be better for lying down a little."

"Do you wish me to go; for I'll do anything for you; but I'd rather stay here."

"I do wish you to come, dear," rejoined Theresa, as she led her into the next room, where there was also a bright fire and the bed ready made, in which after undressing her, Miss Manners placed the little girl.

"Oh, what a nice soft bed!" said she, as her head sank on the pillow. "If my mother had but had such a one, she might have been alive now," and the child hid her face in the pillow, and cried bitterly. Theresa merely put her hair out of her eyes, without attempting to check her, foreseeing what the event proved—that she would cry herself to sleep. For some minutes she watched the little sufferer's quick, feverish breathing, till it gradually became more calm and sound, when gently opening the door, she left her, and returned into the sitting-room, where she found Cecil and Carlton as she left them, the latter still violently excited, and the

former looking compassionately at him, without attempting to interrupt his affliction. Theresa sat for some minutes in silence, after she had joined them, and then rising, said to Carlton :

“I think we had better leave you for to-day ; and to-morrow, I hope, you will be better able to let us hear the remainder of your story, in which we are so much interested.”

“No, no—now or never,” said he, placing his hand upon her wrist, and pressing her down into the chair. “To-morrow ! if God is merciful there will be no to-morrow for me ! You have served me ; let me, if I can, do one thing that is right before I die—and serve you.” So saying, he poured out another glass of water, and with a great effort, resumed :

“Let me see—where was I?—oh, I remember,” groaned the unhappy man, passing his hand tightly over his eyes, as if to pluck from his memory some painful vision. “Well, Blanche came to my mother’s ball, dressed in simple white, with no other ornament than one large red rose, and its fresh leaves, in her bosom, her dark hair plainly parted over her polished brow, and her wondrous eyes alone forming a galaxy of beauty. So dazzling was her appearance, that a murmur of admiration ran through the rooms wherever she passed, with a question of ‘Who is she?’ This, however, was no sooner answered, than the fact of her being the daughter of my private tutor seemed to have the magical effect of dispelling her beauty ; for a disqualifying ‘oh’ was the only farther comment made upon her. Even my father, who had seldom eyes for anything less than a princess of the blood, a cabinet minister, or a blue-ribbon, came up to me, and said, ‘Who is that beautiful creature you have been dancing with, Henry?’ But when I told him, ‘Pish !’ said he, peevishly ; ‘I was in hopes it had been the youngest of the Cobhams, Lady Mary, who was presented yesterday, and who I hear is beautiful. You must find her out, and dance with her.’ And for the rest of the evening, my father overwhelmed me with such an influx of Lady Charlottes and Lady Janes, that I had no opportunity of again dancing with Blanche Nugent.

“There is no use,” continued Carlton, “in taking up your time with the minutiae of this epoch of my life, which, to recall, is to me torture that amounts to madness. You will probably have divined, before this, that I loved Blanche. Loved her ! oh, God ! it was not love—it was idolatry ! or, in other words, I harboured that concentrated quintessence of selfishness which goads a man into sacrificing all objects for one, and makes him ultimately include that one in the sacrifice. For love, at least with men, being a complex passion, cannot be pure. Esteem, or the real, and enthusiasm, or the supposed, excellence of the person beloved, joined to vanity, or the reflection that we possess what is the object of desire to others (to say nothing of a strong substratum of sensuality),

are generally the tyrants that sway the republic of our affections. But to return,—I was not long in ascertaining that, if I loved, I was also beloved. Yet, when I offered my heart to Blanche, and to devote my life to her, both were refused. She said she knew my parents never would consent to what the world would deem so unequal a match, and, therefore, she never would be accessory to my incurring their displeasure. I, of course, resorted to all the sophistry and all the entreaties generally used on such occasions; but in vain. Meanwhile, her father and the rest of her family evidently encouraged my visits, while my own were not aware of my frequent flittings to Guildford. At length I summoned courage boldly to ask my father's consent to my marriage. To describe his look at this request is utterly impossible. After measuring me with his eye from head to foot, and walking round me, he pointed to the door, and bade me remember, in his own peculiar dry, husky voice, that there was such a person as Dr. Willis in the world, and that he had such things as straight waistcoats, and among his collection, no doubt, one could be found to fit me!

“The result of this conference was, that I took to my bed in a brain fever, which reduced me nearly to a shadow. This quite subdued my mother, and she interceded for me with my father, but without producing any other effect than an order to quit his house if I even presumed to think any more of Miss Nugent; and he wrote to her father saying that if he did not forbid me his house, neither he nor his family need ever hope for any patronage at his hands; but, quite the reverse, he would cross their path in every possible way.

“This arbitrary proceeding on the part of my father roused me into rebellion and defiance. I repaired once more to Guildford, and what my best looks had never been able to accomplish, my haggard and altered appearance achieved. Blanche consented to be mine at all hazards. We had just arranged everything for our departure that very night, when her father entered the room with my father's letter in his hand.

“‘My dear young friend,’ said he, in a Jesuitical voice, ‘I grieve to say that I must for the future dispense with what has been a source of such pleasure to me and Mrs. Nugent—your visits. Exclusive of the high honour I should deem it for our daughter to form an alliance with you, the almost parental (if you will permit me to use so familiar an epithet) affection Mrs. Nugent and I entertain for you, would make such a union most desirable to us; but, on the other hand, gratitude, my dear sir, has strong claims upon us, and I could not offend so generous a patron as your father has been to me’.

“‘And,’ replied I, in an equally hypocritical tone, ‘I would not for the world you should.’

“ ‘Such docility and correctness of feeling, my dear young friend,’ said the Doctor, flourishing his white pocket-handkerchief in a circular direction and ultimately placing it before his eyes, ‘does more than credit to the pleasurable task I had in forming them.’ ”

“ I then took my leave of the family, the Doctor and his wife doing their best to look miserable, and, no doubt unaffectedly chagrined that my father could not be brought to consent to my marriage with their daughter; while my poor Blanche trembled violently, and was pale as monumental marble, which passed off as the natural effect of parting from her lover, and gave her an excuse for keeping in her room for the rest of the day; while my excitement, and parting whispers to be ready in the garden at midnight, appeared equally consistent with a last interview with one for whom I had professed so much love. Never shall I forget that night! Although it had been a sultry day in June, with not sufficient air to ripple the waters, or stir the leaves, about eleven at night the weather changed; it blew a hurricane. Notwithstanding which, and vivid flashes of lightning, the clouds opened and the rain descended in torrents, I found Blanche at the appointed trysting place in the summer-house. We had to traverse rather a long lane, at the end of which I had left the post-chaise. Half-dead with terror, and drenched with the rain, by the time we reached the carriage, she was unable to stand. As I was lifting her in, a flash of lightning struck her, and deprived her of the sight of one eye. ‘Poor girl! was she not blind enough already? To describe the agony of mind I endured at this opening of our career, is utterly impossible. Truly was it an omen that she alone was to be scathed by the storms of fate, while I was to live on outwardly unharmed, but carrying a hell within! Oh, God! oh, God! my punishment is more than I can bear!’ ”

Again Carlton seized a glass of water, and again Cecil and Theresa both implored him to postpone the remainder of his painful history to another day.

“ No—no,” resumed he, tearing off his neck-handkerchief, and wiping the big drops from his forehead, “ now—now—now, or never! Affliction is the real well in which truth lies: the heart dives for it there, and discovers it without varnish or disguise. I feel it a slight expiation, that I should probe myself to the quick by going over all,—by describing the minutest circumstance graphically, as though it were a pleasant fiction that I were relating. Ha! ha! ha! and truly it is pleasant.”

Theresa and Cecil exchanged looks, and shuddered at the appalling laughter of the wretched man.

“ Well,” continued he, “ I knew England too well to attempt to live there. Poverty is very supportable—nay, is nothing more than a sort of wholesome discipline—where it is unconnected with

reproach; but in opulent countries, where ignominy overtakes its mere suspicion, it taunts into frenzy the most magnanimous patience. We—oh! there is a blessing in that little word that I shall never know again.”

Here Carlton sobbed like a child, and was once more, for a few minutes, obliged to discontinue his history; without, however, receiving any further importunities from his deeply sympathising auditors to discontinue it altogether.

“It is over,” said he, at last, “you shall see no more of this woman’s work with me. I reached Dover early the next morning, where we were married by a special license, and embarked for France, determining to make Versailles my head-quarters. Its delicious gardens, glowing with our own hearts, and re-peopled from the past by our own imaginations, found a temporary paradise, from which fear and the future, like our first guilty parents, were expelled; while its gorgeous but silent and deserted palace, furnished us with a fine poetical code of comparative philosophy, tending to prove how much superior was our humble home, in which Love held his court, to the desolate splendour of its gone-by glories. We actually went so far, as to believe that we were much happier than if we had had enough to live upon, as it gave us daily and hourly opportunities of proving our disinterested devotion to each other, by innumerable little self-sacrifices. This was all very well for a time, for poverty, as well as love, has its poetry, and while it is new, and we do not know it beyond the surface, it is neither bitter nor repulsive. My father’s first act was to stop my allowance: this was only what I had anticipated; my brothers, however, contrived between them, with the covert assistance of my mother, to supply the deficiency, and this was somewhat more than I had expected. For the present, therefore, I had no cares; and for the future, I not only built castles but churches with the produce of my pen,—and so I might had I lived forty years sooner; but the march of intellect is a sad tariff on the labours of intellect. In order for authors to flourish, there must be a proper quantity of ignorance, as well as of knowledge, in a nation; for it is possible, that there may be too many well-educated persons in a state, which will always create too many writers in proportion to the readers, which not only depreciates literature—by increasing its quantity, and lessening its quality—but enhances the value of the lower orders beyond a healthy standard, by making mere mechanical labour of paramount consequence; in which case, success does not so much depend upon an author’s genius, as upon his good fortune in hitting upon a popular vein,—for there might be an age in which a Hudibras would be of more account than a Shakspeare. Although I calculated upon John Nugent’s, under but widely ranged, influence in the press, still I published my first

book anonymously, for which reason I received, as is always the case under such circumstances, a comparatively small sum from my bookseller; yet I was more than repaid by the unbought and unbiassed success of my book, which had, to use the trade phrase, such "a run," that my publisher strongly urged me to put my name to the next, with the offer of a largely increased price for so doing. This was an irresistible temptation, and I consented.

"Although the Nugents one-and-all had carefully avoided directly or indirectly taking the slightest notice of us since our marriage, or answering my wife's letters, still I thought Mr. John Nugent, for his sister's sake, would continue his literary friendship, as the periodical he was chiefly connected with, had been the warmest in praise of my first anonymous production. Alas! I knew little of the world, and less of Mr. John Nugent;—but I anticipate. I had remarked that the most voluminous writers (of fiction) are always the most popular. Whether this arises from fecundity, being as it undoubtedly is, a proof of genius, or that the public are naturally grateful to those who cater so incessantly for their amusement, I know not, but so it is. I toiled indefatigably at my new book; too indefatigably, for it injured both my health and my temper,—the nervous irritability, arising out of overwrought mental exertion, was fast corroding my nature; and the gentle being whom I would have in reality laid down my life to shield from the most trifling annoyance, was the first to reap its fatal effects. Often have I selfishly kept her sitting by me till two or three in the morning, when her health required early hours. And when she would remonstrate with me upon the injury I was doing my own, I would unfeelingly taunt her with not being able to endure the slightest privation or inconvenience; while I was sustaining such an accumulation for her! Mean dastard that I was,—but she is more than avenged!

"Another mode in which my selfishness began to manifest itself, was by gratifying my vanity in making costly purchases, to adorn my beautiful wife, despite her remonstrances and admonitions, that we should soon have another claimant on our very slender means; and yet on the very days that I had expended some (for me) unpar-donably large sum of money, upon a shawl or a dress, that she did not want, have I harshly upbraided her for disbursing a few sous on some household matter, of which I did not see the actual necessity, or in other words, reap the palpable and personal comfort; and although I always silenced her into a conviction that I could well afford ten pounds for a picture, or a bronze for the house I was to have, yet she could never succeed in making me believe that an extra bunch of carrots, consumed in the 'potage' of our only servant, was not to be the cause of my incarceration in a jail! All this had its natural result. At length my poor Blanche dared to look harassed and unhappy, though a murmur never escaped her lips, and I

began to walk out more frequently alone, look oftener at the stars, and come to the conclusion that my wife was not so perfect as the heroines of my own books; and yet where the falling off was, I did not exactly know; except that the latter, however poor, continued to have all the elegancies of life, without spending a farthing, and looked minutely after every thing in their menage, without ever for a moment withdrawing their eyes from their husbands, or absenting themselves for an instant from their sides. But real wives, at best, they were made of different clay!

“The second summer of our marriage was marked by two events, the birth of our first child, and the publication of my second book; the former I then thought had arrived at an auspicious moment, as I expected to find an El Dorado in the success of the latter. Alas! little did I think, when I held the poor infant in my arms, and asked God to bless it, the misery that was in store for it. I had taken great pains with my second book, and it was in every respect indisputably superior to my first, which had been so extolled. I waited with feverish expectation for the reviews from England. At length they came. Imagine my surprise and indignation, when the periodical with which Mr. John Nugent was principally connected, and upon whose support I had calculated, in conjunction with numerous others, more or less under his control, abused and decried my book, in every possible, and almost impossible way. The unkindest cut of all, was a retrospective sneer on the part of Mr. John Nugent at my opera of *Clodius*, where he took an opportunity of launching out as to the national demoralization and effeminacy, music over-cultivated was likely to produce; he then honourably acknowledged that he had praised my first work, and concluded by a pitying regret, that as I had by accident stumbled on one work above mediocrity, I had not stopped there. “But in order,” continued Carlton, reaching down an old magazine, “to make you understand how disgusting his sneer at my opera was, I must trouble you by reading some extracts from his fulsome review of it, when it first came out.

“After the most exaggerated praise of my opera in particular, he goes on to say, ‘When we consider the absolute sway music has over the mind, especially in conjunction with words having at command a great variety of emotions, it may, like many objects of sight, be made to promote luxury and effeminacy, but with respect to the purer and higher order of it, music unquestionably humanizes, raises and polishes the mind; it becomes a national obligation! therefore, when such an opera as *Clodius* is produced, Lord Shaftesbury remarks, that ‘the goddess Persuasion must have been in a manner the mother of poetry, rhetoric and music, for it is apparent, that where chief men and leaders had the strongest interest to persuade, they used the highest endeavours to please; so

that in such a state of policy, not only the best order of thought and turn of fancy, but the most soft and inviting members have been employed to charm the public ear, and incline the heart by the agreeableness of expression. Almost all the ancient masters of this sort, were said to have been musicians; and tradition which soon grew fabulous, could not better represent the first founders of these large societies, than as real songsters, who by the power of their voice and lyre, could charm the wildest beasts. Nor can it be doubted that the same artists, who so industriously applied themselves to study the numbers of speech, must have made proportionable improvements in the study of mere sounds and natural harmony; which of itself, must have considerably contributed towards softening the rude manners and harsh temper of their new people.'

"Polybius, too, speaking of the people of Cynætha, an Arcadian tribe, has the following train of reflections, which fully assert the astonishing influence of music on society and manners: 'As the Arcadians,' says he, 'have always been celebrated for their piety, humanity, and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire how it has happened that the Cynætheans are distinguished from the other Arcadians by savage manners, wickedness, and cruelty? I can attribute this difference to no other cause but a total neglect among the people of Cynætha of an institution established among the Arcadians, with a nice regard to their manners and their climate: I mean the discipline and exercise of their genuine and perfect music.' Quintilian is even more copious in his praise, extolling music as an incitement to valour, and an instrument of moral and intellectual discipline, an auxiliary to science, and an object of attention to the wisest men. As a proof of which, Socrates, in his conversation with Cebes, just before he swallowed the poisonous draught, appears to have had qualms of conscience for having neglected to accomplish himself in this heavenly art'. We could adduce a thousand other instances, both ancient and modern, to prove the efficacy and importance of music; but we trust we have said enough to convince both the distinguished composer of Clodius (who from modesty suppresses his name, which is, however, well known in the 'beau monde') and the public, that in giving them Clodius he has conferred a benefit on his country!'

"Accompanying the reviews were two letters, one from my publisher, bemoaning the money he was likely to lose by my work, from the large sum he had given me, and from the 'set that had been made at it' to cry it down; accompanied by a hope that I would write him another for a very small remuneration, to indemnify him for the failure of this one; and to let it be something very amusing, that must take with the public, in spite of all the unfair play in the world. The other was from my eldest brother, lamenting the unnatural and

! Plat. Phædon, sec. iv.

persecuting spirit by which my father seemed actuated in his conduct towards me ; and that John Nugent and the whole family being in his pay, there was no engine he was not resolved on setting to work to prevent my making myself independant by my writings, which would completely foil his vengeance against me ; for once independant, my footing in the world was secure ; but poverty, as he knew full well, is the mill-stone that levels all with the dust. My brother kindly ended by sending me a hundred pounds, and regretting he was unable to send me more. I thanked him for his letter, but returned him the money, with a very great falsehood—namely, that ‘I did not want it.’ Once more then I went to work ;—but oh ! in what a different spirit !—a burning head—a heavy heart—no hope to cheer, no gold to lure ; yet had I, like a poor clown, whether ill or well, to paint my face and tumble before the public !—I had to write a merry book ! At all times, new authors have much to surmount and to struggle against. The public are too apt to test abilities by the genius of others, whose reputations are made : to discover is beyond them—to compare is the utmost within their power ; and even for that they require a leader, and like hounds await the opening of one whose cry they may venture to follow. It seems a strange anomaly, though a melancholy fact, that the greater portion of those who pass their lives in conducing to the happiness of mankind (at least, in labouring to instruct or to amuse them) should themselves be miserable. What do we know of Homer, but that he led the life of a vagabond, and subsisted by ballad-singing ? Shakspeare played second to Ben Jonson in his own day, merely because he could not pay the reckonings at the ‘Mermaid,’ or play host to the jack possets at the ‘Triple Tun’ ; and though he lived tolerably well, it was on the money he got by his bad acting, and not from that he gained by his inimitable plays. Milton was also tolerable well off, or ‘Paradise Lost’ would not have purchased him a month’s sustenance. Butler and Cervantes were half starved, Camoens and Savage might have drawn lots which were the most wretched ; and there was not one living ‘Parson Adams’ or ‘Squire Allworthy’ to rescue Fielding from his obscure and neglected grave in the Factory’s burying-ground at Lisbon, or to raise a stone to mark out where he lies. But to go back, the catalogue would be endless : in our own times, Byron died an exile in a foreign land, after having been a wanderer over many, as the penalty of eleven months’ conjugal misconduct. Alas ! had he been a worse husband and a worse man, he could have filled up the measure of her wrongs by morally annihilating his victim, and striding triumphantly over the arena of society, on the stilts of falsehood and hypocrisy ; but *he* had a heart, and that is the very worst soil vice can be grafted upon ; for, like the upas, it requires to be surrounded by a hard and sterile clay, before its deadly fruits can flourish.—

While, as a last, though by no means least, instance, the ever-well-ing genius that delighted, and still continues to delight millions, in a Scott, like those mighty volcanoes that time reduces into ponds, was harassed into drivelling by pecuniary embarrassments—to relieve which, three grateful kingdoms have subscribed to erect a monument to his memory! Without, of course, presuming to name myself in the same breath with these, I had one difficulty to encounter that they had never known :—my father was my bitterest enemy! By nature, haughty, overbearing, taciturn, and reserved, I had left him the most unliked and unpopular man in London. But now he had a game to play : the stake was great—it was the ruin of his own son! He rattled Fortune's dice, and threw sixes ; or, in other words, he became friendly and familiar to his inferiors, amiable and sociable with his equals—a gastronome among gourmands—convivial among bacchanals, 'devoué' to women, debonair to men ; in short, I was not to be left, at any price, even a negative friend ;—alas ! what others have the unfortunate? But all this I could bear—all this I could understand ; for the world resembles two opposition 'cabarets' that in my solitary walks home from Paris I used to note at Passy. The sign of one was, 'Au Rendez-vous des Bons Enfants,' that of the other, 'Au Rendez-vous des Bons Vivants.' And though the former appeared infinitely the more comfortable, and better-ordered house, yet was it always deserted, while peals of boisterous mirth never failed to issue from the crowded porch of the latter. But the blackest page in the book of human life I had yet to turn ; and when turned, in vain endeavour to decipher. Just before the publication of my third book, several individuals of some literary reputation, but personally unknown to me, went out of their way to come forward with offers of assistance, warmly condoling with me upon the injustice and cruelty with which I had been treated, and as warmly eulogising what they were pleased to term my brilliant talents. These being all persons differing from my father's political opinions, and coinciding in my own, without diminishing from my gratitude for their promised services, I thought I could analyze their motives, and for that very reason depend upon their sincerity, as I knew from bitter experience how strong are 'the bonds of mutual hate.' Imagine, then, my consternation and disgust, when, on the appearance of my third work, the very persons who had volunteered the most, either shrunk into cowardly silence, or were the most clamorous among my enemies, while others had Janus pens, which, while they lauded my book and advocated my cause in one review, with incredible dexterity, denounced the first and denounced the latter in another. These, it was true, were miserable adventurers, who found the specious arguments of my father's gold conclusive and irresistible. And where the man who had been silly

enough to promise me support and protection, was beyond the reach of a golden bait, there was still some would-be Aspasia, and had-been Messalina, at my father's command, to flatter him into the belief that he was a Pericles, and, as such, should not countenance such a dullard as myself. Thus, from the vapid and ephemeral whispers of the drawing-room down to the venomous and deadly stings of the press, did my cold, calculating, subtle and implacable parent contrive to enlist all against me. There is something awful, almost supernatural, in the enmity of those persons whom nature's laws have ordained should be friends; and to avenge their rebellious madness, she seems to have pronounced upon all such hatreds the same 'Esto perpetua' that anathematized the wandering Israelite; for, when parent fights against child, child against parent, husband against wife, brother against brother, how undying, how relentless, how ever-watchful is the feud! This was the blackest and most insupportable period of my existence. My father had so overwhelmed me with injuries, had so mocked me with sneering and triumphant insults, that I hated him with a hatred burning and deadly as his own. My struggles for existence—my love of my child, nay, of my wife—all were as specks swallowed up in my parching, maddening thirst for revenge!—revenge! on whom?—on my father! Yet no act of mine could compass it; it must be a judgment from heaven—God himself must be my champion. He could not tamper with Him! I did not curse him, at least with my lips. Alas! curses are fearful things, even for the most desperate to traffic with; for, like the spirit of man they may go forth to devastate and to destroy, but they will return to him who sent them.

"I continued to toil, not, indeed, in writing books,—for I had relinquished that Sisyphean employment,—but in writing anonymously for periodicals, which, with my brothers' occasional contributions, and giving lessons in English to half-a-dozen French families in Paris, procured a tolerable subsistence for the modest wants of my little family. This latter avocation I pursued unknown to my wife; for women have their little prides which poverty takes longer to eradicate in them than in us. I had for a long time given up looking at English newspapers, for every thing in them tended to annoy me, and some things to do more. In all the 'fadeurs' of what came under the head of 'fashionable arrangements,' and 'fashionable movements,' I was sure to see my father's name glaring at me conspicuously; even balls and concerts, which he had never attended before, he now infested; for party-going and popularity are synonymous in society. Often have I turned with bitter indignation and disgust from these paragraphs to the pale face of my young wife, and the too serious face of my young child—'and this monster,' thought I, 'can flit about from banquet to banquet, while he leaves no stone unturned to crush me and to starve them!—but if

there's justice in heaven'—my little girl who was then about five years old, and who was leaning her head on her mother's lap, suddenly looked up and said,

“‘What's the matter, papa?’”

“‘Seeing my wife's anxious face, I replied, ‘nothing, love,’ and then added, ‘I was only thinking, Blanche, that it is now full seven months since I have heard from either of my brothers. I don't mind Gerald, for he was always lazy about writing; but Aubrey's silence I can't at all account for; besides, he used to send the 50*l.* as regularly as the three months came round whether he wrote or not—’

“‘Oh, twenty things may have occurred to prevent them,’ said my poor Blanche, ever anxious to make the best of every thing.

“‘No, nothing,’ said I, ‘but that which occurs to prevent every thing.’”

“‘Dear Henry,’ cried my wife, who perceived from my bent brow and clenched hand, the train of thought that was coming over me; ‘don't begin thinking, love; or, if you will, think of our little Blanche here, and of me. Suppose you come and take a walk with us?’”

“‘Instead of making a direct reply, I remarked what an unusually melancholy expression of countenance our child had for her age.’”

“‘You forget love,’ said my wife, ‘she has no play-fellows like other children, nor,’ added she, covering her with kisses, ‘has she ever yet had a single toy.’”

“‘Well,’ replied I, ‘that defect shall be soon remedied, for I'll go this very day to Paris and get her one.’”

“‘My wife kissed me, and our poor child actually smiled! and clapped her little hands with something like joy, as she turned to her mother and asked, ‘But what is a toy, mamma?’”

“‘I know not why, but my eyes filled at the child's question, and I took my hat and left the room, with a strong presentiment of evil that I could not account for, but which made me return and embrace my wife and child as though I had been about to separate from them for a year instead of for a few hours. The passions will sometimes ruffle the stream of happiness in every one, but they most frequently do so with those persons whose minds, through the aristocracy of letters, range through the fairy regions of imagination, while fate places their realities amid the lowest and most sordid privations of earth. The classical refinement, which, under happier auspices, has so strong an influence in refining the feelings, and consequently amending the heart, and promoting, if not virtue itself, at least virtuous aspirations, only serves, under a severe pressure of adverse external circumstances, to create a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, destructive to the possessor—just as refined tastes and habits render all the coarsenesses and vulgarities of life insupportable. But the real evil of poverty is, that from the fortuitous associates it brings us in contact with, we become acquainted with a much worse sort

of people than we should have ever known in an opposite position—nor is it only the dregs of their natures that are made known to us, but our own, for poverty forces us into a minutiae of thought and action, that is, to say the least of it, revolting, if not deteriorating to a finely organized mind, since it destroys that virgin delicacy of feeling, which is to principle what modesty is to a woman.

“All this I daily and hourly experienced—and if it did not lower my standard of moral excellence, it effectually succeeded in souring my temper, and impairing my health—from feeding my daily increasing sinful abhorrence of my father; but it was the false pretences under which he triumphed that exasperated me. In the world he was merely looked upon as a father angry with his son for having made an imprudent marriage—a common occurrence, for which he was sure not only of support but sympathy: but the worst part of that world was ignorant of his deadly rancour—his incessant persecution—his mean, paltry, unmanly insults, wherever one could be wedged between an injury and an injustice;—they knew not how indefatigably he laboured to cool my friends and heat my enemies,—or the worst among them would have deprecated his conduct, if not for its cruelty, at least for its meanness.—What wonder, then, from such repeated stings, I should writhe into madness, since it is an inherent principle in our nature, when we see a virtuous man amidst all his virtue is persecuted and unhappy, to feel sorrow and astonishment at his misfortunes; and in proportion to our sympathy with his unmerited affliction, the higher is our anxiety raised that he should be delivered from them all, and meet with an adequate reward—while, on the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, and our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and in the midst of their crimes enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see them meeting a suitable punishment for their guilt, or wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for that punishment would subside, and our hatred against them would be converted into compassion, their guilt would be forgotten, and their misery, though well merited, by exciting our pity, stifle every feeling but mercy and forbearance. What must it be, then, when these feelings of indignation and resentment emanate from and centre in our own individual wrongs? the effect is certainly not likely to subside, as long as the cause triumphs. With me, my feelings against my father, amounted to monomania: a man could not jostle me accidentally in the street, but what I looked upon him as some willing and supernumerary emissary of my father’s petty tyranny;—and now, from my brothers’ long silence, I concluded that he had at length, with his Machiavelian genius, succeeded in alienating them from me too!

“I quitted Versailles in no enviable mood, and walked hastily on

without relaxing my pace, till I reached Paris, when, crossing the Place-Vendôme, I beheld a crowd gathered round the column. A man had just thrown himself from the top—his blood and brains bespattered the pavement, while his mangled remains were still undergoing the speculations of the spectators.

“‘Le Malheureux!’ exclaimed several voices, ‘Ah! sans doute c’était un dépit amoureux,’ said a young girl with a sigh.

“‘Je parie qu’il a joué trop haut,’ cried a haggard shabby-looking man, peering at the body over the girl’s shoulder, ‘Parbleu! peut-être qu’il était encore caporal?’ said a fierce-looking old man, with a scar across his cheek, in the uniform of the national guard.

“‘Pauvre garçon, c’est qu’il avait faim,—allez,’ muttered a toothless old woman, extending her withered hand, ‘charité, mon bon monsieur, s’il vous plait; moi, je suis beaucoup misérable.’

“‘Par exemple, messieurs,’ said the driver of a gondole, who had left his vehicle in the middle of the place to join the crowd, as he pointed to a remnant of the suicide’s coat that was hitched on the iron railings, ‘voilà un joli échantillon de l’entreprise des chemins de fer dont on parle tant.’

“‘Good Heavens, how dreadful’ exclaimed an Englishman, ‘I wonder what was the cause of it?’

“‘His father pushed him off I suppose,’ said I, abstractedly.

“‘His father?’ repeated the Englishman, ‘how very horrible!’

“And this repetition of intuitive assertion recalled me to a sense of what I had said, and I hurried on. I had scarcely reached the Rue de la Paix before every one I met looked as if they had no other object in life but amusement, and were hastening to a fair, or some other place of public recreation. When I looked round at the incitements to pleasure, and the business as it appeared to be of the whole nation, I did not so much wonder at the frequent suicides, among those who not having the means of attaining it, also lacked sufficient principle to fetter them to existence. Again my thoughts reverted to the poor suicide I had just seen; and thus taken out of myself for a short time, I walked leisurely on to the Rue St. Honoré, till I arrived at a toyshop; I rejected all the dolls,—they looked too still, and too quiet; and, moreover, too, like another person to be provided for, so, after much deliberation, I chose a Chinese tumbler, which at all events was a tolerable imitation of merriment, and might give my poor child some idea of it. The first sheet of paper the man took to wrap it up in was not sufficiently large; and, after ineffectually trying two or three more, he at length put it up in an old newspaper, and I departed with my purchase. I returned more leisurely than I had set out, so that by the time I reached home night had set in. My wife and child were watching for me. ‘Thank God!’ cried I, embracing them, ‘that I find you safe, for I left

home with a foreboding of evil that has harassed and oppressed me all day.'

" 'Dear Henry,' said my wife, 'how silly; I hope this will cure you of forebodings; the only unusual thing that has happened,' added she, with something like a blush, 'is that a little friend of Blanche's whom she made acquaintance with in the gardens, sent us some partridges, and we'll have them for supper.'

" 'But the toy, papa,' said my little girl, clambering up to give me another kiss, 'is that great big, big, parcel it?'

" 'Yes,' said I, undoing it, and pulling the string, so as to set the tumbler in motion, 'is he not a fine fellow?'

" 'Oh, indeed! he is,' said she, clapping her little hands, and actually laughing joyously for the first time in her life. Her mother seemed scarcely less delighted,—and I felt quite grateful to the piece of painted wood that had made them so happy. We sat down to supper, less miserable than we had been for sometime; I rallied my wife upon the wine, which was anything but the *vin ordinaire* that we were in the habit of drinking, and asked if it had accompanied the partridges. I thought she coloured slightly, as she replied that she supposed the wine-merchant must have sent it by mistake. I made no further remark, but, leaning back in my chair, took up the old newspaper, in which I had brought home the toy: it was an old *Galignani* of about five months' standing. I looked carelessly over it, till my eye was suddenly attracted by seeing my own name. You may imagine my feelings, but I cannot describe them, when the following paragraph, extracted from an English paper, met my view:—

" 'It was our melancholy task, about three months ago, to record the death of those two estimable and highly-promising young men, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Aubrey Carlton, by the overturning of a pleasure boat, within sight of Lady Carlton's villa at Richmond: we have now the additional pain of announcing the death of their exemplary and amiable mother, whose grief for their loss has consigned her to a premature grave, universally beloved and regretted. The affliction of the worthy and distinguished baronet is augmented from the circumstance of his being unacquainted with the present sejour of his younger (now his only) son, who, having some years ago incurred his father's displeasure, by forming an imprudent marriage with an amiable, though portionless, young lady, has passed his time on the continent ever since, though, we believe, we are correct in stating, that Sir Henry Carlton, with that magnanimity for which he is so distinguished, soon allowed the resentment of the man to yield to the affection of the parent, and has been indefatigable ever since in trying to trace out the abode of his absent son, in order to restore him to his heart and home.'

" 'Will you believe it,' continued Carlton, 'but the ruling pas-

sion was so strong upon me, that even in reading this withering paragraph, the latter part aroused my very despair into resentment; and I exclaimed — ‘hypocritical friend,’ as my clenched hand descended heavily on the table, and I fell back senseless in my chair. When I came to my senses, I found myself in bed, where I remained for several weeks, more or less delirious: my illness might in all probability have continued longer, but for the iron necessity that ever attends poverty, both bodily and mental exertion. The weather was intensely cold; and my poor Blanche’s incessant attendance upon me, had brought on a severe cold, which ended in a pleurisy. During this illness, our child seemed to jump twenty years of youth, and spring at once to womanhood—in the care, the judgment, and the perseverance she appeared to be gifted with, in nursing her mother;—it was an humbling of man’s boasted superiority, to sink into insignificance by the side of a little child—but while I poured out expressions of affection, that might disturb, but could not relieve the poor invalid; or gave way to an equally clamorous grief, the noiseless footsteps of our child never once betrayed their mission, as she bore everything to and from her mother’s room:—her’s were the little hands that smoothed the pillows—her’s the eyes that waked and watched, when other’s that had professed more, were surprised by sleep. Much has been taken—but oh God! I thank thee for not taking ALL! I have still that child. * * *

“When my wife was sufficiently recovered to leave her bed, she earnestly advised me to write to an aunt of mine, a sister of my fathers, a very amiable woman (who having suffered herself, could feel for others), to inquire the particulars of my mother’s and brother’s death. I answered gloomily;—was it not sufficient to know that they were dead—and that if my aunt knew where I was, she would tell my father? and now that it might gladden his heart—tush, he never was so burdened; but now that it might soothe his blighted hopes to know where the unworthy heir of all his wealth, of all his honours, is! he shall receive no such happiness at my hands, added I, laughing bitterly. In vain she tried to reason me out of this resolve, for our child’s sake, and for the Christian spirit of returning good for evil. As for our child, said I, when I am gone, I have left full instructions about her welfare;—and as for him—why God must decree that he should have his punishment even in this world; and why not give me the compensation of being its instrument? Blanche had too much tact to argue against this madness, when it was strong upon me, and therefore merely urged the interest of our child, and asked me if I would, if I could sacrifice her?—for of what avail would future wealth be, if I now deprived her of the commonest advantages of education? This was too home a thrust, I could not bear it: so I walked away, and took especial care that the subject should not be renewed. I had yet ten pounds re-

maining of the last money my poor brothers had sent me : it now went to buy mourning for them.

“ As soon as I could at all compose my mind, I again began to write, for how were we to exist? But it was writing of a laborious and disagreeable nature, fearing, that by again publishing, I should give my father a clue to my present abode. I undertook, for a small but certain profit, to translate English works into French, and vice versa. The toil of this was great, especially as I was obliged to sit up through many of the long winter nights without the comfort of a fire, which I could not afford. And as to the wretched—most things are sources of wretchedness—I began to be additionally unhappy at the frequent absences of my wife : I could not bear her out of my sight, for there seemed to me both safety and hope in her presence; yet for two and sometimes three hours a-day would she stay away. It was but lately come to her, to study her own comfort more than mine, and she chose a strange time for such a change of conduct, and I did not fail to reproach her with it. Her manner was as kind, as affectionate, as imploring as ever, as she said, ‘ Dear Henry, I must attend to Blanche’s education sometimes ; and you know it would disturb you, were her lessons to be going on in the room with you.’ To this there was no appeal, but still my egotistical selfishness thought, though it dared not express it, that all ought to be sacrificed to me ; and now that I am up-rooting the very sinews of my heart, I will own to you, I loved my wife less—I was jealous of my own child. The only objection that I ventured to give utterance to was, that I thought three hours a-day a great deal too long for so young a child to study. Blanche tried to humour me, and from that time came to me earlier in the day ; but I invariably dismissed her with a cold remark, that I did not want her, or that she was in my way. Still her temper remained unruffled, but I saw her health was waning ; and choosing to assume that her love was too, this offended me, and I became so morose, that my child was afraid of me : this maddened me, and in my madness I asked my wife, if she thought herself justified, whatever her own feelings might be, in making my child dislike me? Were I to live a thousand years, never shall I forget the look that accompanied the first, last, and only reproachful words she ever said to me, of—‘ God forgive you, Henry !’ I waded through two years in this miserable manner, unhappy myself, and making every one about me the same.

“ It was the beginning of January, and I had just completed the translation of a work, and was preparing to carry the manuscript into Paris, in order to receive the miserable reward of my labours, when a drift of fast falling snow made me turn, with a shiver, from the window to the small but cheerful fire that blazed upon the hearth. My wife watched me, and appeared fidgetty, an unusual thing for her ; I thought, perhaps, it arose from a reluc-

tance on her part that I should encounter the inclemency of the weather; but, as I had generally received all her little attention and care very ungraciously of late, she said nothing. My heart smote me, and I said, in a kinder tone than usual, 'Blanche, can you lend me a shawl, or something to put round my neck?—the wind blows keenly, and perhaps I may be detained out the best part of the night.'

" 'Then do not—pray do not walk home,' cried she; and then added, 'yes, I have something that I hope will keep you very warm.'

" She left the room, and in a short time, to my astonishment, returned with a large handsome cloak, partially lined with velvet and fur.

" 'Good gracious!' asked I, with some surprise, 'where did you get this?'

" 'Where there are plenty more,' replied she, with a smile.

" 'That is no answer,' said I, seriously alarmed: 'for Heaven's sake, how much did it cost?'

" 'Only twenty napoleons.'

" 'Only twenty napoleons!' echoed I. 'Blanche, are you mad?—how am I to pay for it?'

" 'Out of this,' said she, with more the look of an angel than a human being, 'if you like to pay for it over again; but it is paid for, and here is the remainder,' added she, showering down fifty napoleons on the table.

" I stood for a few seconds like one in a dream; the worst was so much in the habit of presenting itself to me on all occasions, that some horrible ideas now flitted across my imagination. 'Tell me,' gasped I, 'where—how—did you get this money?'

" 'Do you remember, love,' said she, approaching me, while I still kept her at arm's length, 'do you remember how'—angry, she was going to say, but changed it to annoyed—'how annoyed you used to be with me for being so long away from you of a day during the last two years, and I own that I do deserve your displeasure for the falsehood I told, in accusing dear Blanche of monopolising my time, when she never had but one hour a-day of it; but thinking it a shame that I should do comparatively nothing while you worked so hard, I used to give lessons in English to a great many French families in the neighbourhood, and on those days that you went to Paris I was able to give extra ones, which brought my pupils so forward, that they often paid me more than my due. This money I have carefully hoarded till I thought we most wanted it; that time has now arrived, for it used to make my heart ache to see you shivering to Paris this bitter weather in that old threadbare coat; and knowing that you would not buy what you ought for yourself, I got the brother of one of my pupils to bring me this from Paris. And now you have all my secrets.'

“ ‘Blanche ! Blanche !’ cried I, flinging myself at her feet, ‘ shall I ever, can I ever be worthy of you ?’ ”

“ ‘ Only be as you used to be, Henry,’ said she, throwing her arms round my neck ; ‘ and even when you don’t see and hear every thing, still have some confidence in your poor Blanche.’ ”

“ I raised her up, and as I kissed the most beautiful and the fondest lips that God ever stamped truth and purity upon, what did I not profess ? Yet I have lived to break those promises ! and she has died to belie my professions ! Oh, God ! oh, God ! if I must be mad, why have I not the privilege of madness—forgetfulness ? Well, well, enough of this, it is well with her now ; and I—why, I shall not have breath to tell you all if I do not make haste, and it must be told, or I shall feel the gnawing of the very worms in my grave. You look frightened—there is no need—I had not killed her then ; no, on the contrary, I kissed her again, I kissed her child, and I left the house happy—yes, happy ! I was happy ! for Blanche loved me as much as ever—she had just told me so—just told me so—just told me so. I must repeat it,” added the wretched man in a hollow whisper, “ for you know she cannot—” and he fell back senseless in his chair.

Cecil sprang forward to support his head, while Theresa left the room to send for the doctor, who, as soon as he came, had him conveyed to bed, and when he had recovered from his swoon, bled him copiously, from which he appeared to derive some momentary relief, which Cecil and Theresa no sooner perceived, than they prepared to leave the room, in order that he might get some temporary repose, while they went in quest of a nurse for him ; but before they could reach the door, Carlton sprang up in bed, and, grasping the clothes like a dying man, implored them not to go till they had heard all he had to say.

“ Another day,” said Cecil, “ you are really too ill now.”

“ No, no ! no other day,” gasped he, “ time and money should never be squandered, or one lives to want both.”

“ Very true,” acquiesced the apothecary, “ but there is such a thing as being penny-wise and pound foolish ; so suppose you just wait till this evening, and take this draught now.”

“ Very well, I’ll take your draught,” said Carlton, impatiently, stretching out his thin, tremulous, feverish hand—“ but you know, or you ought to know, that my draft is upon death ! then why talk of evening, when eternal night is the question ?”

Cecil, whispered the apothecary, that perhaps the excitement of opposition, in his present state of mind, might be as bad for him as the exertion of talking, and therefore, it might be as well to let him have his way ; while on the other hand, the apothecary, thinking that it was not of very much consequence whether a man lived or died, who had apparently not sufficient means of doing the for-

mer in any degree of respectability, or to pay for his funeral, in the event of his doing the latter ; or, what was more to the purpose, of discharging his bill, in either case, made no further obstacle, and quietly took his leave, with an admonition to the invalid to speak low and not sit up in the bed more than was necessary.

“Where was I?” said Carlton, pressing his forehead, as soon as the latter had closed the door.

“Hush !” cried Theresa, gently raising his pillow ; “if you don’t lie very still, and speak as quietly as possible, I positively won’t let you say another word.”

“I am—quiet—I will be quiet,” murmured Carlton, “but I must tell you all—all but my real name—that you don’t know ; nor shall any one till I’m dead. Yes—let me see—let me see.—Oh, I remember—Versailles—the cloak—Paris—Nugent—the money,” added he, tapping his forehead. “Well, I left her, and went into Paris with my manuscript. The bookseller was not at home ;—he had left no money for me—but a message—that I was to call again next week. I did not want money—I had money—and never had I loved money before—never could I love it again as I loved that money. I determined that they should be warm too. So I left the Rue du Coq St. Honoré, and walked on to the Palais Royal, to purchase some dresses for Blanche and our child. The lamps were light. The crowd of cigar-smokers, chestnut-eaters, coffee-drinkers, and billiard-players, was as great as ever. I entered a shop filled with velvets, and merinoes, and made my purchase. Next door to this shop was a gambling-house. If ever the devil comes in person to tempt mankind, he now came to me in the guise of a young man, in black mustachios, a ‘Jeune France’ hat and a large cloak, who was leaving the gambling-house with a companion, to whom he was boasting, in a loud exulting voice, of having made his fortune—and all out of a risk of two napoleons ! I had in my possession, at that moment, forty-five. Yes—but they were my wife’s hard earnings. True ; but with two of them I might make it unnecessary for her to earn more. Aye, but if I should lose ? ‘Nothing venture, nothing have,’ again whispered the tempter ; and if I should bring her back three times what I had taken out, oh what a happiness it would be ! This was decisive. I entered : two men were before me, and as they swung the green doors after them at the end of the passage, a man rushed out—his whole dress was disordered, and his hat was slouched over his eyes ; and though the night was bitterly cold, his neckcloth was off and his chest bared, while large drops rolled from it ; his whole appearance being that of a desperate man—no unusual sight in such a place. I intuitively impeded his progress, by placing my arm across the narrow passage ; he staggered back a few paces, under a large green-shaded billiard lamp, when his hat fell off, and discovered—

the haggard and convulsed features of John Nugent! He raised his clenched hand, as if with the intention of felling me to the earth; but the light glaring full on my face, his arm remained uplifted and paralysed; his eyes glared fearfully, his mouth distended, his jaw quivered, and he at length faltered out, in a voice supernaturally thin and hollow, 'Carlton! Henry Carlton! M—Me—Mister Carlton?' and then, as if a sudden revulsion had taken place in him from despair to triumph he attempted to embrace me; but I spurned him as I would a serpent that had made a similar advance.

" 'So,' said I folding my arms, and mocking him with a bitter smile, 'so, my amiable and honest brother-in-law—for honest you are after the fashion of this world, where honesty is worn like a cloak, that is thrown aside whenever it is inconvenient—fortune has been reviewing you, has she? Pleasant, isn't it, to be ruined out of hand, and then be laughed at by the whole world for attempting a work, or game, if you like the phrase better, in which we don't succeed—ha! ha! ha!'

" 'For Heaven's sake, sir,' said he, arranging his dress and resuming his wonted cringing manner, 'be merciful. You see before you one who has injured you 'tis true, but who sincerely repents of having done so, and who would lay down his life for you to-morrow.'

" 'Ha! ha! laughed I, disgusted at the wretch's meanness; 'that means, I have no doubt, that you would risk your neck and brave a halter for ten pounds, in any dirty work I, in common with the rest of the world, might be disposed to employ you upon.'

" 'Come, come, Mr. Carlton, sir,' almost whimpered the reptile; 'you are really too hard upon me. Remember, sir, too, the ties of blood between us?'

" 'This was too much. 'Blood! blood,' echoed I, seizing him by the collar and shaking him; 'I'd tear my heart from my bosom and trample on it before your face, if I thought there was a possibility that by any chemistry of nature, any juggling of hell, one drop of your base Judas blood could pollute mine!'

" 'Of course—of course, sir,' said the white-livered dastard, quailing beneath my grasp, 'I am aware of the honour you did our family by the alliance; but still, you know, we are allied; and I'm sure, whatever out little differences may have been, you'd be sorry to see me at the Morgue to-morrow.'

" 'I broke from the contemptible wretch with unmitigated disgust. He followed me, and, laying his hand on my arm, which had the effect of a torpedo, said,

" 'Sir, you behold a ruined, a desperate man. You can save me if you will; for my sister's and your wife's sake, lend me ten napoleons, and as I'm a living man, I'll pay you to-morrow.'

" 'His sister and my wife! it was but too true. I thought I should have suffocated, and, throwing back my cloak, whose richness might

have given him an erroneous notion of my circumstances (though how he could have supposed them other than what they were, I know not), I asked him, pointing to my shabby and threadbare dress, if he thought the pockets of such a coat were likely to produce ten napoleons?’

“ ‘Well, then,’ said he, relapsing into his former cowardly despair, and drawing a small hair-trigger pistol from his pocket, ‘it must come to this at last,’ so saying, he deliberately raised it.

“ ‘Hold,’ cried I. ‘This is a memorable night in your existence; in it you have done what you never did before—you have uttered one truth—she is your sister! That at least is worth ten napoleons; but remember, no more, had you twenty lives to lose,’ and so saying, I beckoned the reptile after me, who followed without resistance into the play-room. The clink of the gold that one of the markers was raking up seemed to inspire him, for the wretch said, almost with a gay, careless air,—

“ ‘Now, my dear sir, the money, if you please?’

“The man who was crying out ‘Rouge gagne—Noir perde,’ as we entered, had a most peculiar and mysteriously disagreeable face. The skin was dark, furrowed and leathern, as if it had been made out of bats’ wings. His upper lip was unusually long and straight, and the lines on each side from his nose strongly marked. His nose was straight and pinched. His eyes small and dark, the strongly contrasted white of the eye-balls giving a supernatural glare to his whole countenance. His forehead was low, his head high, his hair gray and thin. The expression of his face was neither solemn nor melancholy, nor severe, nor earnest; it was only rigid, but so rigid that it seemed to petrify one as one looked at it. Without the slightest variation or change of countenance, he now looked at Nugent, and merely said, ‘faites votre jeu.’ The latter staked five napoleons on the black.

“ ‘Vous avez tort,’ said a man next him. ‘Rouge gagne ce soir.’

“Nugent made no answer, but kept his eyes eagerly fixed on the heap of gold before him.

“ ‘Noir gagne,’ cried the marker.

“ ‘Sacré nom de diable, c’est la première fois ce soir,’ cried several disappointed voices who had staked their all upon the red as being the lucky number.

“The marker shovelled over ten napoleons to Nugent, who instantly staked twenty again on the black, and this time won also. Fired with success, he walked to the roulette table and staked ten napoleons on zero: it turned up—he won 380*l*.!

“ ‘My dear sir,’ said he, turning to me, ‘here are your ten napoleons, with ten thousand thanks. Will you not yourself try your luck?’

“ ‘No,’ said I, looking at the miserable faces before me. ‘No,

you have beggared enough for one night.' I left the room. Nugent followed me.

" 'You must, indeed, you must, my dear sir,' said he, in a more than usually cringing voice; 'indeed you must allow me to accompany you home, in order to try and express my gratitude, and in the hope of convincing you how sincerely I wish to serve you, which may be more in my power to do than you imagine.'

" 'Never,' said I, 'never with my consent shall you darken my doors.'

" 'Oh, sir,' continued he, 'you know not what you have saved me from, or you would not, you could not doubt the sincerity of my gratitude. In a moment of temptation I staked and lost a large sum of money that was not my own. You have enabled me to regain it—you have saved me from dishonour.'

" 'How, then,' cried I, laughing bitterly, 'can you ever forgive me for having deprived you of what you have been accustomed to all your life?'

" 'Sir,' said he, trying to detain me by the cloak, 'you are too severe—you are indeed. Be merciful!—only let me go home with you!—only let my sister plead for me!'

" 'Never,' cried I, breaking from him and rushing down the passage d'Orleans till I reached the Rue Vivienne, where I jumped into the first omnibus that passed; but as it was bound for the Porte St. Martin, I got out on the Boulevards, in order to get into one that was going to Passy. This second omnibus was full. Several persons were standing in groups, who were disappointed of places as well as myself. I had nothing for it but to get into a citadine. As it drove on, the coachman whipped behind several times, but this being no unusual occurrence, it gave me little or no concern. It was nearly midnight before I reached home; for, the night being dry, I dismissed the citadine at the Barrière before I got into Passy, for the sake of economy. Blanche saw that I was ruffled and excited, and I, therefore, detailed to her, as delicately as I could, my adventure with her unprincipled brother. She seemed deeply affected, and, turning very pale, tremblingly inquired if I had asked for her father and mother. I don't know how I must have looked; but she put her arm round my neck, and with one of her deep-drawn sighs that always reproached me more than words, said,

" 'Well, don't be angry, love,' kissed me and went to bed.

" Next morning, as I was sitting with my writing-table drawn close to the fire, and my wife at the opposite side, settling some work for Blanche, the servant came in and said that a gentleman from Paris was below, who wished to see me; he said he came from a bookseller. It was too cold to keep any one shivering in the court, so I desired her to show him up, which she accordingly did.

" 'I had better go,' said Blanche, rising.

“‘No, no, stay where you are,’ said I; ‘it’s only another book to translate, I suppose.’

“‘I was sitting with my back to the door when the man entered, nor did I look up till roused by a loud scream from my wife, when I turned and beheld John Nugent springing forward to support his sister!

“‘Touch her at your peril!’ said I, placing one arm round her waist, and pushing him back with the other.

“‘Not to exhaust your patience and my own strength,” said Carlton, “I’ll skip the scene that followed, and tell you at once that Nugent persevered in staying the day with us—nay, half the night. Finding that I would not listen to a syllable about a reconciliation with my father, he shifted his ground—flattered me upon my ‘brilliant talents,’ which could of themselves make me independent of the whole world—and ended by proposing to me to write up Lord John Bubble and his party (here Cecil and Theresa exchanged looks), and said, this it was, in the hope of repairing his former conduct by now giving my talents fair play, that in spite of all my repulses, had made him jump up behind the first omnibus I had got into, and next behind the citadine, and so dodge me till I had reached home on the preceding night.

“‘And pray,’ said I, coldly, ‘what confidence could my Lord John or his party possibly have in me? We scarcely ever find deserters from their principles to be in any estimation with those to whom they revolt, especially when the probabilities of emolument or personal interest accompany their defection; nor is it in the power of any human authority or position to preserve such men from the reproach and infamy they deserve.’

“‘But conviction, my dear sir,—conviction obviates all that.’

“‘Yes; but I am not convinced,’ said I; ‘except of one thing.’

“‘And of what may that be?’ asked Nugent.

“‘That it is very cold,’ said I, contemptuously kicking the unoffending log of wood that was burning on the hearth. But why should I dwell upon the disgusting incidents of that day? enough that John Nugent was before me for the whole of it—that he fondled my child! Oh! if there is one thing more loathsome in this world than another, it is to hear precepts of morality issuing from the lips of adult infamy into the ear of innocent childhood! And during his frequent exhortations to Blanche to be good, always to do what papa and mamma told her, and above all, never to tell a story, I was obliged to leave the room. Another trial my temper had to sustain was seeing the dinner my wife prepared for him—for him!—when we were so often without any! But I curbed myself; for my resolution was taken, as I saw that stratagem was the only way to deal with him. At dinner he said he was ordered to drink brandy and water: brandy was accordingly sent for. I soon perceived that to-

wards the water he preserved a temperance amounting to abstinence. In the course of the evening, I affected to relax in my resolution about not writing for his party, and asked him what he thought would be the most I could possibly gain by it? According to him, there was nothing I might not command. I then went farther, and sounded him if he thought that although I kept personally aloof from my father, he might be brought to use his influence for my political advancement, if I espoused his political opinions? This so delighted Nugent, that it threw him completely off his guard; and, after frequent additional libations of brandy, he let it out, that he had come to Paris on a direct mission from my father to seek me out; and that if he succeeded in finding me, and bringing me back to England, he was to have two thousand pounds down in money, and a place in the excise of four hundred a-year; that he had given him two hundred pounds to defray his expences, which, with another hundred entrusted to him by a friend to take to his daughter at school in Paris, he had lost at the gaming-table, when he met me the night before. As the wretch began to unravel himself, I commenced weaving my plot with the thread of his deceit.

“ ‘All you have said is quite true,’ said I: ‘there is no use in starving when one might be rich; besides, it is wrong when one has a family. But you see I am busy just now. I wish you could give me three or four days to think over your proposition; for to-morrow I have to go to the other side of the country near Montmorency.’

“ ‘Oh, ce-certainly, certainly,’ hickupped Nugent, who was now quite drunk, ‘I de-don’t wish to hurry you, nor myself neither, for I’m at the Hôtel de Mirabeau, where I live like a prince at your governor’s expence; but I don’t care, no, d—n it, I don’t care, my dear fellow, what expence I go to, so long as I bring things right between you and him; and you see how cleverly I’ve managed him, because, it was all his own doing you see, all his own doing; but you were restive, and there was the difficulty; but I ge-got over it, and without your knowing that he had anything to do with it; the—that’s the way to manage every thing in the shape of a plot, never let your left hand know what your right’s about; if you want to keep things steady,’ added he, rising, and nearly pitching forward on his head, but that it came in contact with my shoulder, when he placed his hand upon my other, and stammered out, ‘so, ho, steady my boy, steady, you must give up the bottle, Harry, when you get into office. Drink’s the d—l; where would my head for business be, if I did not stick to w-wa-wa-ter.’

“ I thought it high time to rid my house of the pollution of Mr. John Nugent’s presence, and writing upon a slip of paper, as, in his present state, his memory could not be depended upon, that I should be happy to see him on Monday, but not before, as I should be absent from home; I slipped it into his pocket, and led, or rather

dragged him down stairs, and from thence into the street, where giving him in charge to a policeman, I told him to put him into the first omnibus that passed for Paris, and consign him to the Hotel de Mirabeau. That very night, on my return up stairs, I made preparations for quitting France, and two days after we crossed in the Boulogne packet for England, leaving word with an ancient militaire of the name of Le Roue, in whose honor I could confide, not to betray my address ; that I would, from time to time, write to him for any letters that might be lying for me at the Poste Restante.

“Once more landed on my native shores, I felt more desolate than ever. Where to go, I knew not. Certainly the world was all before me where to chuse, but my place of rest was not on earth ! It was about seven o'clock of a drizzling winter evening, when we landed at St. Catherine's docks. My chief luggage being books, as soon as I could get them out of the Custom house, I took a hackney coach, and told the man to drive us to some coach office ; he took us accordingly to the ‘ Bull and Mouth’ in the city.

“As soon as the hackney coach stopped at the door, a sort of hostler let down the steps, taking it for granted that we were going by one of the coaches. I got out, and told my wife and Blanche to remain where they were. Three mails were standing in the yard, with the lamps lit, and the horses to. I went into the office and asked the man what places were vacant ; he in his turn very naturally inquired where to ? easy as this question was for him to ask, it was very difficult for me to answer. Seeing me hesitate, he informed me that the three coaches that I saw in the yard, where the Liverpool, Manchester, and Shrewsbury mails. Liverpool and Manchester sounded horrible. Shrewsbury ; I knew no one in Shropshire, and so hastily resolved upon bending my course that way.

“‘Have you three inside places in the Shrewsbury mail?’ asked I.

“‘There's the whole inside vacant, replied the man.

“I instantly paid the money, and transferred my wife and child from the hackney coach to the mail. Neither of us spoke till we stopped to take up more passengers in Piccadilly, when a man called out to know, whether there was an inside place by the Shrewsbury mail. Blanche asked me if it was thither we were going. I told her it was. She then inquired if I knew any one there, and I had scarcely answered ‘No, and for that reason I am going there,’ before the door opened, and a long thin man got in. At the end of the first stage, while changing horses, he asked if I was going all the way to Shrewsbury ? Being answered in the affirmative, he settled himself to sleep, and did not awake till about five in the morning, when he talked much of the ‘Nobility and Gentry,’ in the neighbourhood, and lamented that what he called the drayma, was so little patronized by them, and at parting put a play-bill into my

hand, hoping that I would sometimes honor the theatre, of which he was the manager. I did honor the theatre the very next day, for no sooner had I taken the miserable garret that you found my poor child in, and settled her and her mother there, than finding the whole of my wordly wealth to consist of twelve pounds, and knowing how soon that would melt away, and the importance of procuring some present means of subsistence, I walked down to the theatre, and asked to see the manager, who instantly came to the box office cap in hand, overwhelming me with expressions of gratitude, for so soon patronizing him. I cut him short in the midst of his harangue, by saying that I wished to speak with him in private, whereupon he led the way to the green room, and I then and there told him, that I was come, not to engage a box, but to engage myself.

“The manager’s hat instantly returned to his head, his hands to his pockets, and himself to his chain; while blinking his eyes very quickly, as if to chastise them for the delusion they had laboured under with regard to myself, he said with equal rapidity, ‘What line? what line? what line, pray?’

“I modestly answered, ‘in whatever line he pleased.’

“‘It is not in what line I please, sir, but in what line you will be likely to please, that is the question,’ replied he with a nasal drawl, looking longer and thinner than ever.

“‘Tragedy,’ murmured I; and accordingly, after a little more chaffering, I was engaged by Mr. Simcoe, alternately to win or lose Bosworth Field, and murder Banquo, at five-and-twenty shillings a week!

“When I returned home and announced my new calling, my wife burst into tears.

“‘Why should you cry?’ asked I; ‘acting is far less laborious than writing, besides there is an excitement in it that takes one out of oneself, and the remuneration, such as it is, is immediate.’

“‘Oh, very well,’ said Blanche, ‘if it is less laborious, I am satisfied.’

“This, however, she soon found to be a subterfuge, for, after acting all night to ‘a beggarly account of empty boxes,’ I would write all day, till, from over-exertion of body and mind, I became one discordant quiver of nervous irritability, which rendered our miserable home still more miserable. Although the editor of the county paper having one night witnessed my performance of Othello—gave me a most elaborate panegyric in his next week’s journal, still the house did not fill, and soon Mr. Simcoe became less punctual in his weekly payments, especially as he had frequent recourse to ‘stars’ from London, whose exorbitant salaries swallowed up the greater part of our lilliputian treasury. These non-payments on the part of the manager, reduced us to a still lower ebb of destitution. My wife took in needle-work, and our poor child filled the menial

office of a servant. Her mother could not bear it, and she ventured to entreat that I would apply not to my father but to my aunt—or at all events allow her to appeal to her family, rather than our child should die of want. I answered her savagely, that she was not worse off than we were—my poor Blanche! she looked at me with horror, but said nothing. From that time her health began visibly to decline—there was the too bright eye—the hectic cheek—the hollow cough.—Monster that I was, even these warnings could not loosen the adamant rivets of my deep-burning hate.—Love is indeed a child! but hatred is a giant whose single grasp can uproot worlds. As my wife's health declined, she grew more and more home-sick. One night she woke crying. I asked her what was the matter? She said she had been dreaming that she was at Guildford; and added—‘Oh Henry, if I could but hear from my mother once more, I should die happy.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, moved by her distress, ‘I will go to the post to-morrow, and should Le Roue have forwarded any letters from France, I will bring them to you—but remember you must not write home.’ ”

“ ‘Not if I were to put no date, Henry, and send the letter to London, and have it put in the post-office there?’ ”

“ ‘Why, yes, if you can do that, you may—but of this I must be quite sure,’ said I sullenly. Poor soul, she kissed me and thanked me as if I had been her preserver, instead of her destroyer. The next day I fulfilled my promise, and went to the post—there were no letters. On my return home she met me at the head of the stairs, with her hand stretched out—I shook my head—she said nothing, but seemed to grow paler and weaker from that hour. The week dragged on—I acted every night, but being unable to obtain a sous from the manager, I stoutly refused to act on Saturday night, which gave him the trouble of changing the play, and me the pleasure of counting the contents of my purse, and discovering that three shillings was all that it contained.

“ ‘It was a bright summer's evening, and every thing seemed cheerful and happy beyond our wretched domicile. I remembered my promise to my wife—the very insects seemed to hum with pleasure in the air—we—we alone were unhappy.

“ ‘Blanche, love,’ said I, rising, ‘I'm going to the post—and I've a presentiment that I'll bring you back a letter.’ ”

“ ‘She pressed my hand in silence, and I saw one big tear roll down her cheek, as she turned her head away.—‘To-day is Saturday,’ said she, as I was leaving the room—‘will you give me some money for dinner to-morrow?’ ”

“ ‘I will,’ said I, ‘on my return,’ and hurried out of the room. As I was going through the hall, the woman came out of the shop and asked me if it would be convenient to pay her the fortnight's rent that was owing? ”

“ ‘ On Monday—on Monday,’ said I, and rushed into the street, where I walked rapidly on till I came to that in which the post-office was situated.—‘ Are there any letters for me?’ asked I.

“ ‘ What name?’ said the man.

“ ‘ Carlton,’ I replied, knowing that Le Roue would have re-directed any that might have come to Versailles for me in that name.

“ After searching for some time, he handed out two—one was for Blanche in Mrs. Nugent’s hand-writing, the other was to me from my aunt.

“ ‘ How much are they?’ said I.

“ ‘ Five-and-fourpence,’ said the man.

“ ‘ Then,’ replied I, laying down my own letter, ‘ I must call for this again to-morrow.’

“ ‘ As you please,’ rejoined the postman, as I gave him my last three shillings! and received a few pence in exchange. I walked slowly away, balancing the letter in my hand, till I remembered the pleasure it would give Blanche—and recollecting how dearly it had been bought, I determined it should not cost still more by delay—and again hurrying on, I never stopped till I reached home. We had eaten nothing since breakfast. I had remarked that at dinner-time our poor child had whispered her mother, who gave her a small bit of bread that had remained from breakfast, which she quickly eat and asked for more; but her mother silently shook her head, and the child returned quietly to her seat, and continued her work for the rest of the day. As I went through the shop I bought some bread they had just taken from the oven, with the few half-pence that remained out of the three shillings, and with this I went up stairs.—‘ Here love,’ said I to my wife, ‘ here is your letter—and here, Blanche, is some bread for you.’

“ ‘ Oh thank you, papa, for I am so hungry,’ said she—and then cut off a bit of the loaf, leaving the rest for her mother and me. My wife had torn open her letter, and while she was thus occupied, I walked over to my books and selected from among them a handsomely-bound ‘ Livy,’ and the ‘ De Rerum Natura of Lucretius’. Placing them under my arm, I again sallied out, and walked to a bookseller’s in the main-street, where, after a considerable demur upon his part about purchasing them at all, he generously gave me eighteen shillings for the two! With this money I returned home; and this, together with the half of my salary, which I endeavoured to extort from the manager on the following Monday, paid our rent and supported us for a few days. Still hope, that ‘ ignus fatuus’ of the wretched, upheld me.

“ I had for the last three years laboured indefatigably upon a work suggested to me by a question of Monsieur le Duchats, which I believe has never yet been answered. Singular as it was, he asks, what has become of the book ‘ On the admirable power of Nature and Art,’ attributed to Bacon in the Dedicatory Epistle of the Four-

teenth Book of Amadis? Taking up this idea, I composed a work entitled 'A Treatise on the admirable power of Art and Nature, as a substitute till that attributed to Bacon shall be found.' This I completed after I had been here about a year, and forwarded it to an eminent publisher in London, with a synopsis of its plan. My hopes were not a little raised by his returning me a speedy answer—that his reader had dipped into it, and thought that the subject was very ably treated, and had no doubt of its being a work of great merit; but that I must be aware philosophical works never had so great a sale as those of fiction; and, therefore, he should be much obliged by my allowing him to keep it a little longer before he decided on the purchase. The longer the better, thought I; for it was a sort of book that skimming could not do justice to. Upon this chimera did I exist for three months longer, when, hearing nothing further from the London bookseller, I thought it high time to inquire whether it was in Nature that the admirable power of Art was again prevailing against me; and, accordingly, I wrote to demand the return of my MS. or the purchase-money, which, at all events, I sanguinely imagined could not be less than 100*l.*; and paltry as the sum was, at that time it would have been wealth to me.

“The next mail brought me a parcel that came to half-a-crown, containing my MS. and a letter from the publisher, couched in the blandest terms of regret, that just at that time he had such a press of matter, by distinguished authors, that he feared, much as he should like to have had the honour of giving to the public so admirable a work, it would not, under his present engagements, be desirable for him to undertake it. Here, then, were the hopes and labours of three years annihilated! Would that I had been so too; for it is full time, when one has lived to agree with Madame du Deffand, ‘*que le plus grand malheur et l’unique (puisqu’il produit tous les autres) est celui d’être né.*’

“From this time my wife’s health began to decline rapidly. Will you believe it, I did not, I could not feel the one sorrow that I feel now! My feelings had been squandered upon too many afflictions—my heart was exhausted—nay, my very nature was warped, till, like a wild beast, I became savage from the mere animal misery of hunger! With all this, I painted my face and ‘strutted and fretted my hour’ upon the stage every night. Yes, while a few well-fed pleasure-hunters were applauding my mimic deaths, she was dying in reality! And I!—I cannot die!’ continued the wretched man, clenching his hands and throwing up his arms so vehemently that the blood gushed out afresh, and for a few minutes he sunk back exhausted on the pillow. Cecil gave him some sal volatile and water, which revived him; and Theresa, as she bound up his arm, entreated him not to excite himself further, but to endeavour to be calm.

“Calm! yes, I will be calm,” resumed he, “for all now is nearly over. I am coming to the time when I first met you; but not yet—not yet. I continued to dispose of everything I had of the slightest value to procure us, from time to time, the commonest necessities of life; and often did I forego those, for my child and myself, to get delicacies that I thought she would like. And yet, monster that I was, how often have I taunted and upbraided her with harsh bitter words, because she could not touch that which had cost much, and which, when refused by her, was not sufficient to satisfy the hundredth part of her child’s craving and mine.

“One day Blanche whispered to me that her mother had expressed a wish for some grapes. I had that morning paid our rent; grapes were half-a-guinea a pound; where was I to get half-a-guinea? I had found from experience that the binding of books brought more than the books themselves; and all those of this external value I had already parted with. I walked over to my much-diminished book-shelf; the few volumes that still remained, seemed like the only friends that I had left. What wonder, then, if for a moment I felt reluctant to part with them, and that for ever? The only two volumes amongst them that had any pretensions to binding were two of my greatest favourites—Charles Lamb’s *Essays of Elia*, and John Wilson’s *Isle of Palms*. A tear fell on the books as I took them down; it was foolish, I own; nay, it was extravagant, I would give worlds now for the tears I have so often wasted on trifles; but no, my heart may break, my brain burn, and not one drop will come to quench it. I took them to the booksellers: all I could get was five shillings for the two; that was better than nothing: it would at least get some grapes. I went on to the fruit shop; I asked for the best hot-house grapes; the woman eyed me from head to foot, as if she thought it great impertinence in a person of my shabby appearance to ask for such things.

“‘How much do you want?’ said she at last.

“‘Half-a-pound.’

“‘We never sell less than a pound,’ replied she, sharply, and turned away to attend a lady who had just come into the shop to buy some pomegranates. You were that lady, or rather that angel,” added Carlton, turning to Theresa. “In the one glimpse I had of you I knew I could not be deceived; so my resolution was taken. I had gone through every stage of misery but one; that still remained for me;—I determined to beg! But it was from you. I watched for your leaving the shop; but my courage almost failed me as I followed you a little way up the street; nor do I think I should have ever ‘screwed it to the sticking place,’ had I not been suddenly nerved by the impotent revenge of imagining what my

father's feelings, or rather, his wounded pride, his indignation, his fury would be, could he, at that moment, see his son, his only son, the heir of all his greatness, begging in the streets of Shrewsbury!

"This was enough; I wanted no farther impetus. I slouched my hat over my eyes, and accosted you: what I said I know not, but I remember your words were, 'Ill, is she? poor man, where do you live?' 'No where,' was my answer; 'I starve a few streets off,' and walked away: you followed me. As I passed the fruit-shop, I stopped mechanically, and looked at the grapes, and, as you have since told me, muttered, 'Too dear—she cannot have them.' I then retraced my steps homeward, nor was it till I reached my own door, that I perceived you were there, with a basket of grapes in your hand. What followed I need not repeat to you, or how you used to come and read prayers to her in your low, gentle voice; when you read to her, she said her heart felt healed, for the tones were so kind, so soft, that the words seemed to come direct from heaven. She has got them all there with her now; and oh! may they turn to blessings for you."

Cecil sobbed audibly, as he leant his forehead against the head of the bed.

"Stop, not yet—not yet," resumed Carlton; "tears are precious things, never waste them on any thing but death. About two months after we knew you, my son was born. Oh! how kind you were to his poor mother; but she grew weaker and weaker, in spite of all the care and kindness you bestowed upon her. Well do I remember the morning our poor baby was christened, it was about six weeks old; you said it was too young for Blanche to play with, and that you had therefore brought her a cat, and with it you gave her ten pounds to buy, as you said, food for the animal: this I thought perfect robbery, and remonstrated accordingly, but you said it had been given to you as a birth-day present, and you did not want it. For the time you prevailed; but as your only superfluity seemed to be generosity, I could not bear the idea of taking advantage of it. Accordingly, after you left us that morning, I remembered that Simcoe had often said, that if I could get any influential person in the neighbourhood to patronize a benefit for me, he would advance me twenty pounds on the strength of it; calculating, no doubt, as he thought, upon an impossibility. Now, although you had studiously concealed from me your name and place of abode, yet I could not look at you and not know that you were in a position to do me that service; and as I had heard you say that you should drive into town again that day, I resolved upon going to Simcoe, and getting him to renew his promise, which he did. I then wrote to you an urgent note, imploring you to obtain this money for me, by writing to him a promise of supporting my be-

nefit. With this note I hovered about the Talbot, where I knew you would come in the course of the day; you did so, I gave it to you, and you complied with my request. That very evening, Simcoe sent me the money, with a congratulatory letter, saying, that Miss Manners had promised to exert her influence in my behalf: this was the first time I had heard your name, and I was glad to know by what name to bless you. The first use I made of this money, after subtracting half to return to you, was to call in the best physician in the town for my poor Blanche; it was time. Dr. Churchill pronounced her, and her child, that very day to have evinced the most virulent symptoms of small pox. For a whole fortnight I was so engrossed by them, that I never once remarked the cessation of your visits, till reminded of it by one day receiving a peremptory letter from Simcoe demanding back his money, as he had seen or heard nothing of or from you since; all that remained of it I returned to him, the rest you may guess. I thought, she thought, you too had deserted us; but in death, as in life, all her conclusions were just, and towards the last she feared you had caught her fatal complaint. Four days ago," concluded the wretched man, with a convulsive rattling in his throat, "God took what was fitter for him than for me, two days after my child followed her, and I—I live on, and while I live Blanche must starve as they did; but when I am gone," added he, grasping Cecil's hand, "you will find, in a small black iron trunk (of which Blanche has the key), a large sealed packet, tear off the outer cover, deliver the inclosure according to its address, and, as you value the blessing or curse of a dying man, obey, implicitly and minutely, every injunction contained in the first paper within this packet." As he ceased speaking, Carlton raised his eyes to Theresa's face for about a minute, and then, without uttering another word, turned his own to the wall¹.

Theresa asked him if she should send Blanche to him, but nothing could induce him again to open his lips.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Cecil.

"Indeed you may say so," rejoined Theresa; "just sit by his bed-side, will you, till I go for a nurse; Mrs. Brand lives somewhere near this; and, as the pony chaise is below, I shall not be long gone."

Cecil nodded assent, as she gently closed the door, and departed.

The noise Mrs. Brand made on her arrival (for common people can do nothing, not even think without noise), roused Cecil from

¹ Que le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable; there wants no additional proof. Many, no doubt, will think it unnatural, that a man labouring under the violent grief Carlton is represented as suffering, should be able to go into such minute details of his past life. The author can only say that she was once made the repository of an equally painful history, far more graphically described, upon the part of a man, who had lost his bride, to whom he had only been married a week; after surmounting the difficulties of a four-years' attachment—and who died himself two days after.

his painful reverie : after commending Carlton and little Blanche to her especial care, and promising to return on the morrow, he and Theresa left the house of mourning—but not before they had made every arrangement with Mrs. Sutton, about the funeral of the mother and child.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quelle différence il y a d’une âme à une autre ! j’en trouve une aussi grande que d’un ange à une huitre ! ” — Madame DU DEFFAND à propos de mesdames De Luxembourg et De Mirepoix.

“ Inasmuch as there cannot be a good orator, who is not a poet, says Cicero, (!) though I don’t remember where, but it is sufficient that I say it ; for a man is not to go with his sleeve full of citations, when he goes out to take a walk. ” — DOMINE ZANCASLARGAS.

SIR ROMULUS TAKES THE REINS IN HIS OWN HANDS, AND IN THE COURSE OF THIS CHAPTER, MAKES A QUOTATION FROM A PRIZE POEM OF HIS OWN, THAT DID NOT GAIN THE PRIZE.—A DINNER PARTY AT THE HALL, DURING WHICH, MISS MANNERS SECURES A BENEFIT FOR CARLTON—AND MISS PRUDENCE MAKES A PROFESSION OF FRIENDSHIP TO MRS. DAMNEMALL, WHICH SHE KEEPS TO THE LETTER.

WHEN Cecil and Theresa left Carlton’s house, it wanted only a quarter to two.

“ What a lecture we shall get ! ” said the latter, looking at her watch ; “ but it was impossible to avoid it ; for I got a note yesterday from poor Carlton, that was forwarded to me from the Talbot. I sent him the money he required : and, on coming into town this morning, I met him walking, in a distracted manner, towards an upholsterer’s. Knowing his errand, I persuaded him to turn back—the rest you know. ”

“ There is one thing I do not know, ” said Cecil : “ where you get the money that you give so lavishly in charity ? ”

Theresa shook her head as she replied : “ In the first place, I am sorry to say, my charities are not very extensive ; so it is only a dress or a bonnet the less occasionally ; and when it is an extreme case beyond that, my dear Marmaduke is my Fortunatus’s purse. ”

They had turned into a narrow and secluded lane, that was a shorter road home. Cecil looked round, and seeing no living thing was near, reined in the ponies, and, as he looked under Theresa’s bonnet, said :

“ Do you know I have been deceiving you all this time ? I have been swearing that I loved, that I adored you—and you believed it ; but it was all false—I never, till this moment, did either ! ” And so saying, Mr. Howard snatched a kiss much after the manner in which school-boys snatch cherries, when they are afraid of being caught. But lest the lip-deep virtue of my late immaculate censors

should be outraged at such a proceeding, I must, in vindication of the young gentleman who figures as the hero of these pages, explain how he came to be guilty of such an apparently unpardonable impropriety. The confession he had just made had rendered Miss Manners's cheek as white as the snow over which they were driving; and, with prompt resource—that unerring test of genius—Mr. Howard merely took the most effectual method of restoring its Lancastrian beauties: ‘Eh bien, en êtes-vous contents, Messieurs les César Borgia en homme, et Platon en critique?’

“Poor Carlton!” sighed Theresa, arranging her bonnet, as if that could do him any good; “I wonder what his real name is? I wish, for that poor little girl’s sake, he could be brought to let his father know his miserable destitution; but he is in no state at present for any one to try and persuade him on this point. You never saw such a lovely creature as his wife was!”

“Your voice sounds like truth itself; but your looks belie your words. I have seen one much more lovely,” said Cecil.

Whatever motive she could have had for so doing I know not—but Miss Manners, at the conclusion of Mr. Howard’s last speech, suddenly pulled down her veil, and renewed the subject of the Carltons.

“It is, indeed,” sighed Cecil, “one of those terrible every day domestic tragedies that far outweigh all the stilted blank-verse miseries of imagination. I don’t know how it is,” continued he, musingly, “but the whole time he was relating his story, I felt as if he was talking at me. Theresa, could you ever forgive me, were I to be the cause of reducing you to such utter poverty as Carlton entailed upon his wife?”

“No, I never could forgive you,” blushed Theresa, raising her eyes fondly to his; “for in order to forgive, one must first feel angry,”—as Sir Romulus Bubble most assuredly was, to judge by his voice—as at this identical moment, just as Mr. Howard had let the reins drop from his hands, which were otherwise employed pressing those of Miss Manners—he popped his head from behind a hedge, and vociferated:

“Ho! there, you Algerine, you’ll be in the ditch!—and what will my calamity say, if you smash her phaeton and break her pony’s knees? My dear, my dear,” continued he to Cecil, as he cleared the hedge, and ran to the ponies’ heads, “even if it is disagreeable to you to drive Theresa, you ought to be a little more careful; for no cork legs she could get would walk through the world as well as yours contrive to do—here, get down.” And Sir Romulus suited the action to the word, and dragged him forcibly out, when seating himself beside Miss Manners, he resumed: “See here, this is the way you should hold the reins, and keep your eyes steadily on the horses’ ears all the time you are driving; but if ever an accident should happen, the very worst thing you can do

is to let go the reins, and seize hold of the person's hands with you, as you did just now. But the fact is, the youngsters of the present day have no gallantry; and the Algerines would rather be breaking their necks in a steeple-chase than be commonly civil to the girls. But as you are in such a hurry to be off, I'll drive Theresa home, as we are close to the first park gate."

In vain Cecil remonstrated—Sir Romulus touched the off pony's ear with the lash of the whip, squared his elbows, advanced his person much nearer to the splash-board, and would have given Mr. Howard a lesson in driving, had not that gentleman, in order to get home as quickly as possible, doubly changed places with the worthy Baronet, by getting over the hedge, and walking rapidly across the fields till he reached the house, in time to receive Theresa at the portico.

"Well," cried Sir Romulus, as they drove through the first lodge, "I should have thought Howard had been more genteel (a favourite word of his on all occasions), than to have behaved so scurvily to a young lady! But never mind; hold up your head, Theresa—there'll be money bid for you yet—who knows what the tournament may do for you? But where on earth have you been all the morning? The Duke and Duchess of Arlington were to have been here at twelve to see one of our rehearsals; but they sent over to say they were prevented coming, and would not be here till dinner time."

"I was detained," replied Theresa, "by some poor unfortunate people, who are in great distress. Indeed, dear uncle, I hope to get you to do something for them."

"Oh, my dear—my dear, the country swarms with those Algerines of beggars! Besides, you should remember the small-pox; it is really not right of genteel women to go to such places."

Theresa remained silent, and consoled herself with the reflection that Marmaduke would be more 'genteel' than his brother, in the only acceptation in which the word is admissible. When they arrived at the hall door, Cecil was on the steps, speaking to Miss Prudence, who had been warned home by the luncheon bell, and who was now standing in her slate-coloured beaver bonnet, mud-coloured snow boots, duffle cloak, green cotton umbrella, and hare-skin gloves, turning up her eyes, as though she had just seen sacrilege and murder committed.

"Oh dear;" she commenced, as soon as Theresa had set her foot upon the steps, "I call it downright sinful!—I'm so glad Dr. Damnemall dines here to-day: I'll certainly make him speak to you about it."

"About what?" asked Theresa, in amazement.

"Oh dear! you may well ask!—nothing at all. Mr. Howard tells me you have had no breakfast yet! and have actually eaten nothing

to-day ! It's downright shocking — for it's nothing more nor less than making away with yourself by instalments !”

“Retail suicide, my dear—retail suicide—do you approve of that expression ?” said Sir Romulus, taking a profound pinch of snuff.

“Oh dear ! beyond everything ! Romulus has just said it—that's just what it is ; and I'm sure Dr. Damnemall will say exactly the same thing. Now that's what I like in Mr. McPhin, he's so punctual to his meals — and 'tis such a good example to Cosmo.”

Theresa pacified Miss Prudence by assuring her that she would make ample amends at luncheon for her desertion from the breakfast table ; and so saying, they entered the house, where they found Marmaduke in the hall, rubbing his eyes.

“Why, you little jade where have you been all the morning ?” cried he. “Here have I been up since ten, thinking you'd take me to see the poor d—I you told me of yesterday, though I've no doubt, beforehand, that he's an impostor.”

“Indeed, no, dear uncle,” replied Theresa ; “and to-morrow I do hope you will come and judge for yourself.”

“Oh, dear !” mumbled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full of fricandeau, “I'm confident it was going among the pigs and the poor people that gave you the small pox.”

“Not only that, my dear,” said Sir Romulus, assuming a magisterial air, and looking like fifty justices of the peace rolled into one, “but Theresa, and you womenkind, are not perhaps aware that, according to an old statute, still on the books, namely, a-hem—a-hem—the 17th of George the II. c. 5, s. 25 : ‘Women wandering in and begging in parishes and places to which they do not belong, if any such have a child or children, and become chargeable, the churchwardens or overseers may detain such woman in their custody, until they can safely convey her to a justice (me, for instance, a-hem) who shall examine her and commit her to the house of correction, until the next session, who may, if they see convenient, order her to be publicly whipped, and detained in the house of correction for any further time not exceeding six months.’”

“Hum ! ‘Vous avez changé tout cela !’ What becomes of the new poor-law ?” groaned Marmaduke.

“And what becomes of the ‘17th of George the II. c. 5, s. 25 ?’” asked Theresa archly, “if the vagrant, as in the present instance, happens to be a man, uncle ?”

“Oh, my dear—my dear ! there would be no use in explaining these things to you, for women have not capacity for jurisprudence—and—and all that sort of thing.”

“Well, I'm sure Lady John won't refuse to give me something for my poor man ;” said Theresa, as her ladyship entered the room and rang for her chicken-broth, which, with the pleasing variations of water-gruel and tapioca, constituted her usual luncheon.

"Who is it?" asked Lady John.

"Oh, a poor wretched man who is in deep distress, and whom I very much fear will die."

"I'm sure I shall be very happy," replied her ladyship. "John-dina completed enough cuttings yesterday to make two more paper pillows, and they are quite at your service; and if the individual should go to London, I'll give him some soup-tickets."

"That bone to another dog, for I'll none of it," pshawed Marmaduke, as he rose, and, buttoning his coat, hastily left the room.

Cecil and Theresa, as they followed him into the library, could with difficulty suppress a smile at Lady John's charitable benevolence and generosity of disposition.

"Well," said Marmaduke, poking the fire as if he would assassinate it, "England's an enviable country between my Lady John's paper pillows, and my Lord John's paper projects. Now, what can the Recording Angel say of a woman whose life is divided between stabbing canvas, which she calls Berlin work,—cutting paper, which she calls charity! and physicking her child, which she calls education?"

"I don't know what the Recording Angel will say of her, but I know what he will say of you," said Theresa, coaxingly, "if you will do something for my poor man. I would not have mentioned him to the rest, but that I want to get up a benefit at the theatre, the profits of which shall be for him, and so I was obliged to make them a party concerned."

"Well, well," said Marmaduke, throwing himself into a library chair, and rubbing down the calves of his legs, "let me hear what it is you want me to do for this impostor."

"First of all, I want your patience to hear his melancholy history, and then I am sure you will not call him an impostor."

"Well, go on—go on—but don't keep me here all day."

Upon the strength of this ungracious permission, Theresa repeated the sad history of Carlton's life, but was frequently interrupted by "poor fellow" from Marmaduke, till she came to the part where his wife died, when the big tears chased themselves down his cheeks, as he stirred the fire vehemently, and exclaimed,—

"Stuff—nonsense! I've no sympathy with such infatuated madness! he'd no business to let the poor woman die, and yet it was the best thing she could do. We're all on the same road—a miserable one it is too—and the sooner we come to our journey's end the better. Well, I'll go to Simcoe myself, to-morrow—I'll do more—I'll get my Lord John to edit this Carlton's work on the admirable power of Art and Nature, and see what a wonderful book it will be thought then! for editing is always supposed to be a

modest way of publishing. No matter, it will fill Carlton's pockets, and give him another proof of the admirable power of art."

"I do hope," said Cecil, "that you will be able to persuade him to tell you his real name, and become reconciled to his father."

"I am not sure that I have any right to do so," replied Marmaduke: "for, wrong—nay, wicked as the abstract feeling unquestionably is of such deep hatred—yet any feeling so intense, should be sacred from the interference of others. I take it, God alone can conquer or quench all such, and that through no outward or human means, but by the influence of the Holy Spirit, in His own good time."

"I believe you are right," said Cecil, musingly.

"But you will come with me early to-morrow, will you not, dear uncle?" said Theresa, kissing his forehead.

"At day-break, if you like, child, for assistance is the medicine of affliction, and like all others, when the malady is imminent, to be of any service, it should be administered immediately."

Theresa had just bestowed another kiss on Marmaduke's silver hair, which Mr. Howard thought ill-placed generosity, when the first dinner bell rang, and Miss Manners started from her chair, with one of Miss Prudence's "Oh! dears," which set Marmaduke laughing, and the trio separated to dress.

Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall were the first to arrive. Mrs. Damnemall was a little skinny woman, with dark eyes, and spikey features, a very shrill voice, and a broad Yorkshire accent. She was one of those persons (of which there are many), who, while she would have pulverized her teeth, and worn her tongue threadbare, in talking Richard the Third's back, or Mary queen of Scots' character straight, did not care how many living figures or reputations she warped. She rejoiced in two children, a son and a daughter, each of whom had been endowed with two names, both of which their mother invariably gave them. Her son, Mr. George James Damnemall, was an ensign in a marching regiment, and what his parents called of an extravagant turn, that is, he could not live on his pay. Her daughter, Miss Anna Martha Damnemall, was an embellished edition of her father, and at that time being on a visit to a friend, whose husband being quartered at Windsor, Mrs. Damnemall always expressed her fears that her daughter would for the future never be able to endure living away from court! Her husband she invariably called *the* doctor, justly concluding that there was not another doctor in the world, and whatever his contemporaries may have thought, and posterity may think, of Cicero as an orator, it was, and is, nothing to what Mrs. Damnemall thought of her sposo's powers of elocution. Mrs. Damnemall's dress was, to use Sir Romulus Bubble's phrase, quite out of the common. She had on, for the present occasion, a crimson velvet

dress, braided in a most elaborate and extraordinary Hungarian, or Russian fashion, with gold about the body, and long tight sleeves, while on her head was a high square Polish lancer's cap, composed of the same material, with the addition of a long drooping feather.

Trip had found his way into the drawing-room, and as Miss Manners sat petting him on an ottoman, and Marmaduke and Miss Prudence were the only members of the family yet down, the latter had her friends the Damnemalls, all to herself.

"Oh dear! what an edifying discourse the doctor gave us yesterday, to be sure," said Miss Prudence, "and he reads quite as well as he preaches."

"He does read remarkably well," assented his wife; "to give you an instance of it; most people, if I am roightly informed, quoitel laugh when they read 'Don Quixotte,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby;' now I assure you the Doctor read us out Nicholas of an evening, till Anna Martha and I croied."

"Ah, that shows now how they ought to be read, for I have always heard, that people laughed a great deal at them, especially 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" said Miss Prudence: "pray how are your son and daughter?" added she.

"Quoight well, thank ee; Anna Martha is deloighted with the officers, and they with her, in fact it is the first toime she's ever been among the red coats. She sees the queen, and all the whole batch of them every day; as I tell her, I'm afraid she'll get spoilt at court, and never be able to put up with a quoiel country parson, as I always call the doctor. As for George James, he's terribly extravagant, to be sure; he wrote to his father for another twenty pounds the other day, tho' it's only six months ago, since the doctor sent him ten! and unknown to his father I sent him two queen Anne guineas, that I'd had for a many years."

"Dear me, how shocking!" cried Miss Prudence, "but you can't put old heads on young shoulders. I do declare I'll write to him, for oh dear! I'm so partial to you and his father, that I think he'd attend to what I say."

However this might be, Miss Prudence now began to attend to what Marmaduke was saying, as she thought he was complimenting Dr. Damnemall upon his late sermon.

"Your preaching wants poetry, my dear doctor, as my brother would say," said Marmaduke.

"Poetry! my dear sir, how? when? where?" and Dr. Damnemall looked as he felt, astonished.

"Why this sort of thing," said Marmaduke, taking up Francisco Lobon de Salazar's admirable book, which he had got ready for the occasion, and reading from it the following passage, in a voice almost as sonorously pompous as the doctor's own: "Let the energy of the lips cease, and let my eyes, like festive anchors, contemplate

a very literal text which the Canticles present! it says thus, *vox turturis audita est, flores apparuerunt in terra nostra*. 'The beautiful turtle sung in our barren country, flowers came to adorn it,' etc. etc. a text so literal, that it needs not an application."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I don't understand a word of it!" cried the doctor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Ah, indeed," said Marmaduke, "then I have achieved two great points, first, I am out of your debt, for I did not understand one syllable of your sermon yesterday, and by your not comprehending what you are preaching about, you will always place yourself on a level with your congregation; then there's an appropriate (!) hymn, on the emperor Claudius Drusus, which you might sometimes quote: it runs somewhat like *Iste Confessor Domine Colentes*; I forget how it begins, but I know it ends with—

*Ille Britannos, ultraquei noti
Littora ponti, et ceruleos
Scuta Brigantes
Dare Romuleis colla catenis
Jussit, et ipsum nova Romanæ
Jura securis tremere Oceanum, etc.*

Now like Friar Blas, the doctor was a sincere man, and did not like a burdened conscience, for which reason, he confessed that this was too much Latin for his grammar.

"Sir, with due deference," said he, "I don't quite catch all you said; I know there was something about Sir Romulus, Romuleis, and about Britain, Britannos, and I think about the collar of a cat, Colla, Catenis, which latter may mean the yoke of the Catholic; but still I don't see what comparison there is in any of these similes to my parishioners."

"Don't you know," said Marmaduke, "that comparisons are odious."

"So says the copy-book," replied the doctor.

"Well, and is not that the text?" asked the other.

The poor doctor was tired of asserting that he did not understand (how should he?) and, therefore, remained with his eyes and mouth open, when Lady Bubble and Sir Romulus, to his no small relief, sailed into the room. Their salutations over, and her ladyship well framed in a bergère, the door again opened, and the duke and duchess of Arlington were announced, followed by lord and lady John, and the young ladies; Mademoiselle Perpignon, Mr. McPhin, and Cosmo, bringing up the rear; while Cecil glided in, unperceived, and took his place by Theresa. On the entrée of the duke and duchess, Mrs. Damnemall rebounded from her seat as if she had been galvanized, while, on the contrary, her spouse shrank into the wall, till he became a sort of breathing 'bas relieve.' The duchess was a tall lady-like woman, with a cold manner, and a warm dress.

The duke was a handsome distinguished looking man, with a very soft voice, and soft manner, who gave one the idea of having never walked any where but at a coronation all his life. Lord John, bent upon doing the popular, introduced Dr. and Mrs. Damnemall; had he been a mitre, the former could not have bowed lower, while the latter wondered (to herself) if all the noblemen Anna Martha saw at court were as handsome.

“Ah! Mr. Howard, how do you do?” said the duke, shaking hands with Cecil, “have you been long in this part of the world?”

“About three months.”

“I don’t wonder at your deserting us,” resumed his grace, glancing towards Theresa, “since there’s ‘mettle more attractive’ here.”

Miss Manners, who overheard the compliment, had recourse to Trip, upon whose tan-paws, and black satin ears, she began lavishing sundry caresses.

“Really, Theresa,” cried Lady Bubble, “I’m quite ashamed of you making such a fool of yourself with that dog. I wish, Mr. McPhin, you, who can give Cosmo such advice, would lecture her about it. I’m serious in what I say. Mr. McPhin, do you hear me?”

Mr. McPhin did hear her, for Madlle. Perpignon was nearly blowing him out of the window-seat with sighs; so, thinking this would be a favourable opportunity for effecting a retreat, he advanced in his new black kersymere curtailments (which Archy Dunn had sent home on credit, without, to his honour be it spoken, at all sparing the material, but quite the reverse), and after preluding forth two or three undecided hums and has, he delivered himself much to the purpose as follows:—

“A hem,—Miss Manners, mum, with all respect I speak it, but my sincere opinion is that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, mum, for wasting on a dumb baste what any gude Christian would be glod of!”

“Bravo!” cried Cecil, “the first living I have in my gift shall be your’s, Mr. McPhin.”

“Had you spoken for a year, you could not have uttered a greater truth,” laughed the Duke.

“Oh dear!” whispered Miss Prudence to Mrs. Damnemall; “the truth should not be spoken at all times—now, do you think it ought?”

“Certainly not,” said Mrs. Damnemall, “I’m sure I hope Anna Martha never kisses dogs before the officers.”

“Whether she does or not,” said Marmaduke, “they must know that the world is divided into two great classes—lucky dogs and unlucky dogs.”

“That reminds me,” said Sir Romulus, “of some couplets in a prize poem, that I wrote at Oxford—(not that I got the prize); but I think you’ll admit that there’s a great deal of sound philosophy in them, and that they are rather out of the common.—Let me see,”

added he, pushing his wig still further back with one hand, while he pulled his under-lip with the other; "let me see,—oh! I have it : here they are :

'Life is a ladle full of nonsense and fuss,
And to stir it into tempests is no manner of use'.¹"

The tributary laugh that followed this charming specimen of Sir Romulus's poetical talents, he took for admiration, and therefore pursued the theme by observing, that he had studiously avoided making use of the phrase—"tureen full of fuss," as that would have given too much importance to the miseries of human life, which he wished to treat with philosophical nonchalance, and had therefore tossed them into a ladle, as that conveyed the idea of their being easily managed ; as it must be plain to the most moderate capacity, that there could be no great difficulty in discussing a ladleful of anything, whether soup, punch, or misfortunes.—"Does your Grace approve of my philosophy?" concluded he.

Luckily for his Grace's veracity, good-breeding, and risible muscles, dinner was now announced, which gave him an opportunity of changing the subject from a ladleful to an armful of fuss, by taking Lady Bubble into the dinner-room. Miss Prudence of course seated herself next Dr. Damnemall, who had taken her out, while Marmaduke found himself on the doctor's left side.—"I don't quite understand, my dear sir," said he, 'sotto voce,' to the former, as soon as they were seated ; "what your ideas of preaching are, that you were good enough to favour me with before dinner—perhaps you'll have the goodness to explain further."

"There is no necessity," replied Marmaduke, "for every man has a right to his opinion—and your's appears to be the same as Mr. Martin's, who, during the May session of 1781, when a bill was brought in for the better observance of the sabbath—wherein it was proposed that religious debating societies should be closed on Sundays—ironically suggested the following amendment :—'And it is hereby enacted, That all his Majesty's subjects shall be permitted to exercise their reason, and use the utmost freedom of inquiry into religious opinions, and that for six days in the week ; but on the first, which is called Sunday, their understanding shall be in a state of rest : And it is further enacted, That six months' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds shall be levied on every man who shall profane the sabbath by exercising those rational faculties with which God has endowed him.'"

"My dear sir!" cried the doctor, actually holding his first spoonful of soup in abeyance ; "you must have been strangely misinformed. I never attempted to fine any man twenty pounds or imprison him for six months."

¹ These lines were actually the production of a Cambridge professor!—for heaven's sake, dear reader, don't take them for mine ! I am only a woman, and could not write anything so good.

“Well, I never said or heard that you did,” replied Marmaduke—staring him full in the face, and suspending his own spoon on a parallel-level with Dr. Damnemall’s.

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Miss Prudence, leaning across the doctor; “how can you be so silly as to attempt to argue with Dr. Damnemall, when you must know that you’ll be sure to get the worst of it.”

“Very true,” said her brother, “for I get his arguments and he gets mine.”

“Oh dear! how uncommon rude, to be sure,” muttered Miss Prudence, popping back her head, which had luckily prevented his hearing Marmaduke’s civility.

“Doctor,” cried Sir Romulus from the other end of the table, holding up the soup-ladle, “another ladle of nonsense and fuss?—ha! ha! ha! shall we re-christen turtle-soup, and call it nonsense and fuss?—if you approve of this name for it, suppose you perform the ceremony by drinking a glass of cold punch?”

The doctor seconded Sir Romulus’s motion, for he drank two, and complimented the baronet upon his choice of names.

“Oh, dear! how droll,” giggled Miss Prudence, with her mouth full, and her hand before it.

Dr. Damnemall had begun to suspect that Marmaduke was laughing at him; therefore, meaning to be very bitter (!), on the arrival of his relay of soup, he turned to him, and said, “Well, sir, you’ll allow we beat the ancients here, for they had no such thing as turtle.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Marmaduke, eagerly laying down his knife and fork, speaking very fast, and setting in for an argument, you might as well say they had no men because they had no dandies; whether they made it into soup is another affair. Juvenal has a couplet—

*Nemo, inter curas et seria, duxit habendum,
Duales in oceani fluctu, testudo nataret.*

by which it would appear, that they held it in no great estimation; and Sir Robert Herbert, after angling with his readers by an elaborate account of what he calls tortoises, ‘so great as to suffer two men with ease to sit upon them, and so strong as to carry them,’ then adds, with an innocent confusion of grammar, ‘Sailors affect to eat them; but are better food for hogs in my opinion.’”

“Well, that proves my assertion,” said the doctor, with satisfactory pomposity; “all I said was, that the ancients knew nothing about turtle.”

“Not so,” persisted Marmaduke; “for as long as Horace is remembered, the honour due to the ‘Testudo,’ not that he ever put it to the *test you do*,” said he, eyeing the doctor’s third plate of soup, “must accompany his fame; but we moderns, after the metaphysical fashion of our times, devote that attention and affection

to its interior excellence, which the superficial ancients only bestowed on its exterior."

"Superficial, indeed, you may well call them," sighed the doctor, as he finished his last spoonful, and the servant removed his plate.

"He is a young man, and has changed from conviction, rely upon it," said Lord John to the Duke.

"Who is that that relies upon anything? I'll be with them directly, for they must be wrong," cried Marmaduke, gulping an untasted piece of sturgeon.

"We were talking of Mr. Tryall's late rat," laughed the Duke, "and Lord John thinks, that is, says, he has changed from conviction."

"Fiddlestick : he has been convicted certainly," said Marmaduke, "but it is of being a bought and unprincipled renegade. I fear, my Lord John, it will require even an abler advocate than you to vindicate Mr. Tryall's conduct. It would be a most desirable thing, if he, and a few more members of the Lower House, could find a professional gentleman lineally descended from that French Avocat, mentioned in the 'Catalogus Gloriar Mundi,' who, when the parliament of Provence, in 1540, fulminated a sentence against an innumerable body of rats, in the Vaudois of the valley of Merindol, for laying waste the country, started up, and so ably defended the cause of the rats—(who had been cited to appear before the bishop's court, in order to see what spiritual means would do, all human ones having failed against them)—so logically did this illustrious lawyer argue, that the poor calumniated vermin could not appear with any degree of security at the court, according to the summons, since their steps were narrowly watched by their hereditary—or Tory—enemies the cats, and no safeguard was appointed to conduct them to the presence of their judges, that it had the effect of preventing those anathemas which would otherwise have been fulminated against them—if, I say, such another advocate can be found now-a-days, then, but not till then, can Mr. Tryall, and all the family of Tryalls, be saved from those anathemas they so richly deserve."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duke.

"Now, Marmaduke," cried Sir Romulus, who mortally dreaded that Lord John should be offended, "having helped us to your ladlefull of nonsense and fuss, let me advise you to try this 'poulet à la Condé.'"

"A fowl way of gaining a victory in argument, that no 'Condé' of a logician would ever resort to," said Marmaduke; "but I own it will stop my mouth more effectually than any thing you could say."

"Pray, my lord duke," said Mrs. Damnemall, bowing to and blinking at the Duke of Arlington across the table, "as your grace's

sister is in the household, can you tell me if it is true that our young queen is to be married immediately?"

The duchess raised her glass, and looked more scrutinizingly at Mrs. Damnemall, than she had ever done at Van Amburg and his lions, while the Duke merely bowed, and said, "I don't know; I've not seen the papers to-day."

"Oh! it ain't true, then," said Mrs. Damnemall, turning to Miss Prudence, "or of course Anna Martha, being about court, would have mentioned it."

"Oh, that I'm confident she would, for I see by her letters that she has no concealments from you; 'tis such a comfort, to be sure, when young women are so well brought up. I mean," whispered Miss Prudence, "to do something for George James; but I shan't tell you what it is till it is done."

Mrs. Damnemall, who, naturally enough from such a prelude, thought that Miss Prudence contemplated nothing short of purchasing her son a step, pressed her hand, and said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I feel quite overcome by your kindness."

"Oh, I beg you won't mention it; for it makes me quite happy to be of any service to his father's son—I assure you I mean what I say."

"I know it, I know it," blinked Mrs. Damnemall, overpowered by her feelings, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes that Anna Martha had marked for her with some of the hair out of the horse's tail that the Duke of Wellington had ridden at Waterloo, and which one of the officers had given to her.

"Champagne, ma'am?" asked a servant.

"If you please; dear me, I feel rather better."

"I'm so glad," said Miss Prudence; "but do let me persuade you to take a teaspoonful of brandy; do you know, I always do, when any thing affects my feelings—that is, when I have eaten any thing that disagrees with me."

"No, thank you; I'm quite recovered now."

"A good thing too! It doesn't do for the mother of a family to be ill—does it?"

"No, indeed it does not."

"Ah, I know that by experience," sighed Miss Prudence.

"The d——l you do!" cried Marmaduke, who overheard the conclusion of their conversation.

"How tiresome it is that you always will take one up every word one says!" said Miss Prudence.

"It is better to take up your words than to take them down, if you make many such confessions," laughed Marmaduke. With a few more little pleasantries on his part, at the expence of Miss Prudence, renewed professions of friendship between her and Mrs. Damnemall, and one or two original and philosophical aphorisms from Sir

Romulus, as profound as that of the 'ladle,' the dinner passed off, till it was time for the ladies to adjourn. No sooner had they returned to the drawing-room, than without waiting for coffee (for what sacrifice is there that genuine friendship is not capable of?), Miss Prudence slipped up stairs, where she remained for nearly three quarters of an hour. When she descended, she made a mysterious signal to Mrs. Damnemall to come behind the piano, where she placed a very thick packet in her hand, saying that she had sent into the dining-room asking the Duke of Arlington for a frank for the next day, merely as if she had been anxious to possess an autograph of his; so that none of her own family knew a word about it!

Mrs. Damnemall was about to reply, when the door opened, and the gentlemen arrived from dinner. "Hush!" said Miss Prudence; "don't say a word more; but put it in your bag, and pray don't read it till you get home—for I do assure you I've had the greatest pleasure in doing it for him. Oh, poor young man! I shall be so glad to serve him."

So saying, she walked away to secure some coffee which had just made its appearance, while Mrs. Damnemall lighted upon the music stool once more, overcome by her friend's generosity and her own feelings.

Mr. McPhin now entered, feeling that there was safety in numbers and that Mademoiselle Perpignon would be obliged to keep her distance. Cosmo was sitting cross-legged at a little table, with one elbow on his knee, his mouth open, his shoulders up to his ears, and a book in his hand.

"What are you reading?" said Marmaduke.

"Pliny's Epistles, uncle."

"Pliny's Epistles!" echoed Marmaduke, taking the book out of his hand, "most appropriate truly; for I see it is the twenty-fifth, 'to Rufus, on retired merit.'"

"Nay uncle, don't laugh at me; I must read sometimes, you know."

"Laugh at you, boy!" cried Marmaduke, reading from the book, "not I any more than Pliny laughs at his Rufus, when he says, 'How many persons of learning are concealed by their own modesty, and snatched away from fame by their love of repose!' That is precisely your case, mine ancient."

"Ah, come, uncle, now I know you are laughing at me."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Bubble?" cried the Duke: "your brother says, there is no one in the present day capable of writing a good comedy; and I differ from him."

"My opinion," replied Marmaduke, turning over the leaves of the book he still held, "is Pliny's; and here it is in his letter to Caninius, wherein he says: 'I am in the number of those who admire the ancients; yet I do not, like some, despise the wits of

our own age : for I do not think that nature is so much upon the decay that she can produce nothing at present that is commendable. I have then been to hear Virginius Romanus reading a comedy, to a thin audience, formed from the model of the old stage, yet so well done, that it may some time be a standard itself. I can't tell whether you know the man, though you should know him ; for he is very remarkable for the probity of his manners, the elegance of his wit, and the variety of his words. He has written some iambic drolls, with a lightness, a humorous turn, a beauty, and a diction, that are all perfect in their kind. For there is no manner of writing that, if it be completely touched, has not a right to be called extremely eloquent and masterly.' Now, this eulogium," continued Marmaduke, " I think Dickens is fairly entitled to."

"Indisputably," acquiesced the Duke.

"Ergo," cried Marmaduke, "he could write a first-rate comedy."

"He has already done so," said the duke. But Lady John, who hated to hear people talk about what she could not understand, remarked in that tone of voice which challenges general attention, "How very putty the pine-cones looked when they were red-hot." A fact that even Marmaduke could not dispute.

"Talking of plays," said Theresa, "reminds me of a very great favour I have to ask your Grace, and Lord John."

"I should think to ask and to receive were synonymous with Miss Manners," bowed the duke.

"I hope they will be in this instance," replied she. "It is nothing more nor less than to allow your names to figure in a play-bill as patronizing a benefit for a poor man who is in very deep distress ; and I fear the most pathetic description of his misery would not have half the effect in loosening our good neighbour's purse-strings that your talismanic names would. So pray don't refuse me."

"It would be literally 'contra bonos mores' if we did," said the duke ; "and, at all events, it will be a novelty to the public to see Lord John Bubble's name and mine going towards framing the same Bill."

"Let me venture to hope that it will be a favourable omen," said Lord John, looking as dull as Downing-street.

"Of the success of the play?" wilfully mis-apprehended the duke. "I hope it may."

"As the Duke of Arlington has so kindly promised me his assistance, may I hope for yours, Lord John?" asked Theresa.

"Oh, certainly," said he, coldly. "I feel quite jealous, Miss Manners, that you should leave me out of your charity ; and really cannot allow you to separate me from the duke on this occasion."

"I'm sure I shall be most grateful ; I was afraid of asking too much, which was the reason your Grace escaped my importunities

at first," said Miss Manners; and then added, "Lady John, I do hope you will follow so good an example?"

"Thank you; but being the wife of a public character, I like to appear in print as little as possible," yawned Lady John: "but I'll be happy to give you any assistance; for instance, if the play is Othello, I'll make a paper pillow, with pleasure, for the smothering scene."

A smile was visible on every countenance, Lord John's and Lady Bubble's excepted; the latter was pushing back her chair and fanning herself most ardently; an infallible sign, as Theresa knew, that her dignity had been offended; therefore, walking over to her and looking coaxingly up in her face, she said, "Dear aunt, and won't you give your name too?"

"No, my dear," replied she, while her fan, according to Mr. O'Connell's plan, continued to agitate, agitate, agitate; "no, you only want my money; and I've no idaya of giving my name where it is not wanted."

"My dear, my dear," interposed Sir Romulus, who always played the Socrates to any Xantippean symptoms in his better-half, "we must all give our names, especially you and I; for how are they to make up their 'ladle full' of nonsense and fuss without us? But where are those Algerines, King and Russell? they must launch out too."

"They have not come, though we asked them," said the young ladies in one breath, and two sighs.

The next point to be arranged was what night would be most convenient to all present that the play should take place; and, after many demurs, and alterations, first from one and then from another, it was finally agreed that it should be on the twenty-sixth, the evening of Mrs. Whabble's ball, in order, as Sir Romulus expressed it, to kill two birds with one stone. Soon after, the Duchess of Arlington's carriage was announced, and the party broke up. Miss Prudence assisted in packing Dr. Damnemall by fastening on his respirator herself; while, with true generosity, she silenced Mrs. Damnemall every time she attempted to thank her for the letter she had given her.

Miss Prudence always had the carriage out to take the doctor and his wife home; and scarcely were they seated in it, before Mrs. Damnemall, had she followed her first impulse, would have acquainted him with her friend's kindness; but she was deterred by two considerations. It was the doctor's unfailing custom, during the winter nights, to take a glass of hot brandy and water, when in bed; and it was Mrs. D.'s equally unfailing one, whenever she had either a piece of good news to impart or a favour to ask, to defer it till such time as she heard the spoon jingle against the empty glass, when she invariably found that her husband evinced

more gratitude for the former, and was more giving and forgiving than during any other hour in the four-and-twenty. Now, having to negotiate a new habit for Anna Martha, she thought that if she gave him the news of his son's promotion immediately after the hot brandy and water, Anna Martha's new habit must be the result.

"My dear," said the doctor, as he lighted a chamber candle at the foot of his own stairs, "I think I should like my bed warmed to-night, for I feel a touch of a sore throat."

"Certainly, my love. Anne, bring up the warming-pan, and put some brown sugar among the coals; it is the finest thing in the world for a cold."

"A-hem—a-hem," grunted the doctor, as he felt his own pulse, when seated in the high-backed dimity-covered arm-chair by the bedside, while Anne was warming the bed. "A-hem, I declare I feel quite feverish. Put a spoonful more brandy than usual in my tumbler to-night, Mrs. D."

"I will, my dear; but don't you move. I'll take off your things. Anne, reach the doctor's night-cap, and that black wool off the table. Anne obeyed: after which Mrs. Damnemall proceeded to wad the doctor's ears with wool, and then carefully drew down his cotton-night-cap entirely over his face, in order to get it very tight over his head and ears, which done, she again turned it up, and, as he had a cold, secured the whole by tying a red silk pocket-handkerchief under his chin, and transferring one of his black silk stockings to his throat, which, she assured him, would ease it sooner than all the doctors in England. Ten minutes after the doctor's throat had become so intimately acquainted with his foot's next of kin, the maid had left the room, and he was transferred from the arm-chair to the bed.

"Ah! this is something like," said he, stretching down his feet, while his wife was stirring the sugar in the brandy and water, "this is something like! how I envy forced mushrooms."

"Why, my dear?"

"Do you give it up?—because they are always in a hot-bed?"

"Except when they are in a stew, my love," reparteed Mrs. D.

"Very good, again; but none of your sauce, my dear."

There is no knowing how long this brilliant and elegant wit might have played, like sheet-lightning round the bed, had not Mrs. Damnemall been anxious to come to the two points nearest her heart, namely, her daughter's new habit, and her son's promotion. So, after holding her sides in mock ecstasy for a quarter of a minute, she said,—

"I must remember that for Miss Prudence, for she is always deloighted with your wit; but, my dear, do you know you'll have to give Anna Martha a new habit, for she writes me that her old one is much too shabby to ride out with the officers in any longer?"

“Let her get rid of the habit then of riding out with the officers,” said the doctor suddenly turning his face to the wall, and tossing up the bed-clothes like waves in a storm. “Unless that extravagant dog George will alter his habits, his sister must go without.”

“But suppose, my dear, any one should purchase George James his lieutenancy, what would you say to that?”

“Why, that I was glad they had so much money they did not know what to do with it.”

“But suppose it actually was done?”

“Why, then, my dear, I suppose the next thing would be, that the moon would leave the sky to take an airing, and come down and walk out arm in arm with one of your milkpans.”

“Nonsense, my dear! let every one praise the bridge that carries them over, and prudence is my motto!” said Mrs. Damn-
emall, drawing her friend’s packet triumphantly from her bag, and then going into a minute detail of the whole transaction, the kindness of which gratitude caused her in some degree to exaggerate. “And from the bulk of the letter I do believe,” concluded she, “that the dear kind soul has actually inclosed the bank-notes, that there may be no delay in the purchase.”

If the Doctor had turned suddenly round to the wall before, he now turned more suddenly from it, and, sitting up in the bed, extended his hand for Miss Prudence’s letter, as he said to his wife,

“My dear, bring me the candle and my specks.”

A request she instantly complied with.

“What’s this?” said he, taking a small book out of the letter, and holding it out at some distance before him, above the candle, “Um—um—‘How to live well on a Hundred a-year, and very well on two.’ That will keep,” added he, laying it down; “now for the letter.”

“Read it out, my dear,” said his wife, in a somewhat disappointed voice.

It was a touching sight! those two fond parents! The Doctor, picturesquely attired, with his white cotton night cap tied down under the chin, with a red silk handkerchief and a black stocking round his throat, wiping his spectacles with the corner of the sheet, preparatory to his reading the welcome letter, that was to confer such a benefit on his son. While his wife hung in all the pride of dress and breathless expectation fondly over him, till, previous to reading the precious document, he gently pushed her back with his left hand, saying,

“Don’t, my dear, that long feather of yours tickles my nose.”

After which friendly admonition, he cleared his throat three times, and holding the letter still farther out and higher above the candle than he had done the book, read out, in a voice that

became tremulous with agitation as he proceeded, the following letter :

“ BUBBLE HALL,
December the 18th, 18—.

“ Dear young Sir :

“ The friendship I entertain for your respected parents induces me to meddle in your concerns. I am sadly grieved to see that your worthy mother has cause to complain of your extravagance. I wish you could have heard the sermon that I heard your father preach about three weeks ago, about the prodigal son. Oh, dear ! poor dear man, I’m sure he felt it ; it was quite beautiful where he talked of the fatted calf. I thought of you the whole time. I assure you, I mean what I say, and I do hope you will seriously consider of the evil courses you have lately run, and from this time endeavour to make up for past dissipation, by carefully saving your pay to purchase your lieutenancy. Think also, what a pleasure it would be to you, if, besides getting a step all by yourself, you were able to make your sister a suitable wedding-present, if ever she should be in the condition to require it, as I have no doubt she will, being so much among the different regiments. I must say (and I hope you will not take it amiss, as you know it is only for your own good I speak) that I am surprised you never send your father anything. Dear, good man, he is so hospitable ! I like dining at the Rectory better than any place in the county, for I don’t care for fine folks ; and as you are quartered at Portsmouth, I should think you could get excellent port-wine in the docks, and a few dozen now and then coming from you, I’m sure the Doctor would enjoy beyond everything. I hope you will not be above accepting a present from me, which I send in this letter, and which I do hope you will attend to ; it is a book that will teach you how to live well on 100*l.* a-year, and very well on 200*l.*

“ ‘ The wholesomest meat is at another man’s cost,’ as the proverb says, which means, dine out as often as you can. As a party is dining here to-day, I must conclude,

But remain your and your
Father and Mother’s sincere Friend,
PRUDENCE SOPHIA BUBBLE.”

“ P.S. I say nothing about your morals, as you have your excellent mother to advise you.

“ P.S. Do you know there is a way of turning coats that no one would know them from new.”

“ To Ensign Damnemall,
158th Foot, Portsmouth.”

Mrs. Damnemall remained with her mouth open, but no sound issued therefrom. The letter dropped from the doctor’s hands,

while his head dropped on the pillow. For some seconds he was silent ; but what is the use of philosophy if it cannot elevate us above ourselves ?

“ My dear,” said the doctor at last ; “ give me another tumbler of brandy and water ! and let it be more yes than no.”

CHAPTER XV.

Hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate omnes.—JUV.

“ We hope it will not be considered that we find no constant manuduction through this labyrinth.”—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

ANOTHER VISIT TO SHREWSBURY BEFORE BREAKFAST.—BENEVOLENCE OF MR. SIMCOE, THE MANAGER, IN CONSENTING TO PUT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED POUNDS IN HIS POCKET.—MR. HOWARD BECOMES SUDDENLY FOOLISH, AND MISS MANNERS SUDDENLY SENSIBLE.—MARMADUKE MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—TRIP EVINCES A CURIOSITY OF DISPOSITION, BENEATH A DOG OF RESPECTABILITY.

AT eight the next morning, Marmaduke knocked at Theresa's door, and asked if she was ready, as the carriage had come round.

“ In a moment,” said she, opening the door, and advancing to kiss him, while the maid followed lacing her dress.—“ Ah ! if all the world were like you, dear uncle !”

“ If they were,” said Marmaduke, returning the kiss, but rejecting the compliment ; “ they'd be still more odd than they are.”

“ It would be a change for the better at all events,” rejoined Theresa, drawing out the bows of the broad black ribbon that always served him in lieu of a cravat.

“ I suspect you are what the Yankees call a ‘ vile serpent,’ ” said he, patting her cheek ; but where is that lazy dog, Howard ? (for in regard to rising, I am what the Khan of Tartary is about dining—when I have risen, all the world may rise—nay ! ought and should be risen !) I suppose he is not out of his first sleep yet.”

“ That lazy dog is here,” said Cecil, putting his hand on the top of his hat, and ostensibly looking over Marmaduke's shoulder, but in reality looking at Theresa ; “ he has been ready this hour, and only wants to know whether he may go inside the carriage, or be a dalmatian, and follow it ?”

“ Oh ! that you and Trip must settle between you,” said Marmaduke, “ for I told him he was to go inside this morning, and I never interfere with his arrangements.”

Trip wagged his tail, and poked his cold nose into Cecil's hand, who understood the dog-language too well not to know what that meant—so patting his head, he said, “ Thank you, Trip, then I will go inside, for the morning is as cold as if the north-pole had eloped, and was on its way to Scotland through England.”

As soon as they were seated in the carriage, Marmaduke gave

directions to drive to the theatre, and inquire where the manager lived.

“ You were saying yesterday,” said Cecil, “ that you would get Lord John to edit poor Carlton’s book. Now, supposing you can get him to do so, which he is not the sort of person to do out of pure benevolence—do you not think he will shrink from the meanness of taking the credit of it, if any credit accrue from it?”

“ Don’t distress yourself,” replied Marmaduke; “ while we never heard of but one Virgil, whose friendship was capable of suppressing his lyric vein, for fear of eclipsing Horace, and his dramatic powers that they might not obscure the glory of Varius, there would be no difficulty in finding innumerable La Fontaines and Erasmus’s who would pilfer brains even from a woman, as they did from Louise Lahé¹; and as to the merit of the book, that of course depends upon its success in all ages—they have been synonymous, whether in politics, tactics, literature, law, or physic—aye, and even in friendship! The same measures which failure brands with folly, not to say guilt, success converts into genius, and crowns with laurel. In matters of literature, the opinion of friends is seldom to be depended on, either from undue partiality or from the opposite extreme;—besides, for one person who has the capacity to form an opinion, and the honesty to maintain it, are twenty so weak, that they require the assistance and support of thousands, before they can venture to advance one step towards praise. Voltaire was so teased with the objections and criticisms of his friends, at the house of the President des Maisons, upon the *Henriade*, that he flung it into the fire, and had not the President Henault rescued it at the expense of a handsome pair of point ruffles, France might have remained to this day without an epic. Goldsmith was advised by a few friends of great judgment, not to risk his reputation by publishing the *Vicar of Wakefield*! and Pope was so damped and discouraged by the innumerable alterations Lord Halifax suggested, to his *Iliad*, that had not Dodsley, who was well acquainted with the innate pomposity of the man, persuaded the poet to keep his translation by him for six months, and read it to the sapient nobleman at the end of them, in its unaltered state, but with many thanks for his lordship’s valuable hints—who then found the untouched poem perfect!—Homer might never have adopted an English costume.

‘ But it is the same in all things, success is virtue, failure vice, in morals especially; for while Mrs. Jackson, or Mrs. Thompson cannot be seen walking across the street with a man, without losing at least a slice of their reputation, the aforesaid Mistresses Jackson and Thompson may be driven over in that street by some titled and

¹ La Fontaine’s fable of “ *L’Amour et la Folie*,” and Erasmus’s “ *Praise of Folly*,” are evidently stolen from La Belle Cordiere’s allegory, entitled, “ *Débat de Folie et d’Amour*.”

triumphant Messalina, without any cognizance being taken of the affair; just as Mrs. Thicknesse in her sketches of the lives and writings of the "Women of France," sets forth the infamous life of Ninon de L'Enclos, without a single animadversion; but on the contrary, innumerable panegyrics upon her wit, her talents, and the distinguished position she held in society, where she was courted by all, including the most virtuous! while she inveighs amain in a fine strain of outraged morality, at the suspected irregularities of the more beautiful and equally accomplished Marguerite De Valois¹."

Though the morning was bitterly cold, Marmaduke had talked himself into a July temperature, by the time they arrived at the theatre, so much so, that had Cecil differed with him instead of agreeing to every word he had uttered, it could not have given him a glow the more.

On letting down the window, he ascertained from the box-keeper, the name of the street Mr. Simcoe lived in, and the number of his house; and being told that he never came down to the theatre before eleven, he resolved upon going direct to the manager's house.

The street in which Mr. Simcoe resided, was long and narrow, the houses were well-built, with high hall doors, and windows with stone copings above them, with rather narrow panes in thick frames; over the door was a pointed arched wood-work, with a respectable elderly gentleman of a satyr, surrounded by bunches of wooden grapes and Pan pipes. The steps of the door would have been a little better for a little soap and water, and the door itself sadly wanted painting, but on it shone a bright brass plate like "The Star of the Desert," upon which was inscribed in bold characters, that might have been read at some distance, the name of

"COLEMAN SIMCOE, ESQ."

No sooner had the servant made, not only the Hotel Simcoe, but the whole street re-echo with the loudness of his appeal for admission, than three or four small heads thickly studded with flat white curl papers, as though several ounces of barley sugar drops had revolted, and made them their head quarters, appeared above the window blind, while presently a larger head, surmounted by a dusty black gauze cap, with crushed yellow roses in it, relieved by a row of drab-coloured curl papers, appeared above the lesser

¹ Brantome says of her, "If ever there was a perfect beauty born it was the Queen of Navarre; even those women who had the most pretensions to beauty were totally eclipsed by her presence. Her figure was so truly elegant, her air so noble, and accompanied with so much majesty, that she appeared more like a goddess than a woman. Her mind, too, was as beautiful as her person; and the eloquent manner in which she spoke, struck her auditors with reverential awe. When the Polonoise, upon a certain occasion, came to pay their respects to her, the Bishop of Cracovie, who was charged with the embassy, made his harangue in Latin, which the queen well understood, and answered so pertinently, and with so much eloquence, that all who were present heard her with astonishment and delight, and with one voice announced her a second Minerva."

heads; this head was followed by a long white bald one, with a long white face appended to it; but it had no sooner given one look, than it ducked down and was seen no more; the black cap also made a precipitate retreat; but it was visible to the naked eye, through the sticks of the blinds, that an arm was forcibly extended to drag the barley sugar drops from the window.

After a somewhat unreasonable delay, the eldest Master Simcoe, a lad of about fourteen, opened the door, goading himself into a Sunday jacket, while the frost was nipping his face (which had been hastily washed for the occasion) into blisters.

“Is Mr. Simcoe at home?” asked Marmaduke, extending his card from the carriage window, “tell him, my boy, will you, that a gentleman wants to speak to him?”

Master Simcoe acquiesced by the same grace-bow, that he was wont to conclude the college hornpipe with, on benefit nights, and instantly vanished, but soon re-appeared, followed by Coleman Simcoe, Esq. who had slipped into Lord Ogleby’s flowered damask dressing-gown, and was now, with considerable grace, crossing it to the left, as he advanced towards the carriage door with many bows, when Marmaduke motioned him back, saying he would get out, which he accordingly did, followed by Cecil and Theresa.

The same small heads that had appeared behind the blinds, were now seen, with their snowy decorations, peeping over the banisters, while a voice was heard, in a shrill whisper, saying, “Be quiet, Sarah, or I can’t do your hair.” And as Mr. Simcoe backed and bowed the way into the parlour, Cecil caught a glimpse of the black cap retreating at the other door. The fact was, Mrs. Simcoe had taken the opportunity of her husband’s going to the carriage, to go for a silver egg-stand, two empty chocolate cups, and a newspaper, which latter served to hide the bread and milk the children had spilt over the table-cloth; but scarcely had she placed these charming additions on the breakfast-table, before Marmaduke and his companions entered, and Mrs. Simcoe made her exit in the hasty manner we have described.

The room was a high wainscotted room, painted white, with black horse-hair chairs and sofa; on the mantle-piece, which was also high, were several shells, and long purple hyacinth glasses; in one corner of the room was a harp, with most of the strings broken; between the windows was a small chaise longue, with a chintz cover, and before it a small sofa table, on which was a work-basket, blotting-book, and envelope case; a slate, a doll, a spelling-book, and child’s bonnet, littered the horse-hair sofa; while nothing but a smelling-bottle and a pocket handkerchief, trimmed with broad English lace, appeared on the chaise longue.

Trip marched over to the fire, and after poking his nose and sniffing as near it as safety would allow, raising his eyes up the

chimney, and then starting back at the flame, he quietly stretched himself on the rug, first taking the precaution to place his nose carefully between his two paws.

"I fear we disturb you," said Marmaduke, as Mr. Simcoe placed chairs for them.

"Oh, by no means," replied Mr. Simcoe, speaking, as he always did, deliberately through his nose, in a voice that would have been invaluable for a conventicle, "by no means; I am most proud of the honour of this visit, sir, let it arise from what cause it will."

Now Mr. Simcoe was not only extremely thin, but his physiognomy was that of a snipe, who, by some accident, had tumbled into a chalk-pit, and had come out white-washed; and his voice being equally long and thin, from a certain faintness in it, gave one also the idea of being white¹. But, notwithstanding these mild symptoms that attended him, he was, nevertheless, very virulent, so much so, that when he had occasion to find fault at rehearsals, either with the actors or theatrical decorations, it was a current joke among the company to say, "The plague was raging."

"You have among your company, I believe," said Marmaduke, "a poor man of great talent, but in great distress, of the name of Carlton?"

"Why, yes, sir, he has talent certainly, but talent won't tune fiddles, without the rosin and catgut of assistance," moralised Mr. Simcoe; "and in our profession, connexion is every thing, sir, every thing, and Carlton has not a shadow: I don't suppose, if his life depended on it, he could even command two galleries and one pit."

"This lady has taken great interest in his misfortunes," said Marmaduke, "and—"

"I know Miss Manners," and here Mr. Simcoe bowed down to the ground, "has been most kind to him, and I myself have done more than prudence would authorise in advancing him money."

"Which I understood he repaid you," said Theresa, with some warmth.

"I was coming to that, ma'am," drawled Mr. Simcoe, who perceived that Miss Manners knew too much of poor Carlton's history for him to attempt to play the generous before her "I was coming to that; but the way I argued was this. Now poor Carlton—for whom I had the greatest compassion, and I'm sure Mrs. Simcoe had the same, for she always asked him after his wife every night he acted—poor Carlton, said I, seems to have no family at all to look to him, and I have a very large one to look to me, so 'argle,' as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, if he is to repay me so soon, it will do him no good to lend him a little money, and if he was never

¹ Blind persons say (those born so), that the sound of a trumpet always gives them an idea of scarlet; and I do not see why, because one goes through the world with one's eyes open, that one should not also be permitted to attach colours to sound, not that white is a colour.

to repay me, why then it would not do for me to lend him any at all; don't you see, sir?"

"I see, Mr. Simcoe, that I am taking up your time, and wasting my own, so I will come at once to the point," said Marmaduke.

"How much does the theatre hold?"

"Why, it could hold 600*l.*; but it never will do that, I fear, sir," and Mr. Simcoe pulled the few light-brown hairs which, like cat's whiskers, graced his temple.

"Fears, any more than hopes, are not always fulfilled," rejoined Marmaduke "if I guarantee you an overflowing house, will you consent to give Carlton 300*l.*?"

"Oh, no, sir, I really could not, for the expenses of the house stand me in 60*l.* a-night."

"What, then, would be the very uttermost you would give him?"

"Why, really, sir, he ought to consider 130*l.* very handsome."

"I don't know what his ideas of beauty may be," said Marmaduke, "but that sum does not at all come up to mine."

"Why, you see, sir, in the first place, they are not play-going people in this part of the world; and in the next, in order to secure anything like a bumper, I must have a star from London. Now, there is young Blubber, a most promising young man, and a protégé of Mr. McEverpuff's; but it wouldn't do for me to go and have him down upon a chance, and, after having the hand-bills printed, and placarded all over the walls, and animated sandwiches dressed in green surge, walking all over the town between two boards, proclaiming,

‘FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

GREAT ATTRACTION!!

YOUNG BLUBBER!!!

Who in his style of acting approaches
nearer to the great McEverpuff than
any living Actor!!!”

"It would never do, I say, sir, after all this, to have nobody attracted, and to have young Blubber play to a ‘beggarly account of empty boxes.’"

Mr. Simcoe had warmed with his subject, and now walked up and down upon the rug, flourishing his handkerchief to Trip's great annoyance, who was obliged to shake his ears to put them back in their place after the titillation of its silken corners.

"Enough of Blubber, sir, and now for Bubble!" cried Marmaduke, waving his hand, and speaking with mock pomposity,—
"Lord and Lady John Bubble,"—Mr. Simcoe stood still—"and the Duke and Duchess of Arlington,"—Mr. Simcoe opened his mouth and bowed—"my brother,—Lady Bubble and myself"—again Mr. Simcoe bowed, but this time it was with his hands upon his heart,—“are anxious to patronize a benefit for poor Carlton,”

“At that rate, sir,” said Mr. Simcoe, reseating himself, “I can have no hesitation, under such distinguished patronage, in writing to young Blubber by this night’s post, and engaging him for whatever night you will be pleased to appoint.”

“The 26th, then,” said Marmaduke.

“The 26th—very good, sir,—the 26th is as fair a night as any in the calendar,”

“And now for the terms—what will you give Carlton?”

“Would you think 150*l.* enough, sir?”

“No, sir, I should not, nor anything like enough,” cried Marmaduke, thumping his stick on the ground with a vehemence that set Trip barking.

“Well, suppose we say 200*l.*?”

“Under two hundred and fifty,” said Marmaduke, rising and buttoning his coat, “no soul belonging to me shall enter the theatre,—and then see what a benefit young Blubber will have—very like a whale!”

“Well, sir,” resumed Mr. Simcoe, with more nasal sentimentality even than usual, “Well, sir, I’m sure no one can compassionate genius in distress more than I do, and I look upon Carlton as quite a genius—the proof of it is, see the connection his talents have elicited—he could not have a better one than your family and the Duke of Arlington’s. So two hundred and fifty let it be, though I shall decidedly lose by it; but that is of little import when it is to serve a fellow creature in distress;” and Mr. Simcoe’s chest seemed to inflate with the sudden growth of his benevolence. “And now, sir, it only remains to decide on the pieces. Young Blubber, I understand, is very great in ‘Alexander the Great,’ and for the after-piece, ‘Popping the Question,’ is an exceedingly pretty thing—Mrs. Simcoe has met with great applause in ‘Miss Winterblossom,’ and as ‘on their own merits modest men are dumb,’ it is not for me to speak of my Mr. Primrose, but it has been reckoned a posey, sir, I assure you.”

Marmaduke was about to assure Mr. Simcoe that he was at liberty to select what play and after-piece he chose, for, as Carlton himself was unable to act, it was no great matter, when the door opened, and Mrs. Simcoe—not in the black cap, crushed yellow roses, and drab curl papers—but in a very splendid green-velvet bonnet, black and green feathers, black velvet dress, and velvet shawl, which partially concealed the temporary absence of her stays, entered, making a very elegant theatrical curtsy, followed by three little merino-frocked, light-ringleted Simcoen cherubs, the sweetness of whose barley-sugar curl-papers had been transferred to their looks.

“Will you allow me to offer you any refreshment, ma’am?” lisped Mrs. Simcoe, undulating into a graceful bow before Miss Manners.

“None, I am much obliged to you,” replied she; “for we shall return home to breakfast almost immediately,” and Theresa turned to caress the little Simcoes, who were really pretty children, while Marmaduke, who always overflowed with gallantry to the sex, provided they had not particularly, that is, individually offended him, stood bowing like a tree in a storm to their mother.

“My dear,” said Mr. Simcoe to his wife, as soon as their preliminary ceremonies were ended and she had found a chair, “Mr. Bubble, brother to Sir Romulus Bubble of Bubble-Hall, has kindly come to bespeak a benefit on the twenty-sixth for poor Carlton. You know the interest you always felt about Carlton?”

Mrs. Simcoe understood the hint, and throwing a Niobe look at two of her own children, who were standing near her, said: “Ah, poor fellow! what a blething it ith that hith wife left no babthes behind her. I believe he hath only one little girl.” And here Mrs. Simcoe rounded her elbow, and applied her pocket-handkerchief, for about a quarter of an instant, to each eye; and then, with a deep sigh, let it leisurely descend with her hand upon her lap.

It is a sad thing, but no less true than sad, that under no circumstances does there appear to be room enough for every one in this world; either people are in each other's way, or they fancy themselves so, which, according to Bishop Berkeley, is one and the same thing. Now it so happened, that when Mrs. Simcoe joined the party in her own parlour, Mr. Simcoe (who hated his wife in a truly husbandly manner, and therefore always adopted the best and most gentleman-like, though the rarest, manner of showing it—that of being, on all occasions, exceedingly civil and attentive to her), had risen to place a chair for her near the fire—a movement which, simple and natural as it was, nevertheless had the effect of revolutionizing all Mr. Trip's dreams, who awaking with a sound that was half bark, half growl, started up, and very reluctantly vacated his place on the rug. But Trip was a dog not only of resource but of research: and being driven from his comfortable quarters, he very philosophically went on a voyage of discovery round the room, with his nose to the ground, making as he proceeded a sort of grunting noise, by way of accompaniment, till stopping short at last opposite the chaise-longue, he crouched down under it, and presently returned with an old shoe, which only raised his curiosity still further; and after three or four more journeys, each of which had been rewarded with a shoe or a pair of dirty gloves, which he deposited on the carpet, he crept under for the last time, and returned with a quantity of very dusty false hair in his mouth, which Mrs. Jinks would have called a front. This last prize so tickled his fancy or his nose, that he raced with it in triumph round the room, shaking and growling at it at every corner,—which obstreperous behaviour roused the attention of the whole party. Mrs. Simcoe looked as if she would have fainted

when she saw her head-gear, and the cast-off ornaments of her hands and feet, scattered all over the room, and made an effort to lay the accumulation under the chaise longue upon the naughtiness of the children ; but it would not do—their little shrill voices put up a protest against the accusation, by chronologically reminding their mamma of the days, hours, and several occasions on which she had with her own hands added to the heap.

Mr. Simcoe made a rapid tour of the room, and kindly picked up all the shoes and gloves, which, with great presence of mind, he flung into the next room, and quickly closed the door. Miss Manners and Mr. Howard—to their shame be it said, walked to the window to hide their laughter, while Marmaduke rescued, by main force and a pantomimic blow of his stick, the ill fated frizette from Trip's mouth, and placing it on the high mantelpiece safe beyond his reach, without even looking at it, lamented with many bows and a charitable falsehood, to Mrs. Simcoe, that his dog should have been so mischievous as to tear the horse-hair out of her sofa !

“ Oh, it's not the horse-hair out of the sofa ; it's—” commenced one of the little girls, but was instantly silenced by Mrs. Simcoe telling her and her sisters to go up stairs and get ready, and she would take them out to walk.

“ Well then, sir,” resumed Mr. Simcoe, “ I'll have the bills put in hand immediately—and the twenty-sixth is the evening you have finally decided upon ?”

“ Yes, the twenty-sixth ; let me see—that is in about ten days.”

“ I only hope,” said Mr. Simcoe, leisurely rubbing his chin, “ that young Blubber won't be engaged at Manchester or Liverpool before he gets my letter.”

“ Blubber or no Blubber,” said Marmaduke, rising, “ the play must take place all the same, and the house, I have no doubt, will be just as full. I have the honour of wishing you good morning, ma'am,” added he, bowing down to the ground sundry times to Mrs. Simcoe ; “ and I must again apologize for my dog's ill-bred conduct in tearing your sofa. The only reparation he can make is by taking a box for the twenty-sixth ; so have the goodness, Mr. Simcoe, to put Mr. Trip down for a box. He is no great playgoer ; but I have no doubt he will lend his box to some of those puppies in the——Lancers. Good morning to you.”

It was impossible to say whether Marmaduke's bows or Mrs. Simcoe's curtseys preponderated, till he reached the carriage.

“ Shall we go to Carlton's now ?” asked Theresa, as soon as they were seated.

“ No,” said Marmaduke, “ not yet ; you said something about his having sold his books. Do you know where it was he sold them ?”

“ I rather think it was at Palmer's.”

“Drive to Palmer’s the bookseller,” said Marmaduke, as he drew up the window.

“Well, you are a very great darling,” said Theresa, kissing Marmaduke, as the carriage drove on.

“Nay, if you get upon that chapter,” replied he, patting her under the chin, “you are at the beginning and end of it all, Miss Tessy.”

“I only know,” laughed Cecil, “that *I* feel particularly ill-used in the turn the business has just taken; but, as Mr. McPhin truly observes, Miss Manners ought to be ashamed of herself for wasting on ‘dumb bastes what any gude christian would be glod of.’”

“Thank you for the compliment,” said Marmaduke; “however I accept it for its novelty—for it’s the first time in my life I was ever called a dumb beast.”

“I don’t know,” replied Cecil; “as Mr. Simcoe pithily remarked, ‘on their own merits modest men are dumb,’ at which rate, your dumbness is clearly established; though I must fain confess you are as far from the beast as ever.”

“Come,” said Marmaduke, as the carriage stopped at the bookseller’s door, “you had better get out of the carriage, Master Howard; for you’ll find that easier than getting out of your scrape, I suspect.”

Mr. Palmer’s shop was situated near the Talbot, and as the trio alighted, they perceived a travelling carriage at the door of the hotel. Theresa turned her head to see who the person was, about to enter the carriage. It was a gentleman: his foot was on the first step; but his features were so hidden by the fur collar of his great coat, that had he not also turned his head to look at her, she would not have perceived that the traveller was Mr. Stuart Vernon. The recognition being mutual, he could not avoid coming to speak to her; and after having bowed to Marmaduke, he asked her, with some hesitation, if he could do anything for her in London, whither he was going on his way to Italy.

Theresa blushed deeply as she thanked him, and said, “she did not want anything”—and then to hide her embarrassment, asked “if he had been staying all this time at Lord Francis’s?”

“Yes,” said he, “I have been detained there by illness, and have still a troublesome cough, which they are sending me to Italy to deposit.”

“I am doubly sorry for your departure,” said Theresa, “first, for the cause of it, and next, that you will not be at the tournament.”

“Had not Miss Manners a thousand worthier knights, I should certainly stay to wear her colours and maintain the pre-eminence of her beauty—but as it is, my humble homage cannot be missed,” sighed Mr. Stuart Vernon. As he took off his hat to bow his adieus to Marmaduke and Theresa, the latter intuitively held out her

hand, which was for a moment pressed by her rejected lover, who then hurried away to his carriage.

“Poor Mr. Stuart Vernon—what a terrible cough he has got,” said she, turning to Cecil.

“You seem to feel it terribly, Miss Manners,” said he, with a cold supercilious sneer, while the fiery flashing of his eye formed a fearful contrast to the measured coldness of his words.

“Nay, Cecil, is this kind?—is it just?” said Theresa, in a low voice, placing her hand on his arm, and looking up imploringly in his face, as they followed Marmaduke into the shop.

“Very kind. As to the justice of it, that is quite another affair. You doubly regretted his going abroad, because he would not be at the tournament—of course he’ll be there after so anxious, so pressing an invitation, or he does not deserve to be a—what he evidently is—the favoured lover of Miss Manners,” said Cecil, his whole face working convulsively, as he rudely shook off Theresa’s small trembling hand.

For a moment her face flushed, and her eyes filled with tears; but her pride as a woman—her dignity as a woman, being come to her assistance, and armed her against such unprovoked jealousy, such unmerited harshness—and she replied calmly and firmly without a particle of temper or a shadow of resentment—“Miss Manners, from this time, has no ‘favoured lover,’ and consequently acknowledges no one who has the imaginary right of exercising injustice towards her.”

Cecil stood like one who had suddenly awoke from a dream, and found himself on the brink of a precipice.—“Theresa!” said he, but Theresa had walked on and was talking to Marmaduke.

“Here is a very curious old book, sir, quite in your way,” said Mr. Palmer to the latter, holding up an old black leather book inlaid with gold, and closed with large gold clasps.—“It is ‘The Mirroure of Golde for the Sinful Soule, traunslated from the French traunslation of the right Godlie Boke, Speculum aureum peccatorum; by the lady Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby,’ “and what enhances the value of the book, sir,” continued Mr. Palmer, “is, that at one period it appears to have been the gift of Sir Thomas Maleverer to Oliver Cromwell’s favourite daughter, for in the fly-leaf is written—‘To the lady Claypole—the gift of her and his Highness the Lord Protector’s faithfull servitor, Thomas Maleverer.—June 13th, 1650;’ and really very cheap, sir, only ten guineas.”

“I’ll talk to you about that by-and-bye,” said Marmaduke, “but I want to purchase some other books from you just now. “Did not a poor man,” added he, lowering his voice, and taking a memorandum written on a slip of paper in pencil, out of his waist-coat-pocket, as he perceived a tall dark gentleman-like, but foreign-

looking man standing looking over a book at the other end of the counter; “did not a poor man dispose of these books to you at a very moderate price, some short time ago—the ‘De Rerum Natura of Lucretius’—a ‘Livy’—Charles Lamb’s ‘Essays of Elia’—John Wilson’s ‘Isle of Palms,’ and some other books?”

“He did, sir,” replied Mr. Palmer; “not wanting them, I gave him quite as much as I could afford—and you shall have them for what they cost me.”

“Agreed,” said Marmaduke; “and now I have another matter to talk to you about. There is to be a benefit at the theatre on the twenty-sixth, in which I am very much interested, and I wish you to exert yourself in every possible way about it, so as to secure a good house.”

“You may rely upon my doing everything in my power, sir,” bowed Mr. Palmer.

While Marmaduke was engaged with the bookseller, the tall stranger, who might have been about fifty, but was still remarkably handsome, kept his eyes fixed upon Theresa—a proceeding that Mr. Howard was not in a position to remark or to resent, as he had seated himself at a table, slouched his hat over his eyes, leant his cheek on one hand, while, with his cane in the other, he kept making a noise upon the floor, the furthest possible removed from music.

“Perhaps Miss Manners will be tempted with the Countess of Richmond’s book,” resumed Mr. Palmer.

At the mention of her name, the stranger seemed to regard her still more intently, and approached nearer to where she stood, under the pretext of looking at the book.

“Well,” said Marmaduke, “here are ten guineas—shall we toss up whether the poor player or the relative of thirty monarchs gets them?”

“Oh no, dear uncle,” cried Theresa, “let the blind goddess have nothing to do with it, but give them at once to Carlton.”

“I’m sure, ma’am,” said Mr. Palmer, “you deserve to be rich, when you can be so liberal even to a poor person, that has no claims upon you.”

“Even self-interest, sir,” said the stranger, addressing Mr. Palmer, but keeping his eyes fixed upon Theresa, “is a motive for benevolence. There are none so low but may have it in their power, at one time or other, to repay a good office. Knowledge of the world is nothing more than knowledge how to put one’s character and conduct out at interest; and, this being a commercial country, the business may often be carried on by retail; for which

¹ Bishop Fisher says of this lady, who was daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, wife of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. “that by her birth and marriage, she was related to thirty kings and queens, within the fourth degree, either of blood or affinity.”

reason, put my name down for a box for the twenty-sixth, and here is the money," added he, giving the bookseller ten pounds; after which he gathered up his cloak, and, for the first time, casting a look at Mr. Howard, walked out of the shop.

Marmaduke followed him, and, looking after him as he walked up the street, kept exclaiming, "Clever—right-minded—sensible man. Egad! I should like to know him;" and then, returning into the shop, said to Mr. Palmer, "Who is my worthy friend that was here just now?—ought to know him—must know him—name—address?" added he, seizing a pen and dipping it into the ink, as he harpooned a whole quire of paper towards him.

"His name is Ormond, sir," smiled Mr. Palmer; "he is a foreign gentleman, I believe, and, apparently enormously rich. He has been staying at the Talbot about a week. He seems very inquisitive in his inquiries about all the families in the neighbourhood. He has also given me some very large orders; among others, all the 'Shakspeare Gallery,' and the 'Illustrations' of Scott and Byron, magnificently bound in russia with real gold clasps and corners. Very splendid, isn't it, sir? And this is all I know about him."

"Ask him to the tournament—ask him to the tournament," muttered Marmaduke, writing very fast; but, suddenly stopping, he added, pressing down the crown of his hat and buttoning up his coat, preparatory to his rushing out of the shop, "No, that's not the way to do the thing either—must be like other people—run after him—shake hands with him—ask him to dinner—that's it." And, so saying, he darted out of the shop and set off for the Talbot, full gallop, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck along the slippery flags.

During his absence, Mr. Howard raised his eyes very humbly and imploringly to Miss Manners's face; but she was so occupied, looking into "The Mirroure of Golde," that she could not reflect back a single expression of his features. So he was fain to replace his cheek in his hand, and return his eyes to the ground. Truly may it be said that "the tongue is an unruly member!" From lovers down to lapdogs (vide the kicks got by barking among the latter); for one scrape it gets them out of, it brings them into fifty.

In less than ten minutes Marmaduke returned. "It's all right," said he, "all right; he dines with us, to-morrow. Why, Howard, what's the matter?"

"I was—I am—that is, I—have—a very bad head-ache."

"Hang me if I don't think there's something in the air of Shrewsbury that makes you ill. Don't you remember how ill you were once before at the Talbot—the very day Theresa got the small-pox?" said Marmaduke. "As my illustrious sister Prudence would say, perhaps it is coming out before breakfast. Shall we go back now, and drive over after to see Carlton?"

"By no means," said Cecil, rising, "it will do me good to go there. I like to see miserable people."

"The deuce you do!" cried Marmaduke; "then I can't say I admire your taste; for there should not be such a thing in the world if I could help it. Good day to you, Mr. Palmer. Theresa, mind how you get into the carriage, unless you wish to sprain your ankle and look miserable, that Howard may have the pleasure of seeing you."

"One must not always look as one feels," said Theresa, in a low voice, as Cecil handed her into the carriage.

"Nor say what one feels," sighed he, pressing the hand she had no power to withdraw.

On arriving at Carlton's, Mrs. Brand opened the door, putting forth as many curtseys as a tree does leaves in May. "Dear heart, Miss," said she to Theresa, "I am delighted to see you looking so well. She've got over it purely, haven't she, sir?" added she, turning to Cecil. "I'm sure, sir, you was quite as good a nurse as I was, every bit!"

"Well, Mrs. Brand, how is your patient?" asked Marmaduke, who had lingered behind to bring the books out of the carriage.

"Why, sir, he have been terrible light-headed and delirious-like all night, a raving about his poor wife. Ah, poor soul! she and the babby were buried this morning. He do know nothing of it: indeed, he's asleep now, and have been these two hours; for the doctor gived him some opium. But the poor little girl did take on terrible, to be sure; she's now a lying on the sofa, crying ready to break her heart."

"Poor little thing!" sighed Theresa.

"Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Brand," cried Marmaduke, in a whisper over the bannisters, as he went up-stairs on tip-toe, "why don't you muffle these confounded stairs to prevent their creaking? No wonder the poor man is in a brain fever. Such an infernal noise is enough to put any one out of their senses!"

As soon as Miss Manners opened the door of the sitting-room, Blanche raised her head, and seeing who it was, ran to her, and, throwing her arms round Theresa's waist, hid her face and sobbed out, "God has taken them now quite—quite away, and I shall never, never see them again! Oh, why can't yesterday come back? they were in the house then, though they would not speak to me?"

"Hush, love," said Theresa, drawing her to the sofa, and seating the poor child in her lap, while Cecil placed a footstool for her, and then stood with folded arms looking at them both, "hush, love, or you will disturb your papa; remember how ill he is."

"Oh! I do remember it!" wept Blanche, convulsively clasping her little hands; "he won't die too?—only say he won't and I'll not—I'll try and not cry any more."

"No, he won't—at least, I hope and pray that he won't," said Theresa, kissing the little girl, and rocking her as she spoke.

On entering the room, Marmaduke had not dared to look at the child; but in order to render himself, as it were, sorrow-proof, had made straight for the book-shelf, with his head in the air, his hat on the back of his head, his nose twitching and his eyes blinking. After he had carefully and separately replaced the books he had brought back among their former companions, he as carefully dusted his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief, and then, finding it impossible to stop his ears, and shut out what was passing between Blanche and Theresa, his eyes began to blink more than ever, as he rubbed them and commenced complaining of the "confounded easterly winds," after which, clearing his throat with two or three hems and searching his pockets for some sugar-plums, with which he had come ready-armed (a precaution he always took when a child was in the case), he marched boldly towards the sofa, with no other symptom of fear than what might be suspected, from the still rampant position of his head; when he arrived at the sofa, a fact that he was apprised of by entangling his foot in Theresa's dress, and, nearly tumbling over the stool, he addressed Blanche as follows, carefully turning his head away, and groping about with his hand to feel where she was, while every third word he accompanied by rubbing his eyes, and exclaiming, "confound these easterly winds!"

"A-hem—good child—very good child—don't cry. I'll nurse you, and wash you, and dress you, and teach you, and, if it must be, whip you myself, and I've no doubt you'll be as happy as the day is long—no doubt of it—confound those easterly winds!—don't think me an unfeeling old rascal—I'm just as sorry for you, indeed I am, as if I were to cry and look miserable—confound these easterly winds!—as that young gentleman there likes to see people—but we won't be miserable to please him—no, that we won't—and—and—now, my dear, give me a kiss."

The child slowly raised her head, having an intuitive conviction that the extraordinary harangue she had just heard was kindness in a new and strange form; Marmaduke also slowly turned his head, but it had still to undergo another process, that of being lowered ere he could perceive Blanche's face: he had no sooner done so than he started back, exclaiming,—

"Good heavens! child, where did you get that face?—Who are you?—What are you?"

"The most miserable child in the world," said she, again bursting into tears, and burying her face in Theresa's bosom.

"Poor child! poor child!" said Marmaduke, pacing up and down the room, "beg pardon—beg pardon—did not mean to make you cry, but it's very strange—very strange—very."

"What is very strange, dear uncle?" asked Theresa.

"Why, that—everything—nothing—she ought to be at school. Theresa, remember, she must go, and you must find out the best, where they will be kind to her, and take care of her—poor child—poor child—I wish I had not seen her."

Theresa, who saw by his manner that he was agitated and excited by something more than the mere grief of the child, great as it was, refrained from asking him any more questions; but men, who have less tact, or less feeling, are not so tender of each other's feelings, and this it was that caused Cecil to commit the 'gaucherie' of again asking him if there was anything the matter?

"Nothing—nothing more than usual," replied Marmaduke, pettishly, "only that I'm an old fool—and—that I always am; but the poor man—we have not seen him yet."

"Mrs. Brand said he was asleep," said Theresa.

"Ah, true, I forgot. Good heavens! it is extraordinary!" added he, again looking at Blanche, and then turning away. He leant his head against the wall and sighed deeply.

"Dear uncle," said Theresa, gently laying her hand upon his arm, "I fear you are not well?"

"Very well," said he, turning round and dashing a tear from his eye. "Very well,—confound these easterly winds!—only it's a terrible thing, child, when one's head is white, that one's heart should still be green! and—poverty is a terrible thing, a very terrible thing. Howard, my boy, when you marry, let your wife be a skinny, sharp devil of forty-five, with a perfect knowledge of accounts, a keen eye to the weight of butter, and the lights and shades of beef and mutton. Let her hear no music but the jingle of keys, and the scrubbing of floors. Buy her a boy and a basket, and waste no money in presents on her beyond, it may be, a Moore's Almanack, or a Ready Reckoner for a Christmas-box."

"Very good advice," said Cecil, trying to smile.

"But do you mean to take it, sir!—do you mean to take it?" said Marmaduke, walking up and down the room with his hands behind him.

"I'd rather not take the wife you've described, I confess," said Cecil.

"Ah, there it is, that's the way with you all; I suppose you'd rather have one of another pattern—a bale of lilies and roses, who looked moon-beams, could play on the piano, and didn't know a pickle from a pop-gun."

Here Mrs. Brand came curtseying into the room, to say, that Carlton was still asleep, but that Mr. Lance, the apothecary, who had seen him, thought him better.

"Lance! Lance!" cried Marmaduke, "all humbug—send for Churchill, and tell him that it is me he is attending, and that I must

have every attention, and be treated as the case requires—and mind you are very attentive to me too,” added he, putting a couple of sovereigns into Mrs. Brand’s hand; “and above all, to that poor child, till she goes to school, which will be in a day or two.”

“God bless you sir,” said Mrs. Brand curtsying down to the ground, as Marmaduke went down stairs—“you may depend upon my taking every care of them both, and I’m sure, my little dear,” continued she, turning to Blanche, whom Theresa was kissing, previous to her departure—“you’ll try and not take on so, for the sake of this dear good lady, and all the gentlefolks as have been so good to you.”

“I will do anything for you,” said Blanche, throwing her arms round Theresa’s neck; “but indeed, indeed, I cannot help crying.”

“I cannot expect that you should,” replied Theresa, applying her pocket-handkerchief to her own eyes, “only be a good girl, keep as quiet as possible, and take whatever Dr. Churchill orders you.”

“I will,” sobbed the child, as they parted.

Their drive home was performed in silence, as Marmaduke found the easterly winds exceedingly troublesome; and neither Mr. Howard nor Miss Manners’s thoughts were of a nature to be loquacious upon, at least before a third person. On their return, they found the whole party assembled at breakfast; Marmaduke informed his brother of the invitation he had given Mr. Ormond to the tournament.

“My dear, my dear,” said Sir Romulus, “I like to put a little poetry in what I do, and manage things a little out of the common routine; now, I’d have waited to get introduced to the Algerine, at a county ball; after which, I’d have asked him to dinner—do you approve of that plan?” added he appealing to all around.

“Oh, beyond everything!” responded Miss Prudence.

“Who is Mr. Ormond?” asked Lady Bubble.

“A very worthy, excellent man, or I’ll forfeit my ears—and Trip’s to boot,” replied Marmaduke.

“Oh dear, all your geese are swans, Marmaduke; and I’ll give you my head if he’s not some impostor!” said Miss Prudence, stirring her tea energetically.

“Done!” cried Marmaduke, “I accept the wager; for as a great man once truly observed—trifling gifts, of no value, cement friendship.”

“Oh! have you heard, Marmaduke?” commenced Miss Prudence, but was interrupted by Sir Romulus calling out.—

“Hush! my dear, my dear, I’m telling a witty story; Lady John was saying she did not like tea without sugar, upon which I said—well, if you don’t like it you must *lump* it—alluding to the lumps of sugar; ha! ha! ha! do you approve of my wit?”

“Oh, beyond everything! dear, how droll! but I was going to tell Marmaduke of Lord John’s goodness, in making Mr. Town his

private secretary ; oh ! 'tis such a thing for him, with his young family ; I'm sure I don't know how they all live."

"How do much poorer people's children live?" pshawed Marmaduke.

"Eh, sir," groaned Mr. McPhin, as he laid down his knife and fork, and raised the drum-stick of a turkey to his mouth with his right-hand, and gnawed it as he spoke—"eh, sir, it strikes me that the half of them live like young bears, by sucking their paws¹, for six months out of the twelve——"

"So that when hungry" said Marmaduke, "I suppose they soliloquize with Hamlet, and say, 'must give us paws!'"

Cecil felt it a great relief to hear of Mr. Town's good fortune, as it precluded the so long dreaded possibility of his being offered that enviable post under Lord John. Miss Manners soon finished her breakfast, and rose to leave the room ; which Mr. Howard perceiving, followed her out ; and as she was about to cross the passage, caught hold of her dress.

"Theresa !" said he, "stay one moment, only hear me—forgive me this once—and never——" but here a servant emerged from the inner hall, and Miss Manners walked on into the library, whither Mr. Howard followed her ;—they were alone—he closed the door, and flung himself at her feet ; exclaimed passionately—"dearest, dear Theresa ! forget, forgive me if you can ! and never ! never ! shall you again have cause to be angry with me !"

"It is not anger, Cecil, it is sorrow," said she, as her hot tears fell upon his clasped hands—"what chance have we of happiness ! if you can, without the slightest foundation, degrade me and yourself by such unworthy suspicions ? no, no, it is better to retreat with the fragment of a heart, than to have it daily broken in a thousand pieces, and linger through life with it in that state—yes, for every reason, it is better. Poor Carlton's story is still ringing in my ear—it was an interposition of Providence that I should have heard it ; no man can, I fear—bear up against the eternal frettings and sinkings of poverty. Blanche Nugent was a thousand times my superior in every way ; and if she could not suffice for Carlton, how should I ever suffice for you ? Cecil, we will, we must part ! I have no father, no brother, no relations nearer than those I am with ; were I to marry you, in you not only would be centred my fate, but my life itself : what a perilous thing then would it be to risk my all, with so great a chance of shipwreck, amid the shoals and quicksands of jealousy and suspicion, which the warning beacons of your own impetuous temper have so clearly pointed out. No, no," faltered she, turning from him to leave the room—"you will find some one more worthy of you, better calculated to make you happy, to

¹ It is a well known fact, that bears can subsist for the six winter months without food by merely sucking their paws.

obtain your confidence ; but none that will love you more sincerely than I have—I mean than I could have done.”

“ Oh heavens ! what a monster—what a wretch I have been !” cried Cecil, rising and placing his back against the door, and seizing both her hands. “ Only hear me, Theresa !—I solemnly swear—”

“ Nay,” interrupted she, shaking her head mournfully, “ do not swear : men’s oaths I fear are but recorded falsehoods. I want no witnesses against you.”

“ Well, then, I will not swear ; but, by all my hopes here and beyond the grave, I here promise that if my own love will only forgive me this once, she may and shall discard me without mercy or appeal the next time I evince the slightest shadow of jealousy. It is not jealousy, dearest—it is—hang it !—you *are* so much too good for me, that I am in constant fear of losing you.”

“ Ah !” sighed Theresa, “ perfect love casteth out fear.”

“ Yes,” rejoined Cecil, as his arm encircled her waist, and his lips approached her ear with a strange murmuring that might have puzzled the most scientific in such matters to determine whether it was a kiss or a whisper ; “ yes, and perfect love cannot cast away what it has once loved.”

Be this as it might, Miss Manners remained silent for about a minute : perhaps it was that she did not like to differ from Mr. Howard, or it might be that she was afraid of disturbing her ringlets, which seemed to repose very comfortably on his cheek. At length, she raised her head, and looking in his eyes as well as she could through the tears that were in her own—

“ Ah Cecil !” said she, “ I fear it is not we women but you men who like to be treated like fools. I am convinced that you do not like to be loved rationally and genuinely, or you would be satisfied with the sacrifices we are always willing to make to your feelings, without requiring such constant ovations to your vanity. I know that were I to say that I would never speak to, bow to, or look at Mr. Stuart Vernon, let me meet him when or where I might, that would please you more than anything I could do. But I think it would be derogatory to you as a human being to ask such a promise, or me to make it.”

“ Ah, there’s the difference ! I would not think anything derogatory to me that could please or gratify you,” said Cecil.

“ No doubt, for a short time, you would not ; but if I required to be treated like a fool, I should expect to be deceived like one too.”

“ Well, well,” said Cecil, again falling at her feet, “ only try me, and the very first tinge of jealousy you detect in me, you may discard me without one word of explanation or defence.”

“ The first time, Cecil ?”

“ The first time, dearest.”

Whether it is that lovers have a noble ambition to push their ver-

satility beyond the Vicar of Wakefield, who only professed to be tired of being always wise, and therefore gave his daughters half-a-crown to get their fortunes told, I know not ; but certain it is that the former pyrotechnic gentry seem to have an insuperable aversion to being ever wise ; for no sooner do they arrive at some resolution bordering on that Siberia of love—common-sense, than they instantly take fright, turn back full gallop, and never consider themselves happy till they are again within sight of Folly's cap and within sound of her bells. And so it was in the present instance : Miss Manners had started with a very sensible resolve, but footsteps approached, which doubtless scared it away ; so that she had only time to repeat, "The first time !" and Mr. Howard to reply, "Yes, the first," accompanied by a kiss, which was not the first, when Mr. McPhin entered, who

"Bien qu'il fût jouissant, se croyait malheureux."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh ! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring."—COLLEY CIBBER'S *Double Gallant*.

Sic habeto te non esse mortalem, sed corpus hoc ; non enim is es quem forma ista declarat ; sed mens cujusque is est quisque, non ea figura quæ digito demonstrari potest.—CICERO,

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

IT was about ten days after the events recorded in the last chapter, and the day before Christmas day, that the family at Bubble Hall were seated at breakfast, each sufficiently content from different causes, all except Sir Romulus and Mr. McPhin, who had not yet made their appearance. Carlton was recovering slowly, and Blanche had been placed at a good school, and was daily improving in health and looks : hence the cause of Marmaduke's satisfaction. Mr. Howard had not evinced the slightest symptom of jealousy since his last attack ; for neither Sir Romulus, Lord John, Marmaduke, Mr. McPhin, Cosmo, nor their new acquaintance, Mr. Ormond, were calculated to inspire it, and no other man had appeared at the Hall since ; consequently, Miss Manners and Mr. Howard were in a perfect state of felicity. Lord John had made sure of Major Whabble's four-and-twenty votes, as he had resolved upon the heroic measure of sleeping at Gorget Cottage the night of Mrs. Whabble's ball, and had given Marmaduke ten pounds to lay out in toys for the young Whabbles. So he was smooth and dense as the ice upon the lake ; and this being the case, Lady John could not, of course, be otherwise. Miss Lucretia had composed an ode to Winter, beginning—

“ Ye snow-tipp'd trees, with leafless branches,
Ye deer, that soon shall smoke in haunches,—”

with which she was much pleased, for she was a lady of a singular taste. Miss Prudence had repeated, for the ninth time, the national distich of

“ Christmas comes but once a year,
So with it let it bring good cheer,—”

and concluded by declaring that it was a season she enjoyed beyond everything ! The old lady was tacking about on her chair with anticipated delight, at the warm shawl Sir Romulus annually presented to her. Lady Bubble was singing the praises of Mr. Ormond, who had made her a present of some very beautiful Persian bracelets, upon the strength of his great intimacy with her brother Lionel, whom he told her was just as eccentric and romantic as ever.

Every one liked Mr. Ormond ; he was so gentlemanlike, well-informed, and entertaining ;—true, there was a little jealousy upon the part of the young ladies and their mother at his evident preference for Theresa ; but still he was a general favourite, even with Mr. Howard, for he was too old and too paternal in his admiration of Miss Manners to inspire jealousy ; and Miss Prudence had the candour to acknowledge, that for once in his life, Marmaduke had not been taken in, as Mr. Ormond had given Nettletop the best receipt for a currie and a pillau she had ever yet had ; while Miss Lucretia was charmed with some lines of Hafiz on a rose ; and Cosmo declared he liked both Mr. Ormond and Hindostanee—for the one never spoke Latin, and the other did not resemble it in the least. Sir Romulus had acquired some valuable hints as to domestic legislation from the Bramins quite out of the common, and therefore was also well pleased with their new acquaintance. The young ladies and Mlle. Perpignon, though not at breakfast, had each their separate causes of satisfaction : the former reflected that the hospitalities of the season must bring them oftener in contact with Colonel King and Captain Russell, and it would be very odd indeed if they did not propose at last ! Mademoiselle Perpignon's was a Druidical satisfaction, arising out of the laudable custom religiously observed at Bubble Hall, of suspending from the cieling of every room at Christmas a misletoe bough ; and she therefore was luxuriating in an anxiously entangled mental phantasmagoria, in which Mr. McPhin, the Saxon god Thor, the English word ‘ thaw,’ herself and Norma, dissolved in one large synonyme. Even Cosmo and Johndina had their visions of holidays and christmas-boxes, and were far from being the least happy of the party.

“ I don't suppose,” said Lady Bubble, “ that I should know Lionel from Mr. Ormond's description of him ; but then, to be sure, eight-and-thirty years make a great difference in every one.”

“ Oh, indade,” said the old lady, taking a pinch of snuff, the

equitable half of which went into her tea and set her coughing, "Oh, indade, I like that Mithter Ormond, of all thingths; he ith tho thivil and obleeing, and he knowth and rememberth tho many papple I knew in Ireland. I declare I've quite an affection for the man."

"Who is the happy man—who is the happy man?" cried Sir Romulus, 'pas de zephyr'ing it into the room with an open letter in one hand and a round wooden box in the other.

"Mithter Ormond, Romulus—I think heth mighty agreeable."

"Oh, first-rate fellow, Ormond—given me most valuable information about the Bramins. But I'm going to be a great man, ma'am, and figure among all the big wigs," added Sir Romulus, pointing to his letter.

"Oh then, indade, Romuluth, I'm thinking your wig will look very thmall among the big wigs; for it thames to me to be more shrunk than ever."

"Um—um—um," bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus; "you don't understand phrenology, ma'am; my organs would be all hid if I wore my wig more forward."

"Oh, indade, I don't know what you mane by your organs; but, at Crithmath, I should think it very dangereth exthpothing your head to the cold so."

"I quite agree with you, ma'am," laughed Marmaduke; "the barrel-organ is the only one that should be fully developed at Christmas."

"But what do you mane, Romuluth," resumed the old lady, "by thaying that you were to be among the big wigs?"

"A letter, ma'am, from the celebrated Mr. Cockle, inventor of Cockle's Anti-bilious Pills, which are patronized by all the royal dukes and the whole of the aristocracy! And he wants to add my name to the list."

"Why, are all the royal dukes and the whole of the aristocracy bilious?" asked the old lady. "And are you bilious, Romuluth?"

"Most people are, ma'am, at Christmas, ha! ha! ha! and anti-bilious pills are to prevent one's bills coming in, ha! ha! ha! Do you approve of my wit, Lord John?"

"Eh—ah—yes—no—that is, I don't know what bills will be brought in next session," said Lord John, slowly taking his eyes off the newspaper.

Sir Romulus, seeing his wit had not been appreciated, consoled himself with another piece of muffin, and asked Lord John if there was any news in the paper.

"Not much," replied he; "only a pamphlet, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Policy and Genius of the Duke of Arlington,' has made a great sensation in London, and is said to be very ably written."

Theresa gave a delighted look at Cecil; but he was occupied reading a letter, and suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

“What’s the fun—what’s the fun?” asked Sir Romulus.

“Why, another letter from my friend, Mr. Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson,” said Cecil, “which, good people all, with your permission, I will read out. He is going to fight a duel, and with his friend Mr. O’Gander Braddle.”

“Oh, the Algerine!” cried Sir Romulus. “The police is the only thing in such cases; write and tell him so, my dear; for, as a stranger, and all, it is a pity to let the poor d——l run headlong into danger, which a little knowledge of the customs of the country might prevent.”

Cecil smiled, and suggested that, even if Mr. Simpson were inclined to set the police after himself, to prevent his fighting, that in all probability the mischief would be done before his letter could arrive to warn him.

“I should think so,” laughed Marmaduke; “but let us hear what he says, for his letters are certainly unique.”

“They are, indeed,” said Cecil; and he read as follows, at which even Lord John laughed; but Lady John drew up and left the room, taking Johndina with her, after first securing Mr. Cockle’s sample box of family pills, of which Sir Romulus had made her a present, to poor Johndina’s infinite horror.

“TO CECIL HOWARD, ESQ.

— Bubble Hall, near Bubbleton,
Shropshire, England.

“My dearest friend,—When I last wielded the pen in the service of friendship, and addressed you from the hospitable mansion of my then friend, and now bitter enemy, Mr. O’Gander Braddle, I had hoped to have passed the balance of my days in my native country, and there to have from time to time reciprocated the civilities I have met in Europe, but Fate, or what General Jackson used to call the ‘high pressure of events,’ has decreed otherwise. Fire-arms are doubtless a very valuable pyrotechnic privilege! but one that is sadly abused in this country, where next to drinking, dirt, and abduction, duelling is the favourite amusement. When I last wrote to you—I told you since, indeed, it was the subject of my letter, that I had designed two seals, as a bridal offering to my friend, Mr. O’Gander Braddle.—Well, imagine, my dearest friend, if you can, the stupidity of the Irish engraver; instead of placing the motto—‘may they be your’s!’ round the anchor wreathed with heart’s-case, as I had directed, he inscribes these fatal words above Mr. O’Gander Braddle’s crest, which, as I have already informed you, is a stag’s head! The seals were sent home to him without my seeing them—and what makes it doubly unfortunate is, that I had the crest engraved upon a noble square of red cornelian, that I had brought from Philadelphia with me, so that the words are

cruel legible. Nothing I could say or do since—in fact he would not listen to me—could persuade Mr. O’Gander Braddle but what I meant to insult him; so that after being taken in by that rascally engraver, I am going to be taken out by Mr. O’Gander Braddle. I sincerely wish he had never had a crest, since it has brought me into the horns of this dilemma, however, the business is not to be transacted till to-morrow morning, and I hope to realize a sure eye and a steady hand before that, as I have been firing at myself with powder at twelve paces before the glass all day, and am happy to inform you that the last pop I executed without blinking either eye—therefore, I calculate, that any man that does not flinch from himself, need not be afraid to face another. And now, my dearest friend, I have a delicate point to communicate to you, prior to leaving for the United States.—I was about to enter into the united state—that is, I had made arrangements to enter into partnership with a very clever young woman, and smart too, Miss Florida Wiggins, of Broadway, New York. Now, in the event of my not being able to insure my life, of course all the indentures will be null and void; for, when death takes out a statute of bankruptcy against a man, let his connexion be ever so extensive, he must, in spite of himself, shut up shop. Should I fall, I rely upon you to break the matter to her, before she sees my name in the Obituary Gazette, and inclosing you a lock of my hair to set in a brooch, in case of the worst—the setting of which I have left instructions with my executors to defray,—I remain—to-morrow it may be my remains!

My dearest Friend,

Your’s most sincerely,

Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson,

Late of Broadway, New York,

Presently of Gresham’s Hotel, Sackville Street,

Dublin, December 21st, 18—.”

Notwithstanding the sympathy expressed by the whole party for Mr. Simpson’s misfortunes, it was impossible not to laugh at the nature of them, and the lock of hair he had bequeathed to Cecil.

“Well,” said Marmaduke, rising, “I must be off—and as I suppose none of you have a mind for a cold drive across the common, as I shall come back that way in order to call at the Whabbles, I had better ride, and ask Mr. McPhin to go with me as far as Shrewsbury, to chuse the toys for those young d—ls.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said the butler, who was removing the urn; “but Mr. McPhin went out early this morning, and left a note for you, which I quite forgot to give you, but I’ll bring it directly.”

“Oh!” said Marmaduke, as Fenton went for the note with which he instantly returned. It ran as follows:—

“Respected Sir,—As I am going out for a day’s pleasure, I re-

quest you to make my excuses to Sir Romulus, who, I hope, will not be displeased if he does not see me till late. I recommend Master Bubble, during my absence, to amuse himself reading the Emperor Marcus Antoninus's Meditation on Death; and remain, till that event,

Respected Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

PETER MCPHIN."

"Um—um—um" said Sir Romulus, pushing his wig still farther back; "the Algerine should have asked me first, for I wanted particularly to have had a rehearsal to-day. To be sure, at Christmas he has always gone out as he pleased."

"Tell Elliot to bring round Kicksywicksy directly," said Marmaduke; "and to put on the spatter-dashes."

"Yes, sir," said Fenton, leaving the room.

"Well," cried Marmaduke, as he buttoned the last button of his great-coat, drew the skirt from under him, patted Kicksywicksy's neck, whistled to Trip and trotted away, "Well, it's provoking not to have McPhin with me, as I don't know from Adam what sort of toys to get for the young Whabbles. However, if I buy the biggest that are to be had, I don't suppose I shall be far wrong. Accordingly, upon reaching Shrewsbury, he went to the best toy-shop and there purchased a large cream-coloured rocking-horse, a couple of tambourines, ditto of drums, a key-bugle, made of block-tin, a triangle, two large humming-tops, two large Dutch dolls, three hoops, and a set of large nine-pins, all of which he had instantly despatched to the juvenile inmates of Gorget-cottage, with Lord John Bubble's compliments. Poor Lord John! The nursery at Gorget-cottage was over the state bed-room, made into such purposely for him, so that he was likely to hear enough of his presents; but Mrs. Malaprop is right; we should "never anticipate misfortunes till they are past!"

Perfectly satisfied with his purchases, Marmaduke left the shop and proceeded on his daily visit, first to Blanche, and then to Carlton. The former he found looking very pretty and more resigned, but with a fixed melancholy of expression which harmonized well with her cast of countenance. He took the little girl on his knee, always keeping the back of her head towards him, for her face seemed to produce the same effect on him as the easterly winds, and, therefore, he studiously avoided it.

"Well, Blanche," said he, kissing and patting the back of her head, "I'm happy to tell you your geranium is improving as much as yourself, since it has been in the hot-house. Theresa attends to it herself, and, about April, I think you will be able to have it back."

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" said she, covering her face with

her hands, while the tears forced themselves through her fingers ; “but are you sure it is the same? for, all withered as it was, I would not give it for all the plants in the world.”

“To be sure you would not,” cried Marmaduke, hastily wiping his eyes, “and, therefore, I took care to have your name pasted round the flower-pot before it ever entered the hot-house. No, no ! it’s safe enough—gone for it’s health !—gone for it’s health ! as the ancient Romans used to go to Egypt, when they had pulmonary complaints, and come back quite well.”

“Used they?” said Blanche, raising her head ; “then I wish my mother had gone there, and she might have come back well,” and here the little girl wept afresh.

“Tush ! what a clumsy fool I am,” muttered Marmaduke, twitching his fingers and blinking his eyes. “What the d—l business had I to set off with the ancient Romans to Egypt? a-hem—a-hem !—must get out of it. No, my dear child,” added he aloud, rising and taking her head in both his hands, “she has gone to a much better place, where there is Eternal health, Eternal youth, Eternal life ! Good child !—very good child ! you read your Bible, don’t you ? Well, then, you will understand, when I tell you that God has also released your mother out of the Land of Egypt and the House of Bondage, which this world is more or less to us all. Well, good-bye !—good-bye ! God bless you ! for I’m now going to see your father. What shall I say to him from you ?”

“My love and a kiss !” said the child, putting up her lips, which Marmaduke kissed, first taking the precaution to shut his eyes, and then said,—

“Your love I’ll give him honestly, but I make a point of keeping all the kisses I get for myself ; and, although I’m an old fellow, I have not got a great many yet.”

“I’ll give you as many as you please,” said Blanche, throwing her arms round his neck.

Marmaduke smiled as he pressed the little girl to his heart, and wished her good-bye, while he kept soliloquising the words, “poor child !—poor child !” till he reached Carlton’s door. He found him up, but looking dreadfully pale and ill, with a look of fixed despair that was perfectly appalling.

“Well, my dear sir,” said Marmaduke, “I am glad to see you up, and I am the bearer of good news,” added he, taking a paper from his pocket. “Here is the first proof-sheet of ‘The Wonderful Power of Nature and Art.’ Thanks to the magic of my Lord John’s name, the book is going on swimmingly, and when the Reviews have be-praised and be-puffed it to their heart’s content, then the praise shall be rendered to where it is due.”

Carlton shook his head mournfully and murmured, “too late !” Marmaduke could so well enter into his feelings that he changed

the subject, and said, in a more cheerful voice, "I have just been with my little friend Blanche. She is looking charmingly!—sent you all sorts of loves, and when you are well enough, she is coming to see you."

"God bless you!" said Carlton, in a low, hollow voice, as he pressed Marmaduke's in his own shadowy hand.

Marmaduke sat with him sometime longer, but, finding every effort to rouse him ineffectual, at length took his departure, saying as a 'pis aller' at parting, "Well, remember all the faults in your book will be on my devoted head, as I have to correct the press, as it was impossible to get anything out of Lord John but his name; however, as I before said, as soon as the book is safe the Bubble shall burst."

But Carlton was leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and seemed totally unconscious of what Marmaduke had been saying; so the latter quietly departed, gently closing the door after him. Trip, who always acted as groom when his master rode Kicksywicksy, and who was the only living thing after Marmaduke, that that refractory little quadruped seemed to stand in any awe of, was sitting on the step of the door with the pony's bridle in his mouth, which he now resigned into his master's hand, and was about to bark out his joy at his return, but Marmaduke cried hush! and pointed up at the windows of Carlton's room, whereupon Trip, who had long been in the habit of visiting the sick with his master, and, therefore, perfectly understood the "noiseless tenor" necessary to be observed towards them, crouched down, hung his ears (which had never been cropped), held his stern straight out, and then bounded silently on before Kicksywicksy, till he arrived at Dunderhead Common, where he made up for lost time by barking in a manner that made the welkin ring, as for about two miles he hunted a field-mouse through the snow, which heaved and palpitated over him like a young earthquake, which so tickled Kicksywicksy's fancy, that it set her neighing and curvetting in a manner so Bacchanalian, that Marmaduke could hardly keep his seat. At length Trip gave over hunting, as Marmaduke left the common and turned down the lane that led to Gorget collage.

Gorget collage was a white stuccoed, three-storied house, squared like a tea-canister, with a green balcony and a mahogany door. Before it was a small lawn, divided by a strip of gravel, which gave it the appearance of a broad vapour ribbon with green edges. Under the dining and drawing-room window, for there was but one large window to each, which were divided by the hall-door, was a square flower-plot; in the centre of one done in box were the figures 10th foot, the first regiment Major Whabble had belonged to. In the other plot were two more box inscriptions, planted in the palmy days of Major Whabble's toryism, which had

been for some time on the wane, owing to a very frequent and shrewd remark of Mrs. Whabble's—namely, that she did not think the whigs, now that they knew what it was to be in, would ever go out;—these mottos were, “King and country,” put ‘*dos à dos*,’ which had often opened that witty vein for which Sir Romulus Bubble was so justly celebrated, and caused him upon each visit he made to Gorget cottage, to express his wonder that so loyal a man as Major Whabble should join the country in a plot against the King! Nor did he confine this brilliant sally to his weekly visits to Major Whabble, on whom he called punctually for the sake of venting it; but he invariably retailed it to his family at dinner on his return home, which, as he had now done regularly every seven days for seven years, they always had their laughs ready as soon as he got as far as “I must tell you what I said of Whabble's plot,” which was convenient, and saved trouble.

The iron railing before Gorget cottage was of a light pea-green, and in the centre of the high iron gates was a gilt Gorget, from whence it derived its name; but to prevent all mistakes even to the dull of apprehension, the words, “Gorget cottage,” figured in gilt letters within it.

When Marmaduke rang the bell, it appeared from the commotion it excited in the interior of the house, that he had arrived in an inauspicious moment. In the first place, a rug and a carpet were hanging over the balcony, while two stout two-handed nymphs were scrubbing out the room that was to be Lord John's, and which was likely to feel much more aired and comfortable from the operation, especially as the vestal grate had never yet felt a flame. In the dining-room was a long vista of amateur and itinerant deal supper-tables, tied by the leg together in ill-assorted couples, and which were perfectly visible to Marmaduke's naked eye, from the glare of the setting sun, as it streamed in at the back window of the room, and also displayed Major Whabble in a long pepper-and-salt dressing-gown, balancing himself with two fingers of each hand on the rickety tables, and waving to and fro in the act of rehearsing the speech (!) he intended making at supper the next night but one, while Mrs. Whabble, with her head like a porcupine from rampant white curl-papers, was seen darting through the drawing-room with a something in her hand that had very much the profile of a coffee-pot.

No sooner had Marmaduke's ring resounded through the house, than the two maids that were scrubbing out Lord John's room, as a matter of course, popped their heads out of the window; while, by a mysterious sympathy, that seemed to run through the mansion, a young gentleman's head instantly appeared out of the nursery window, from which his right hand suspended a long stick, with a piece of pack-thread and a fishing-hook at the end of it, and

with this he drew up one of the maid's caps, with a dexterity that would have astonished old Izaak Walton.

"Master George!" screamed the indignant hand-maiden, placing her hands too late upon her head, as she gazed upward at Master George's grinning face, while he triumphantly brandished his newly-acquired trophy, "give me my cap, I say, this minute, or I'll tell your mamma, and then you'll catch it."

"I have caught it," regrinned Master George, giving the cap another circular flourish on the top of the stick.

"You tiresome, good-for-nothink, howdacious feller, give me my cap this instant."

"Don't you wish you may get it?" tauntingly inquired the youthful angler, holding the cap behind his back, and down went the window.

Now the architecture of Gorget cottage was on a candid plan, that had no concealments, and therefore the stables and coach-house, with a small segment of pigsty for the accommodation of half-a-dozen China pigs, the pet quadrupeds of Mrs. Jinks, were visible from the lawn : and it so happened, that during the balcony scene with Master George, a large tilted spring cart had just driven into the back yard ; and it also happened, that Master James Whabble was taking a constitutional walk with the pigs at the very moment when the cart drove in ; Marmaduke rang ; and his brother George burst into a loud laugh at having abducted the maid's cap. Here, then, was a triple cause to excite his curiosity ; but, as it had been already excited by some zoological researches he had been making in the sty among its youthful inmates, and as a squint was not among Master James Whabble's personal attractions, and he therefore could not conveniently look two ways at once, much less three or four, in his anxiety to investigate the contents of the cart, without losing sight of that of the sty, his foot slipped, and he fell backwards, and disappeared, head foremost, in a Mediterranean of hog-wash.

They say it is a wise father that knows his own child ; therefore, the 'Père Cochon' might be forgiven for mistaking the piteous cries of Master James for those of one of his own offspring, as he rushed to the rescue ; nor was the cook much wiser when she came out to play the part of one of the Humane Society, as she mistook Master Whabble's shoe, which appeared just above the anti-fragment flood, for one of the black ears of the little pigs, and tugged away at it most vigorously ; while Mr. Piggy Senior did his part, by grunting, in a fine bass voice, and pushing his snout under James's head, at the bottom of the trough, which, however, had the desired effect of raising it up.

"Lor ! Master James," shrieked the cook, suddenly letting go of the foot she had so long mistaken for an ear, "lor ! Master

James, it can never!—who ever!—why surely it can't be you; you've brought your hogs to a pretty market; what will Mrs. Jinks say?"

"Carry me in—carry me in," screamed and kicked James, in reply to the cook's question.

"Not without being washed," remonstrated the cook.

"I won't be washed," roared Master Whabble; "I've had enough of wash."

"You must be washed, my dear, or there'll be no bearing on you," persisted the cook.

"I won't be washed," insisted James, "till grandma comes home, for I know she'll give me bread and honey if I say I won't."

"And I'll give you bread and honey if you say you will," coaxed the cook, dragging him onward, "so come along, there's a sweet (!) feller."

Master Whabble was no stoic; and, like all his sex, was not proof against the flattery of ours; therefore, not being able to resist the cook's honied words, he suffered himself to be led quietly away.

Considering all these internal commotions, it was no wonder that Marmaduke had to ring twice—nay, thrice, before a foot-boy, inducting himself into a grass-green jacket with yellow facings, came to the gate. Marmaduke, who had perceived from the outside of Kicksywicksy the excitement his arrival had produced inside Gorget cottage, addressed him as follows.

"Oh, I merely wished to know if some toys had come here, for Mrs. Whabble's children, from Lord John Bubble. I don't want to go in; it's too late."

"Yes, my lord—sir—they are just come as you rung at the gate," said the foot-boy, twitching the front lock of his hair.

"Oh, very well; that's all," said Marmaduke, giving Kicksywicksy a hint with the rein to go on; while Trip, one of whose accomplishments it was, jumped up behind, and the trio trotted away together, retracing their steps to Dunderhead Common; for it was Marmaduke's annual custom to give Mrs. Fine and Archy Dunn a Christmas-box, which he made a point of presenting on Christmas eve.

About two miles from Major Whabble's, across the common, were situated five small houses (three with slated roofs), in a row, of very modern date, occupied by an old woman, a laundress, of the name of Brough, who had had as many children as blue bags, and had washed her hands of them all except her son John, who was apprenticed to her opposite neighbour, Dobbs, the blacksmith, and whom the reader was dishonourable enough to listen to making leve behind a hedge one Sunday after church. No. 2 was occupied by a shoemaker, or, more correctly speaking, a cobbler, of the name of Jacob Short; he was a bachelor, and, therefore, led a life

of uninterrupted harmony, with his magpie, soles, and upper-leathers, save when it was distracted by Mrs. Brough's too frequent invitations to tea; and, as she was a widow, he had his fears that her intention was to palm off English weeds upon him, instead of the Chinese plant. No. 3 was the residence of Mr. Archibald Dunn, and had rather more pretension about it than its neighbours, inasmuch as, that over the door appeared about a yard of wood, painted slate colour; while, in the centre of it, figured a bright yellow noun-substantive pair of buckskin unmentionables, miraculously standing alone without even the aid of suspenders; and under them was written, in letters of a paler yellow,—

“ARCHIBALD DUNN,
TAILOR TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.”

The setting sun, as it shone upon the well-cleaned window, also displayed the drapery of a dimity curtain, a coloured print of a gentleman in a brown frock coat and straw-coloured kid gloves, and another of a lady in a habit and ‘manchettes;’ while, in the centre, was an ‘affiche’ of Mr. Dunn’s list of prices, headed by “Boys clothes extremely low.”

Facing Archy Dunn’s house was a large leafless beech tree, the only tree on the common, excepting a mountain ash about a mile farther on, and seemed placed as a sentinel over a gibbet, where, many years back, a highwayman had been hung in chains.

Opposite the three houses that contained Mrs. Brough and Messieurs Short and Dunn, were two of much more ancient date; the one a low irregular edifice, intersected with wooden beams, and terminating in John Dobbs’ forge, at which he was hard at work; the other, a story higher, with gable ends, and roofed with red brick tiles, in the shape of hearts; from the centre window of the first story hung the sign of the Pug and Primrose, under which was written,—

“BY MARGERY AND TONY FINE.

Licensed to deal in British and Foreign Wines, Spirituous Liquors, and Tobacco. Home-brewed Beer to be drunk on the Premises.”

And from under the sign, in honour of the season, protruded a huge bush of holly.

At about a quarter of a mile behind the Pug and Primrose was a large pond, where the ducks and geese belonging to the establishment swam in summer, and where the little boys skated in winter.

About ten minutes before Marmaduke rode up to the door of the hostelry, the clouds became black as night, and the hail and sleet descended in torrents, accompanied by a perfect hurricane, which nearly carried Kicksywicksy, with her two riders, to the other side of the common. As Marmaduke at length succeeded in stopping

before the door of the little inn, he did not wonder at the number he saw assembled within, when he looked at the reflection of the bright blazing faggots, from the large old-fashioned chimney, on the scarcely less bright pewter and copper vessels ranged round the walls.

“Law, Sir!” cried Mrs. Fine, herself running to the door at the sound of Kicksywicksy’s well-known neigh, and forcibly holding down her black silk bonnet with her left hand, to prevent the wind carrying it off,—“Law, sir! what an evening for you to venture out. I’ll take the dear soul round to the stable myself,” added she, seizing Kicksywicksy’s rein. “Ho, Trip, my man, how be you? Step in, sir, pray; there’s no one in my back parlour; and I’ll be with you immediately—as soon as I’ve give this dear little cretur a feed.”

Marmaduke entered the house; and as he shook the sleet from his great-coat, Trip appeared to prefer reconnoitring the groups assembled in the bar and the kitchen; and as Marmaduke always thought himself safe in following his example, he walked into the former which only contained three people; one was Patty, the red-elbowed handmaiden of Mrs. Fine, on her knees before a footman—an iron one—toasting a muffin for her mistress’s tea.

At a small round table sat two men, with pipes and half-empty glasses of brandy and water before them. One, who was seated, with his back to Marmaduke, in a very high-backed easy chair, with a red and white check cover on it, was Mr. Fine himself, who had been let out of the hospital to pass the Christmas in the bosom of his family; and whose head not being considered quite safe upon his shoulders, was crowned with a high stiff cotton night-cap, while his throat was encircled with a square wooden frame, like those admonitory necklaces placed round the necks of refractory cows; this obliged Mr. Fine to use some caution in raising his glass to his mouth, and altogether, gave him a very formidable appearance. His companion was Mr. John Brough, whose leathern apron, and Vulcan-like appearance, gave him a less seductive look than when, in his Sunday clothes, he promised to kiss Sally present-ly.

What Mr. Fine said, from the combined causes of brandy, tobacco, the needle-work in his throat, and his wooden collar, was not very intelligible; but Marmaduke was struck with the philosophical tone of Mr. Brough’s remarks. It appeared that Mrs. Fine had positively and barbarously refused to let them have any more brandy.

“You should hit her on the raw, Tony,” said Mr. Brough, thumping his clenched hand, energetically on the table till the spoons danced.

Mr. Fine muttered something in reply that was unintelligible to

Marmaduke, but apparently not so to Mr. Brough, who leant his head forward, frowned, closed one eye very knowingly, and replied,—

“ You say she aint got no raw; lor bless you, there’s no sich difference twixt women and asses, specially wives; and I’ll tell you what I overheard two sweeps say, one morning last spring, when I was in Lunnun; and you must treat she the same;—these here two chaps was a driving their donkeys, one had a side as raw as a beef-steak; so whenever the boy gave un a wallop on it—I ’spose he didn’t go like fun? t’other chap’s donkey was fat and lazy, and wouldn’t budge for all the blows in Whitechapel.”

“ ‘ Vy don’t you hit her on the raw, Bill?’ says the first boy—and very sensible too.”

“ ‘ ’Cause she haint got no raw,’ says Bill.”

“ ‘ Vell then,’ says the first boy, taking out his knife, “ you must stablsh a raw, that’s all.”

“ And so it is with wives,” continued Mr. Brough, “ if they haint got no raw, you must stablsh a raw; that is, if so be as they will have a pervoking good temper, as a hordinary blowing-up has no effect upon, why then, you must drive them into a temper, bless you; I’ve seen so much of it, both in high life and low life; just drive a woman mad, and while she’s a raving, you keep as cool as a pot of half-and-half in October; and then all the tongues begin to wag, specially the women’s, for they always set upon each other like a set of turkeys, who, no sooner is one ailing, than the rest are sure to peck its eyes out;—and then it is—‘ poor man! I’m sure he’s to be pitied, married to such a devil!’ besides, Tony, England is a fine country; there haint, nor never will there be no help for the women; all the parliament-men will take care of that; for though they be such fine smooth spoken gentlemen, with clean faces, whatever their hands may be; why, arter all, they his but hanimals, like ourselves, and they wallops their wives, turns em hout a-doors, tells lies on em as fast as a horse can gallop; all the same as we do, with this difference—that when they are cused of it like, they denies it, upon their honour, and that smooths heverything. Now, the worst of it his in hour walk of life, we never talks about honour; and when once we turns a wife out a-doors, and plays up old gooseberry ourselves, we’ve no way of persecuting and tormenting on em arterwords;—but in course ’tis but reasonable as the rich should have more tether and privileges nor the poor.”

Neither Patty, the red-elbowed maid, the fresh muffin, the iron-footman, Mr. Brough, nor Mr. Fine having perceived Marmaduke, and he having heard as much, or rather more than he wished to hear, glided out of the bar, and went into the large red-bricked kitchen opposite; four men were sitting at one table, playing cards, while two were at another, discussing a roast capon, and a tan-

kard of ale ; at a smaller table, near the fire, sat a man in a Mackintosh, with his hat slouched over his eyes ; some toasted cheese, a bottle of brandy, a jug of hot water, a glass and spoon, a pen and ink, a pamphlet, dog's-eared in several places, and some loose sheets of paper, on which he was writing, before him ; his forehead was low, and of the murderous conformation of a Cari's ; his eyebrows were bushy and low, forming a pent-house over his eyes, which were of a dense blueish lead colour, with a film or glare over them, like those of wild beasts that feed on raw meat ; his nose was short, flat, and turned-up ; his chin rather under-hung ; his teeth divided, in the way that Lavater says indicates deceit ; his voice (which Marmaduke over-heard in a soliloquy about the weather, as he walked over to the window, and looked up at the clouds, which were gathering more densely every moment), was hissing and guttural.

Marmaduke, as the man in the Mackintosh walked to the window, could not resist casting his eye over the pamphlet on the table ;—it was the “ Inquiry into the Genius and Policy of the Duke of Arlington,” that Lord John had mentioned at breakfast, as having created such a sensation in London—“ Humph !” thought he, “ no doubt some penny-a-liner or other—looks like a professional cut-throat—nothing gentleman-like, and of the amateur-brigand about him.”

“ A dr-readful night, sir,” hissed the stranger, servilely addressing Marmaduke, and ringing-out his r's like a cur snarling ; while, what rendered his voice still more disagreeable, was, that he spoke as if his teeth were tightly closed.

“ Dreadful indeed,” replied Marmaduke, eyeing him from head to foot, and finally looking him full in the face, with a sort of search-warrant expression—“ dreadful, indeed ; and black as the d—I I take it.”

“ May I offer you some brandy and water sir ?” asked the stranger, throwing back his Mackintosh, and displaying a hard-working looking pair of Russia ducks, as if to convince Marmaduke, that all was not as black as he imagined.

“ Much obliged to you,” said the latter, intuitively starting back—“ but I never drink before dinner.”

The stranger saw it would not do, and so resumed his seat and his pen ; while Marmaduke walked to the fire, and stood with his back to it, keeping his eye all the time upon the individual in the India-rubber and Russia ducks.

Presently Mrs. Fine entered, all fuss and sorrow, at not seeing Mr. Bubble in the parlour.

“ Thank you, Mrs. Fine,” said he, “ I prefer this blazing fire to any other ; but I should congratulate you,” added he, with a smile, “ upon Mr. Fine's recovery.”

“ Oh lor sir, don't mention it ; I never see such a place ; the knives won't cut, and the water won't drown ; a man tried to drown hisself about a week a-go, in the pond out yander, but 'twas no use, no more nor bathing ; his poor wife told me this very morning, that he was as hearty as ever.”

“ You see, Mrs. Fine, those that don't know how to live, don't know how to die.”

“ Ah, very true, sir,” sighed Mrs. Fine, “ but it's a pity there aint some one to teach 'em.”

“ Who is that ill-looking rascal ? ” asked Marmaduke, in a still lower voice, pointing to the gentleman with the pen and ink and Welsh-rabbit.

“ Well, now he is a hill-looking scare-crow to be sure, but who he is I can't tell you sir, for I never laid eyes upon him till this arternoon—but I hope he's not one of the swell-mob, come down on a job from Lunnun ; by his asking so many questions as he did about every one in the neighbourhood ;—lor ! now I look at him, he's the fac-similar of the devil and Dr. Foster, isn't he, sir ? ”

“ I don't know,” said Marmaduke ; “ for I never had the honour of seeing either of them.”

“ Lor, sir, ! that be your humbleness of spirit, for the neighbours do say as you knows everything.”

“ The neighbours are too good ; for I'm sure I don't know what this is,” said Marmaduke, looking through the window at a strange looking vehicle—a gig with a head to it, on the top of which was strapped a cradle spit and a violoncello case ; before it was a hamper and a harp, with a green cotton umbrella, blown up wrong side out, like a wine glass, while presently with the assistance of Patty and the hostler, two very fat female figures were squeezed out of the interior. Two minutes after, they entered the kitchen of the inn, and proved to be Mrs. Jinks and Mademoiselle Perpignon.

The former lady had been, like Vesuvius previous to an eruption, rumbling and grumbling for the last fortnight prior to Mrs. Whabble's ball, and had been to Shrewsbury to make final preparations for that great event ; there she had met Mademoiselle, who, if the truth must be told, had walked in to consult a fortune-teller, who had, among other extraordinary things, thrown out vague hints about drowning, which she thought were about to be immediately fulfilled, had she not very opportunely met Mrs. Jinks, who charitably offered to take her home. Mrs. Jinks was dressed in the identical Tuscan straw bonnet and brown cloth pelisse in which Mr. Howard had had the honour of travelling with her, save that the skirt was a little curtailed by the incendiary behaviour of the Boots at the Talbot. Whatever a burnt child may do, a burnt pelisse certainly does not dread the fire, at least, Mrs. Jinks walked over to it as closely as possible.

“ Dear me ! Mr. Bubble ! you here ? ” cried she. “ I do hope you are not a-foot this terrible evening—especially as a-ving Mumselle, I can’t offer you a ride home in the chay.”

“ Thank you ; I intend to ride home,” said Marmaduke, “ as I have my pony here.”

“ Poor dear little cretur !—you don’t say so ? I hope Sir Romulus and her Ladyship, and Lord and Lady John, and all the family is well ? and Mr. Oward and the ’Merican gentleman, sir ? ”

“ Poor man ! I believe he is shot in a duel before this—at least, he was to have fought one two days ago.”

“ You don’t say so ! ” cried Mrs. Jinks, throwing up her hands, and then placing her arms akimbo. “ Lor bless me ! it never can be, to be sure !—he was so kind to James ! Ah, poor man ! all his figures was of little use to him, when he did not know how to take care of number one ! ”

During this dialogue, Mademoiselle Perpignon, who had seated herself at one side of the chimney, cast her eyes round the room, and ascertaining, beyond a doubt, that there was nobody worth looking at, that is, that would look in return, she closed them again, and kept her thoughts sacred to Mr. McPhin. She had not been long in this position, rocking herself to and fro on her chair, before a confused noise, as of many voices at a distance, broke upon the air.

“ Hush ! listen ! ” cried Marmaduke, while Trip ran hastily out, but in less than ten minutes returned, and tried to drag his master forcibly after him. “ I’ll go, my good sir, I’ll go,” said the latter ; “ you need not use so much violence ; ” and so saying, he walked out after the dog, who bounded on before.

Shortly after their departure, the sound of voices became more distinct, as they evidently neared the house ; and soon a crowd appeared, bearing the body of a man. They entered the house, and Archy Dunn, who supported the head, ordered him to be laid on a table, which was accordingly done, but with his face downwards. Every one in the inn gathered round the apparently dead man.

“ Eh, pure fellow ! pure fellow ! ” moaned Archy Dunn, as he rubbed the feet of the defunct.

“ Who is it, Mr. Dunn ? ” asked Mrs. Fine.

“ Eh, it’s pure Meester McPhin,” sobbed Archy.

“ Oh ciel ! ” shrieked Mademoiselle, throwing herself upon the body ; “ c’est bien lui, je reconnais son doux regard ! ” which proves that love, instead of being blind, must be remarkably clear-sighted, as there was no part of Mr. McPhin visible but his back.

“ Where was he drowned, poor gentleman ? ” re-interrogated Mrs. Fine.

“ In your ain guse pond just,” said Archy.

“ Pooh ! then he’s not drowned at all, you may depend upon that, Mr. Dunn ;—no, no—they’re deeper nor the pond that goes

there; for they knows as the Dunderhead pond won't drown—so it won't—nasty, good-for-nothing piece of water! Not but what I should be very sorry if anythink appened to poor Mr. McPhin—nice civil spoken man as ever was—and never drinks a drop as he doesn't pay on the nail,” replied Mrs. Fine.

“Eh, it's these confoonded long commons like wildernesses, that ye have in England, that caused the pure gentleman to lose himself,” whimpered Archy.

“Aye, you aint used to nothink but *short commons* in Scotland, I take it,” drawled Mr. Brough, who had joined the group.

“Hoot, John Brough!” said Archy, firing up, “if I hod made shoes for horses as lang as you, I'd have larnt to be os silent as the beasties who employed me before my betters, were they dead or alive.” Mr. Brough looked hammers and anvils, but remained silent.

Marmaduke, who had a sincere regard for his nephew's simple-minded tutor, ordered every restorative used on such occasions, and proceeded to take off his wet clothes, whereupon all the petticoats withdrew, except Mademoiselle Perpignon, who preferred fainting in the same room during the ceremony. In searching Mr. McPhin's pockets, nothing was found but the little ruler he had been so long in the habit of breaking poor Cosmo's knuckles with, a blacklead pencil, and a card, containing a prospectus of Mr. Town's submarine railroad, with the words, “D——d shares——d——d woman,” written at the back.

At length, after a considerable degree of friction, hot salt, hot flannel, and brandy, and being turned on his back, Mr. McPhin, chiefly owing to the indefatigable manner in which Trip licked his face while lying on his chest and keeping it warm, began to evince symptoms of returning animation. He opened one eye, upon which Mademoiselle shrieked for the second time, and exclaimed, seizing his hand: “Ah! non, ce n'est pas lui, car il ne me reconnaît pas!”

Whereupon, Mr. McPhin sat bolt upright, as if he had been galvanized, and rubbing his eyes, cried out: “What! that voice here too! Eh, then, I have gone to the de'il, and she is here before me! But the de'il a fut I'll stay, if she does—so he must e'en choose between us.”

“The de'il—a de'il is here, sir!” said Archy, almost hugging him. “Yer safe and soond, the Laird be praised! in the kitchen of the Pug and Primrose; and though ye might be in mony worse places, I ken few where you'd be better, particularly after sic an uncoe debauch of water. I never kenned ye to exceed sae before.”

“Didn't I tell you it would not drown?” cried Mrs. Fine tapping Archy triumphantly on the shoulder.

“Ye did—ye did indeed, Meestress Fine,” said Archy affectionately, pressing her hand as the tears stood in his eyes; “for yer sae canny in yer calling, that I verily believe ye ken to a look, how

much spirit it takes to hove ony effec on a sea of water, or for a sea of water to hove ony effec upon it."

"Eh, sir," said Mr. McPhin, discovering Marmaduke; "then I cannot be in the inferenal regions, for I'm vary sartin you'd never be there."

"No, no, you are not," replied Marmaduke; and then requested to be left alone with Mr. McPhin. As soon as the assembled throng had adjourned to the bar, he added kindly, taking Mr. McPhin's hand; "my dear sir, I do think that going out to drown yourself was an odd day's pleasure, which your note to me stated as the reason of your absence."

"Eh sir, and wasn't it a pleasure to droon one's self (hod the stupid water been deep enough), to get rid of thot confooded woman. I told her the other day, the more she tormented me, the worse it would be for her."

"I must say," replied Marmaduke, smiling, "that your's is quite a new code of gallantry; it would have been almost better to have got rid of her by marrying her."

"Hoot, sir," screamed Mr. McPhin, who, at such a proposition, was wide awake; "for the first time I've heard folly from your lips—marry her! na, na, sir, if ever I'm vicious enough to marry, it shall be something more in the shape of a christian woman, thon such a she-drogon os thot."

Marmaduke passed more than half-an-hour in reading Mr. McPhin a lecture upon the criminality of his conduct. "You know as well as I an tell you," said he, "that when man dieth the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God that gave it; and how, think you, will he deal with those rash ones that force themselves unbidden on his presence?—fie upon you, McPhin, fie upon you. Your conduct induces me to believe what Lord Bacon states in his 'Advancement of Learning.' Discoursing of the mind or soul, he says—'The reasonable soul is by nature divine, and the unreasonable part of the soul, is common to us with beasts. The reasonable, he affirms to have its original from the inspiration or breath of God—the unreasonable from the matrices of the elements.' To the same purpose speaks the great Gassendus, where he treats 'De Physiologia Epicuri, cap. de Animæ Sede' and also Dr. Willis in his 'De Anima Brutorum.'"

"Eh sir, true—and the brute part was the effect that confooded woman hod on me."

"Why, the great heathens with whom you are well acquainted," resumed Marmaduke, without heeding Mr. McPhin's last remark; "the great heathens with whom you are well acquainted, might have taught you better. You remember the saying of Socrates—'Do not think that after I am dead, that at my funeral you carry out Socrates and bury him under ground. No, you ought only to

say you bury his body; but I shall go to the felicities of the blessed above. And Plato in his 'Phædo,' says, 'the gods first framed man of earth, and gave him a soul as mistress of his body;' and again, he says a little farther on, that 'the gods, makers of mortal creatures, having received from the THE FIRST GOD the soul of man immortal, added to it two mortal parts; the rest of the body they appointed a vehiculum, to serve the head where the soul was placed; and that the soul being an invisible thing, goes after death into a like pure and invisible place, hid from our eyes, to the good and wise God.' Plato also believed that 'God and the very essence of life, are the only things confessed to be immortal and indissolvable; and that if death were the dissolution of the whole man, then would the wicked be gainers thereby.' If the very heathens so believed, how could you, a Christian, tamper with so awful a stake as immortality."

"Every word you say is gospel, honoured sir," replied Mr. McPhin, wiping the tears from his eyes; "and I solemnly promise never to kill myself again! but one favour, sir, I supplicate at your hands—don't let any mortal know that I used my own free will in walking into the pond, for, as Miss Prudence says, 'it would be such a bad example to that pure lad, Cosmo.'"

Marmaduke faithfully promised, that the first stage Mr. McPhin had that day gone to the other world, should never be alluded to, but as his shocking accident on Christmas-eve; and then summoned Archy Dunn, whom he despatched (the storm having ceased) upon Kicksywicksy to Bubble Hall for a close carriage. Mrs. Jinks then departed, hoping that Mr. McPhin would feel sufficiently recovered from his accident to come to Mrs. Whabble's ball, or else there would be no keeping the boys in order; but having a vague idea that this was not a very flattering ground to express her hope of seeing him upon, and not being a bad-hearted person, she facetiously added, as she shook hands with him—"I'm sure, sir, we may say, as you and I together have been through fire and water."

Mademoiselle wanted to remain and return in the carriage, but Marmaduke insisted upon Mrs. Jinks fulfilling her promise, and depositing her at home, as he said Mr. McPhin should be kept as quiet as possible. He further requested Mademoiselle not to mention Mr. McPhin's accident at the Hall before he arrived, as it might alarm the family.

The gig had not driven away half-an-hour with its fat freight, before Archy Dunn returned with the carriage, and came panting into the room whiter than usual, and looking the very personification of fear.

"What in the name of wonder's the matter, Archy?" asked Mr. McPhin.

"Eh sir, you were talking of the de'il, and I've always heard it

counted venturesome to do so, and sure enough it was either him or a witch's broomstick that carried me to the Hall, for I've been rolled and re-rolled from ain end of the common to the ither, with the total loss of my hat that I new creped this morning; and as for the bones in my body, they feel sae pestled and mortered, thot I dinna ken whether they are my bones or not. Eh Mr. Bubble, but that pony of your's is a daft little de'il."

"I suppose," said Marmaduke, smiling, "that Kicksywicksy, as usual, has been playing off some of her tricks upon travellers; but you must drink to her better manners," added he, slipping double his usual Christmas offering into the poor tailor's hands, to indemnify him for his battered bones and lost beaver.

"The Laird above send doon his blessing on ye, sir," bowed Archy, "and that the vary first may be a gude, quiet, reasonable, descent-minded, respectable horse."

"Thank you, Archy," laughed Marmaduke; "but if it's the same to you, turn the blessing the other way, and set me upon the horse."

"Just os yer honour plases," bowed Archy.

After which, Marmaduke having bestowed temporary compensation on Mrs. Fine for her husband's convalescence, Mr. McPhin was enveloped in blankets, and lifted into the carriage. On arriving at Bubble Hall, they drove in the back way, and Mr. McPhin was quietly smuggled to bed. Theresa, who met Marmaduke in the gallery as she was going down to dinner, threw her arms round his neck, and said,

"Dear uncle, has any thing happened that you are so late, and Mademoiselle Perpignon has come home in violent hysterics?"

"Nothing particular," hesitated Marmaduke, only poor McPhin has met with an accident, which I will tell you about by-and-bye, and poor little Blanche Carlton's 'Good-by' is ringing in my ear, Theresa; I hate that word, good-by; in short, a hundred things detained me," and so saying, he offered her his arm, and they went down to dinner.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The play, the play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."—*Hamlet*.

"Examine the size of people's sense, and the condition of their understanding, and you'll never be fond of popularity, or afraid of censure."—*The Emperor MARCUS ANTONINUS*.

THE PLAY, WHEREIN YOUNG BLUBBER ACTS BEFORE THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY—MISS LUCY ACCEPTS AN OFFER FROM COLONEL KING OF HER OWN MAKING.—MRS. WHABBLE'S BALL.—DIVERS OCCURRENCES.—MISS PRUDENCE REFUTES A PHILOSOPHICAL REMARK OF DEAN SWIFT'S.—LORD JOHN ALMOST BEGINS TO FEEL THE WORTHLESSNESS OF POPULARITY.

"WHEN I was sick," says Epicurus, "I did not discourse the company about my diseases, or the torment I was troubled with."

Now, though no Epicurean, this was precisely Mr. McPhin's case: he modestly took to his bed for several days, and, by excluding every one but Marmaduke, escaped the condolence and interrogations of the whole family. Not so Mademoiselle Perpignon. She thought it was 'de rigueur' that she should have a fit of illness on the occasion; and, being the holidays, she had plenty of time. Accordingly, she sent off for Dr. Churchill and Mr. Lance, and insisted upon their bleeding her, though they both very honestly assured her she did not require any thing of the kind; but no sooner had they acceded to her importunities, than she got up a delirium, and kept screaming out, like Descartes on a similar occasion, "Messieurs, épargnez le sang français, je vous en supplie!" And the second act was to rave about the goose-pond, that had nearly proved fatal to her lover. This, as the house-maids and Marmaduke, with the doctor and apothecary, were English, she thought fit to do in what she considered that language, and exploded as follows.

"Ah! ce fatal gose pone—his name Phin—but he have no fin; darefore he no swim! Ah! Petère! Petère! quelle misère! quelle misère!"

"If it's Mr. McPhin as you're a talking about, ma'am," said one of the maids, "he's quite safe a-bed."

"Comment donc!" shrieked Mademoiselle, "in de bed of de rivière! Ah, Petère! Petère!"

"No; in his own bed, I rejoice to say," replied Marmaduke, who, despite his inclination to laugh, could not prevent his heart, from long habit, pitying the clumsiest semblance of distress.

"Oh Ciel! in an oystère bed!—le cher homme!"

"Quelles étranges nouvelles!" muttered Marmaduke.

"Devant moi, après moi!" murmured Mademoiselle.

"It freezes, doesn't it, Mr. Lance?" asked Dr. Churchill.

"And mizzles too, sir," replied the apothecary.

"Ah yes, de meesletoe;" resumed Mademoiselle, "dat shall be for de feeshe, dat shall be for de feeshe now! Oh, my heart! my heart!—he is too big!—he is too big! I shall break him in littel pieces—and den he shall feed de feeshe too!"

It was on the 26th of December that Mademoiselle Perpignon thus threatened to Macadamise her heart. After a four-o'clock dinner at Bubble Hall, that the whole family might be in time for the play, Mr. Ormond, who had, from being a general favourite, become a daily guest, was of the party; as were also Colonel King and Captain Russell; for Miss Lucy naturally thought that, the play being "Alexander the Great," seeing how au fait his majesty was at making love to two women, that it must shame Colonel King into making love to one. Marmaduke finding that McPhin's trip to the other world, *via* the Dunderhead goose-pond, was an 'idée

fixe' with Mademoiselle, left her to the enjoyment of it, and descended to the drawing-room, where coffee had just preceded him.

"Shall I give you some coffee, uncle?" said Theresa, stopping the servant, as Marmaduke entered.

"If you please, child; and give me cream, and not boiled milk."

"Has any one an idaya how Mamselle is?" asked Lady Bubble.

"I have just come from her; and Dr. Churchill thinks there is nothing the matter with her," replied Marmaduke, sipping his coffee.

"And what do you think?" re-interrogated her ladyship.

"Why, I think if there's anything the matter, it's water on the brain; for she has got the goose-pond on the common into her head, and McPhin in it; and there is no getting either of them out."

"Oh!" said Lady Bubble.

"The Algerine's in love!" cried Sir Romulus; "and I fear McPhin won't take a calamity. Now, I recommend a calamity to every one."

"Ah, just so—just so—a"—grinned Colonel King; which Miss Lucy took for a favourable omen.

At this moment Lord John's calamity entered, ready turban'd and black satined for Mrs. Whabble's ball; and shortly after the carriages were announced.

"Where's Prudence?" asked Sir Romulus. "She's generally ready the first. Ring the bell, my dear," added he, turning to Lady Bubble, who was more than usually splendid, and did not, therefore, like the trouble, "ring the bell, my dear, and send up for her."

Miss Prudence made her appearance in a greater fuss than usual, redolent of lavender water, drawing on a pair of very large and very stiff white leather gloves—for kid they could not be called—and tucking up a very stiff grey satin gown, that rattled again; her cap had all the appearance of a cheap ribbon shop selling off, from the heterogeneous chaos of bows and ends that adorned it; while a small butterfly, in coloured stones, fastened the velvet in the front of her wig, and produced a charming effect between the bunches of little button-mushroom curls on each side; chains, and cornelian, and amber necklaces, without end, graced her neck; while a tippet, made of the down of her favourite bird, protected her shoulders. Yet such are the mysterious intricacies of human nature, that Miss Prudence was in a fuss, notwithstanding all this!

"What's in the ladle now, Prudence?" asked Sir Romulus, advancing, with a philosophical smile, and a thumb in the entrance of each of his trousers' pockets, "what is the nonsense and fuss, eh?"

"Oh dear! no nonsense at all! but a great deal of fuss, I grant you, Romulus;—oh! I am provoked beyond everything! that stupid maid of mine, Buzzard, in curling my hair, singed one of the curls right off!"

"The Algerines nearly did the same to my wig," sympathized

Sir Romulus, "the last time I sent it to Shrewsbury to be tichi-vated; and I was obliged to soak it in cold water for four hours; they had curled it up so stiffly; and after all, my calamity dried it too quickly before the fire, and shrunk it up again!—so you see, Prudence—hunt the hare! do you approve of my wit? hunt the hare seems the favourite game in this house."

"Ah, then you can feel for me, Romulus," shrugged Miss Prudence, wriggling her fingers, which looked as if they had white bolster-cases on each of them—"but still I do say, Buzzard's conduct is scandalous beyond everything!"

"We have not much time to spare," said Mr. Ormond, looking at his watch—"it's now half past six, and the play begins at seven."

"True!" cried Sir Romulus, with one of those graceful (considering his size) zephir-like pirouettes that he was in the habit of making—taking his chapeau bras—a fashion he had persisted in since the year 1798; "true! and as there can be no fun till we come, as the man said that was going to be hanged—the sooner we're off the better!—so good night, ma'am," added he, holding out three fingers to the old lady; the other two being occupied in the custody of a pinch of snuff.

The old lady was taking her after-dinner 'siesta;' but upon Sir Romulus's adieu, she opened one eye, looked up, and dropped out—"Oh! good bye to you; are ye going to thee Mithuth Siddonth or Mithuth Jordon?"

"We are going beyond Jordan, ma'am," cachinated Sir Romulus, "to a whale-fishery! at least we shall see the blubber!"

"Oh, indade! I think ith mighty foolish to blubber at a play," said the old lady, shutting up the one eye she had opened, and again sinking to sleep.

"Send Miss Manners's maid here," said Lady Bubble, as she left the room with the rest of the party.

The evening was windy in the extreme, which gave Sir Romulus an opportunity of facetiously remarking to Theresa, that he was glad to perceive she had succeeded in raising the wind for her protégé. Many were the arrangements and re-arrangements about who-and-who were to go together;—at length, the carriages were filled to the perfect satisfaction of all parties;—Miss Lucy going in Colonel King's, with Marmaduke as Bodkin, for propriety's sake. Miss Prudence was clogged, and caleshed, in a manner to defy the elements; while Sir Romulus, not wishing to adopt a 'coup de vent coiffure,' took the precaution of tying down his wig, with his red silk pocket-handkerchief, and finally surmounting it with his chapeau bras: this had, altogether, a very novel and remarkable appearance—or as he would himself have expressed it: "was quite out of the common."

When they arrived at the theatre, Lord John Bubble's carriage,

and Lady Bubble, were first; Sir Romulus and Lady John next; Mr. Simcoe received them at the door, bowing down to the ground, with a pair of wax-lights, and a court dress, consisting of a property coat and ruffles. Sir Romulus lead the way, busily explaining to Lady John the improvements he had caused to be made in the theatre; with which interesting subject, he was so pre-occupied, that he was about to enter the state-box, in the self-same costume that he had left Bubble Hall; that is to say, with his red silk pocket-handkerchief surmounted by the chapeau bras!

“Sir Romulus! Sir Romulus!” said Lady Bubble, pulling him back, “you have no idaya what a figure you look with that red handkerchief tying up your head.”

“Never thought of it,” cried Sir Romulus, putting the hat under his arm, returning the kerchief to his pocket, pushing his wig back, and arranging its Hyperion curls—“it would have been the cause of some fun, if I had shown myself to them with my turban on; I wonder what they’d have thought?”

“Why, nothing more nor less than that you had hoisted the Algerine flag in good earnest,” said Marmaduke, who had now joined them with the rest of the party.

Mr. Simcoe threw open the box door; three boxes had been thrown into one for the occasion: the Duke and Duchess of Arlington were already there; and no sooner were all the patrons of the play assembled, than the orchestra struck up “God save the queen.” As soon as the national anthem had ceased, Miss Prudence was seized with a tremendous fit of fidgeting, which manifested itself by borrowing every one’s opera-glass: upon Cosmo’s informing her that he spied Mrs. Damnemall’s Polish cap and feather in an opposite box—

“Oh dear! ’tis impossible!” said she, “for the Doctor decidedly objects to plays; it was only the other day that I was asking him if he thought there was any harm in my going to the play? and he said, decidedly; now that I no longer cared about them—it would be very wrong to go; but as this was for a charity, he did not object. Ah! perhaps he has given Mrs. Damnemall leave to go for the same reason; for, oh dear! he is such a good man!”

Miss Prudence’s surmises were presently confirmed, by seeing the Polish cap and feather bobbing and nodding most furiously at her: and while she was occupied in playing the mandarin to it in return, the Duke of Arlington vacated his seat in the front of the first box, and passed into the one where Cecil was seated by Theresa.

“Mr. Howard,” said he, extending his hand to the former, after bowing to the latter—“a rumour has reached me, that you are the author of the very eloquently and ably-written pamphlet, entitled an “Inquiry into my Policy;” and defending me most effectually against a recent attack; if so, you must allow me to lay aside both

my vanity as a statesman, and my gratitude as a man; and to assure you, in the cool and fastidious spirit of criticism, that I have not for a long time read anything which gave me so high an opinion of the abilities of the writer."

"In presuming to attempt so great a subject as an inquiry into the policy and genius of your grace," bowed Cecil, "not to have utterly failed, I consider an ovation in itself; but to hear it from your own lips, making every allowance for the courtesy that dictates it, is indeed a triumph my most sanguine hopes never could have anticipated."

"Nay, then," smiled the Duke, "I fear, that notwithstanding the many great and good qualities I am indebted to you for, 'au fond' you must have thought, that having been so long a servant of the public, that like my master, I too was ungrateful."

"Not so," rejoined Cecil, "for I remember the fable of the lion and the mouse."

The Duke was about to reply, when the curtain rose; and he was too well bred, at a benefit in a country theatre, where so much depended upon his seeming attention, to interrupt the play. All passed off quietly, till young Blubber appeared, when the house was, as a matter of course, torn down with applause. Young Blubber took up six feet of longitude, and carried himself so erect, that the back of his head seemed to entertain the miraculous design of touching his heels. He was altogether a fine, raw, plump-looking youth, with bursting cheeks and hands, small eyes, and a large voice, very bull-doggy and keep your distance-ish. His whole action consisted in shaking his head as if he had been repeating "fi—fo—fau—fum," then stretching first one arm straight out on a line with his shoulder, and vehemently shaking the hand at the end of it, to match the tremulous motion of his head. As soon as one arm was tired, he relieved guard with the other which instantly fell into an ague as its predecessor had done. The tone and manner in which he gave the words, "Oh, my Statira!" accompanied as it was by his head and hand, never failed to draw down thunders of applause from the one shilling gallery; for, when he wished to melt into amatory tenderness, he always achieved the point by speaking as though his throat had been lined with fleecy hosiery, with a young bull-dog barking in the bottom of it.

Miss Manners and Mr. Howard behaved better than any of the party; that is, they laughed till they cried, which produced the desired effect. At the end of the second act Marmaduke went behind the scenes to congratulate Mr. Simcoe on so overflowing a house.

"Wonderful talents, hasn't he, sir?" drawled Mr. Simcoe through his nose.

"Very wonderful! if he has any," replied Marmaduke, "for I never saw anything like him."

“Oh, dear, sir,” nasaled Mr. Simcoe, “he comes nearer to the great McEverpuff than any living actor. Do you mark how he hisses and clips his words, and what spirit he throws into the love scenes!—nothing soft or whining about him;—he reminds me so—of—a play I saw McEverpuff in—I can’t remember the name of it;—but I know there’s a player in it for one thing, and to see the way he doubles his fists at heaven, as though he insisted on being heard, is the most astounding piece of acting I ever saw. And then in the love scenes, instead of wooing and sueing, and all that sort of thing, he puts his arms a-kimbo, just as you may see a Hungerford market fish-wife do when mackerel are first in, and she says to a customer, ‘here they are—three a shilling—you may take ’em or leave ’em, just as you please—but I don’t ’bate one farthing,’ which, of course, brings the lady to her senses more than all the coaxing and hoaxing in the world. Dear me! I wish I could remember the name of the play—I saw it the first night it came out—and how the house was packed, to be sure!—too free to be easy,—and, therefore, some very indiscriminating and injudicious individuals,—I recollect, on two occasions, during the play, when McEverpuff was sadly annoyed. They had had their orders, you understand, sir, to clap incessantly. Well, once McEverpuff’s helmet fell off, and they clapped for ten minutes. Another time, he blew his nose, naturally, and the whole house rose and waved their handkerchiefs. But he’s a wonderful man, sir!—a wonderful man!—he understands the business so thoroughly. When he was going to act at the Haymarket, he sent his friend, Mr. Guzzlecat, who does all the theatrical reviews, or, I may say, sham-fights for him, down to the manager to say that he would cancel his engagement if he did not insert the word ‘great’ in the play-bills,—the great tragedian, Mr. McEverpuff. ‘I understood,’ said the innocent manager, ‘that Mr. McEverpuff did not approve of the plastering system pursued towards him, and that it was that has made him as thin as a lath?’ ‘No more he does,’ stammered Guzzlecat, ‘but it’s his friends!—it’s his friends! and what’s the use of friends, especially in the press, if they can’t puff a man into a demi-god, or blow him into a devil?’ And you see, sir, how it answers. McEverpuff is what I call a regular dramatic steam-engine; he won’t let anything come near him but his own train; the moment they do, Guzzlecat blows the coals, more vapouring is the result, and it’s all right, because as he takes all the baggage and lumber of the first class free, he’s sure of their support.”

Mr. Simcoe had talked himself into a fever of admiration, when Mrs. Simcoe, dressed for Miss Winterblossom, and, curtsying to Marmaduke, touched his elbow, and reminded him it was time to go and adorn for Mr. Primrose. Marmaduke, in returning Mrs. Simcoe’s salutation, butted forward and rebutted backwards so

often, that, at length, he felt by a sudden giving way of his own person, he had endangered the equilibrium of another. He turned suddenly round primed and loaded with apologies and regrets, when, leaning against the side-wing, with a pencil and note-book in his hand, he beheld the man in the Macintosh that he had met at the Pug and Primrose two nights before. Stammering out a hasty "I beg your pardon," instead of all the sugared regrets he had provided himself with, he hurried away after Mr. Simcoe, and, overtaking him just as he had reached his dressing-room door, brought him to the back of the stage, and, pointing to the man at the wing, said,—

"Can you tell me who that is?"

"Why, sir, that is the very identical person I have been talking about, Mr. McEverpuff's great friend, Guzzlecat."

"God bless me!—you don't say so?" said Marmaduke. "Such a looking fellow as that for a friend is enough to send a man without judge or jury to Tyburn. What the d—I brings him here?"

"Merely a little theatrical business," drawled Mr. Simcoe, with great sang froid. "He's a very respectable man, I assure you, sir; probably you may have heard of him by his former name. His name was Nugent; but he has taken the name of Guzzlecat for some property left him by his uncle, Alderman Guzzlecat. He's been inquiring most kindly about poor Carlton, and says he may be able to serve him materially if I will let him see him."

"Mr. Simcoe!" gasped Marmaduke, seizing his arm, "on your peril—"

"What! Sir?" interrupted Mr. Simcoe, unaffectedly alarmed.

"Nothing—nothing," said Marmaduke, calmly parting his hair. "I beg your pardon. I merely meant to say—will you have the goodness to send round word to my box, that I will meet them at Mrs. Whabble's, and they are not to wait for me?" and Marmaduke hastily buttoned up his great coat, and left the theatre.

"He's buttoned his coat quite crooked," said one of the scene-shifters, looking after him.

"Humph! that's no great matter, if he had a straight waistcoat, I take it," muttered, or rather, thought Mr. Simcoe, as he slammed to his dressing-room door.

As Marmaduke seemed mysterious in his movements, it would not be right to follow him; so we will return to Lady Bubble's box. It was the last act; young Blubber was in the arm chair, delirious, clawing it under the idea that it was Bucephalus.

"What on earth is he doing?" said Lady Bubble, in vain screwing up her eyes and using her glass; "has any one an idaya what he's about?"

"My dear—my dear," said Sir Romulus, taking a pinch of snuff, and talking loud, that the people in the pit might have the benefit

of the classic intelligence, "he's out of his senses, and he fancies the chair Bucephalus."

"And what is Bucellas?" asked Lady Bubble, who was not over quick at catching names.

"Oh dear! a remarkable bad light wine, I think, that we have at luncheon very often—too often," said Miss Prudence; and, as she spoke, the curtain fell, amid an uproar of applause, the din of which was only to be equalled by young Blubber's own ranting. Miss Prudence made a scramble for the satin play-bills, saying they would be such a pretty present for the young Whabbles; and the whole party rose simultaneously, till admonished, in an important and confidential tone, by Sir Romulus, that it would be an affront to the manager to go before Master Simcoe had danced the College hornpipe, as it was announced in the bills that he was to do so by 'particular desire'—his own, no doubt.

"And won't you stay the afterpiece, mamma?" said Lucy.

"How can I, my dear, with Mrs. Whabble's ball?"

"Dear me! how tiresome!" resumed the young lady, looking full at Colonel King. "I should so like to see 'Popping the Question,'—did you ever do such a thing?"

"A—just so—just so—a."

"How?" said the young lady; and then thinking she had gone too far, began to giggle, and pull a crysanthimum to pieces and in order to change the subject, said, "Did you ever see such a fidget as mamma is?—how should you like such a mother?"

"I think I'd rather have her for a mother-in-law," stammered he, stumbling on something very gallant, and getting so red at his own temerity, when it was too late to recall the words, that his nose looked capable of singeing Miss Lucy's ringlets. She, however, with great presence of mind, said in a low voice, suddenly pressing his hand, and as suddenly withdrawing her own, when it had done the deed:

"Well, then, at that rate, I'll speak to her and papa to-morrow morning."

"Ah—just so—just so," nolens-volens'd the poor Colonel, sincerely wishing in his heart that matters were any way but just so. But though he felt to the fullest extent what these unfortunate words had entailed upon him, he honourably resolved to bear the brunt like a hero; nor did he shrink from this resolve, even when Lucy hooked her arm within his, on leaving the box, with a 'meum and tuum' sort of conjugal jerk that would have baffled Doctors'-Commons; though it must be confessed he did flinch a little when Cosmo, who was sent to play propriety in Marmaduke's place, cold as the night was, was ordered into the rumble by his sister, with the resign-all-hope words, both to him and Colonel King, of—

"My dear boy, you must go outside, for we don't want you."

As smooth water runs deep, it is to be supposed smooth love does the same, and is equally silent; for Colonel King said nothing. What could he say?

On arriving at Gorget Cottage, they found it illuminated with coloured lamps, while the harp and violoncello that Mrs. Jinks had brought in the gig were twanging away rather out of tune, no doubt from the fatigues of their journey. Major and Mrs. Whabble, the former in full uniform, the latter in the next of kin—a scarlet velvet dress, with a gold band round it, and a court plume in her head, received the Bubble family, like royalty, at the door; while Mrs. Jinks hastily emerged from a small room off the hall, which was the temporary emporium of negus, cakes, and lemonade, quite forgetting in her flurry that her bright green satin dress was tucked up through the pocket hole, and that the long white feather speckled with gold spots which drooped from the left side of the ample gold tissue bolster that encircled her head, had been pinned behind to keep it out of the candle; one white silk glove was on her left hand, the other only contained the tips of her fingers, while her plump red hand, and capsicum-looking thumb were visible above it. Her attitude in curtseying was particularly graceful, being a sort of anterior flinging out like a horse kicking.

The ceremonies of the hall door over, Mrs. Whabble conducted her ‘distinguished guests’ into the drawing-room, or rather Major Whabble offered his arm to Lady John, Lord John to Mrs. Whabble, and Sir Romulus to Mrs. Jinks; while Colonel King had only time, as he glanced at their paradoxical figures, which were square, yet round, to whisper to Miss Lucy, “Sure such a pair were never seen!” when propriety compelled him to offer his other arm to Lady Bubble. Sir Romulus never could be said to walk; a dignified march was always the medium by which he conveyed himself from one place to another—which was now rendered doubly striking by Mrs. Jink’s humble waddle, as she familiarly nodded her head to all her acquaintance right and left, when she re-entered the room, unconscious of her pinned feather and looped-up gown. All the young Whabbles were collected in one group, and were individually and nominally presented to Lord John, by their father, as ‘the young voters;’ upon which his Lordship affably, without making one mistake, Charles’d, James’d, George’d, and Daniel’d them all, as he shook hands with them.

Master James Whabble presented rather an extraordinary appearance; he had been recently suffering from a ring-worm, which had occasioned the necessity of having his head shaved. Mrs. Town, who was a great phrenologist, had taken this opportunity of requesting Mrs. Whabble to allow her to intersect it with black lines and figures, like those of the plaster casts used in studying phrenology. This was accordingly done, and poor Master James’s head was felt

and refelt twenty times a-day ; so that he had no respite even when he put on his hat to take a walk, for that was *felt* too—as Sir Romulus would have said. Mrs. Jinks, who perceived Cecil laughing as he looked at James's cranium, laid her fat hand on his arm and closing her eyes with laughter, as she inclined her head towards his shoulder, said :

“ He's a deal more figures in his head now, sir, than when the American gentleman saw him ; hasn't he, sir ? But, law, sir ! how is the poor man ? Have you heerd from him since ? Mr. Bubble was a telling me that he had been shot in a duel.”

“ That, I am happy to say, is not true,” said Cecil, “ for I had a letter from him this morning ; and it seems Mr. O'Gander Braddle ultimately preferred hearing reason to pistol shots ; which I am glad of, though I shall be the loser by a square brooch and a lock of hair ! ”

“ Dear heart ! that's a pity too, sir. Well,” added Mrs. Jinks, patting her grandson's head, “ Mrs. Town calls all these here figures and whirligigs the keys to knowledge ; but, as I tell her, they aint got no locks to them, at all events, ha ! ha ! ha ! ”

“ He's too young for Locke on the understanding,” said Sir Romulus as elated as if Joe Miller had never been heard of.

“ Instead of mocking me about my head, granma,” whimpered James, “ look at your own. I could mock too if I pleased.”

“ What my love ? ”

“ Why, that great tail of a feather is pinned all round, and looks so queer.”

“ Law !—well, what a head I have, to be sure ! ” cried Mrs. Jinks, hastily unpinning her feather.

“ When things are very unlike,” said Sir Romulus, “ there is some wit in comparing them. Therefore I may be allowed to ask—why is Mrs. Jinks like a goose ? ”

“ Boo !—because she's fat and foolish, I suppose,” said her grandson, politely poking his finger in her eye.

“ Oh fie, you young Algerine,” said Sir Romulus, shaking his head very awfully at him. And then added, turning to Cecil, “ Do you give it up ? ”

“ The goose, or the ghost ? ” yawned he.

“ Oh, my dear—my dear, you're dull of comprehension to-night. The goose, of course. Why is Mrs. Jinks like a goose ?—You give it up ? Well, then—because she has pin feathers ! Pin feathers ! Do you approve of that conundrum ! ”

After Mrs. Jinks and Sir Romulus had laughed till they were tired at this brilliant sally, Mrs. Whabble came up to desire James and his brothers would go and amuse Cosmo in the other room ; and Mrs. Jinks left Sir Romulus to go and do the honours to some new arrivals.

Lord John, whose martyrdom never ceased for one moment

during the night, was duly presented, by his new secretary, to "Mrs. T." and "the boys;" while Miss Prudence had seated herself by Mrs. Damnemall, and ascertaining, to her full satisfaction that "that dear good man, the doctor," had allowed her to go to the play from motives of charity (for the money, of course, could not have done half as much as her presence), she then poured out her woes about Buzzard's stupidity in singeing off one of her curls; but Mrs. Damnemall, who owed her a grudge for disappointing her about her son George James, and thought Miss Prudence entertained quite too extensive an idea of how far money could go, coldly replied, "Well but, my dear ma'am, as Dean Swift says, you can't expect perfection for twenty pounds a year."

"Oh dear!" almost screamed Miss Prudence, "but I give guineas!"

Here Sir Romulus joined them, and, looking round at the strangely dressed bipeds, most of whom he had never seen before, and who really did look like the inhabitants of the zoological gardens in human masquerade, or the animals in Granville's inimitable illustrations of 'La Fontaine,' said, 'sotto voce,' to Mrs. Damnemall, "What a heterôginus (as he always called heterogeneous), what a heterôginus looking set."

"I fancy," said Mrs. Damnemall, "that the Whabbles have a great many Jamaica and West Indian acquaintance."

"Then that accounts for their being such a *rum* set!" chuckled Sir Romulus, taking one of his *pun*-gent pinches of snuff.

The young ladies and the young gentlemen were dancing in the most unfeeling manner, while poor Strauss was being barbarously murdered, when presently a scream was heard that shook the house to its very foundation. All the company rushed to the other room, from whence the sound proceeded.

"What on earth's the matter?" cried Mrs. Whabble.

"Why ma'am," said Master Cadwallader Town, advancing with his best dancing-school bow, and his white trousers all spattered with blood, "why, Ma'am, we were playing at snap-dragon, when James Whabble's bump of benevolence, in stretching forward, nearly knocked out Master Bubble's eye, and knocked in his nose, which set it bleeding; that's all."

"All!" said Mrs. Whabble, "and enough too. Oh, Lady Bubble! oh, Sir Romulus—I'm so shocked!"

"Never mind, it can't be helped," said Sir Romulus, going up to his son, who was sitting mournfully on the sofa, with his hand to his eye and his handkerchief to his nose, "it can't be helped; but if Master Whabble's bump of benevolence knocked your eye, you should have told him, Cosmo, that his benevolence was all in your eye!"

"So it was, sir," sobbed Cosmo.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Damnemall, "Sir Romulus is always so

witty ! I'll write that to George James, and to Anna Martha, that she may tell it to the officers."

"Very genteel clever woman, Mrs. Damnemall," whispered Sir Romulus to Colonel King, as he offered her his arm.

"Have you any idaya, my dear," said Lady Bubble, seating herself by Cosmo, and wishing to ascertain if he had derived any instruction from such edifying society as the Master Towns and Master Whabbles, "have you any idaya where Master Whabble's bump of benevolence is situated?"

"Yes, mamma; all in my eye, as papa said," replied the unsophisticated Cosmo, giving another groan.

"Ah, I was afeared the bys would get into mischief if Mr. McPhin did not come to look after them," said Mrs. Jinks; but come with me, my dear, and I'll bathe your eye with a little brandy."

Cosmo exited, leaning on Mrs. Jinks, to whom he afterwards communicated in confidence, that he did not think he should have suffered half so much from the blow, had not his nose been previously so thoroughly frostbitten in the rumble; but he soon found, as he sat in an easy-chair in the little room of the Hall, from whence Mrs. Jinks had first emerged, such sweet solace, in cakes, custards, and her conversation, that he forgot his sorrows, especially as Rochefoucault truly observes on that, as he does on all other subjects, that "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us;" and it was "estonishing" as Mrs. Jinks pathetically detailed to him the history of Master James's immersion in the pig's soup—how his own actual sufferings seemed to abate, which brought him to the philosophical conclusion, that it causes one far less pain in this best of all possible worlds, to have a sty in one's eye, than to be afflicted with the bump of benevolence!

Harmony having once more been restored, the ball proceeded to the assassination of Strauss; for though Lord Finden and Colonel King had offered the band, Major Whabble for once insisted upon having his own way, and would not allow Mrs. Whabble to have them, as he said it would cost him too much. Sir Romulus having deposited Mrs. Damnemall near a whist-table, was soon fathoms-deep (and minus two buttons) with Mr. Town, in a corner, and the Sub-marine Railroad. Mrs. Town, whenever she did condescend to mix in the frivolities of society, always came armed with a flacon of intellectual superiority, in the shape of a mathematician, geologist, phrenologist, or at least an author—the leading article of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, or historical and scientific genus she preferred; but if they were not attainable, even novel, play-writers, and poets, were better than nothing.

On the present occasion, Mrs. Town was furnished with a long

dismal-looking gentleman, in sad-coloured hair, and a very moth-eaten physiognomy, on one side ; and on the other with a short fat rowly-poly looking man, with a well fed bread and milk sort of face, and a head shaped like an apple ; with small round black eyes, very like wild cherries, which seemed to close from the under-lid, like those of poultry.

Placed between these two antipodes, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, they strove to engross Mrs. Town. The animated pincushion was a mathematician. Mrs. Town, who, as we believe we have once before stated in this interesting history, was remarkably short, had nearly got a crick in her neck, from equalizing her attentions between flesh and bone, when, about half-past one Marmaduke arrived, and, from the lateness of the hour, resolved to stop at the nearest Town, which was the lady in question. "Allow me, Mr. Bubble," said she, "to introduce you to my two distinguished friends, Mr. Alonso Tripe, (presenting the steeple) whose poetry you have no doubt read, and who is at present engaged upon a splendid epic, entitled—'The Pre-Adamites,' in which the descriptions are most graphic and correct. My other friend, (and here the bolster was rolled forward), Mr. Maximilian Flea, the celebrated mathematician."

There was something so problematic in the name, that Marmaduke made a sort of ass's bridge of Mrs. Town's footstool, as he bent forward, bowed slightly to Mr. Maximilian Flea, and inquired of Mr. Alonso Tripe, when his poem was to be out.

"Sir," said that gentleman, closing his eyes, "it's a profound—a very profound subject ; and I assure you, great as I know and feel my genius to be, I am diffident—most diffident about it. Perhaps it is a subject that none but a Byron could master—he was a wonderful poet, sir,—a wonderful poet—so original ! never once, amid his multitudinous writings, guilty of plagiarism, either of thought or manner."

"Though the man lives not," replied Marmaduke ; "who admires Lord Byron's poetry more than I do, yet, with regard to his being no plagiarist, I cannot agree."

"How?—when?—where? sir—prove it—prove it," cried the inventor of the Pre-Adamites.

"Why," said Marmaduke, "without going into particulars, for which there is no time, I think most of his purity of thought was stolen from Wordsworth, and his pleasantry of manner in Beppo and Don Juan, he purloined from Bandello."

"Sir," said Mr. Alonso Tripe, again closing his eyes ; "I was born a poet, and therefore am no critic ! I have often heard my mother say, that even as an infant, I could never hear the word 'pap,' without giving my nurse a slap, which, as I could not speak, you will allow was poetry in action !"

“Of rather a milk-and-water school,” smiled Marmaduke.

“Puerile and childish granted, but that pap, sir, was father, at least food to the poet! it was prepared by the Nine, with waters from Helicon, and ambrosia from Lalmos, and as at the birth of Io, the earth turned to violets, so shortly after mine everything turned to paper, upon which I strewed the Parnassian flowers of poesy!”

“A modest fool, this, at all events,” thought Marmaduke.

Mr. Alonso Tripe then resumed, and after getting over head and ears in Lord Byron’s *Gain*, *Heaven and Earth*, and several other mysteries, he launched out into a fine crude undigested strain of scepticism, which was the only species of folly Marmaduke had no toleration for.

“I could quite understand,” said he, “any man being a sceptic, had Christianity no testimony but Christian testimony; but it is from the Heathen it derives its strongest proofs of authenticity,—exclusive of its dawn having broken upon the most learned and enlightened period of the world, and being subject to the most minute and hostile scrutiny of the Greeks, the colossal absurdities of whose own mythology made them cautious how they admitted the slightest improbability and discrepancy in any new faith—the darker ages of paganism clearly and minutely foretold it. When Augustus consulted the oracle of Apollo, as to who should succeed him in the Empire, he received for answer those lines, which may be thus translated:—

“Hence, hence, Augustus, from thy silenc’d cell,
I must not thine, my own fate I may tell;
Our tripos is turn’d infant to the babe
Of Hebrew birth; ourself to dismal shade
Of lowest hell must forwith haste away;
So bids the Boy whom all we gods obey.”

“After which he reared an altar in the Capitol of Rome, with the inscription

Ara primogeniti filii Dei

upon it. And the prophecies of the Sibyls perfectly tallied with those of Scripture. One of them begins her verses with

‘Know thy God that is the Son of God.’ While Erythræa, another Sibyl, has an acrostic in Greek verse, upon the words ‘Jesus Christ the Son of God—Saviour—Cross,’ and the total argument was of the ‘Incarnation—Life—Death, Glory, and Judgment of the Son of God;’ and the last two verses are to this effect: ‘He whom we have discoursed of in our acrostic verses, is an Immortal Saviour, and a King that must suffer for our sins.’¹

“The Emperor Constantius writes that these predictions could not be devised or feigned by Christians; because Marcus Varro, who lived a hundred years before our Saviour, makes mention at

¹ These instances are brought forward in Oldfield’s “Mille Testes.”

large of these Sibyls, whose number was ten, and as their writings were gathered by the Romans and laid up with great reverence in the Capitol, and were not to be seen or read unless by fifteen persons who were magistrates, so there could not very well be any imposition as to their contents. This Erythræa, who lived 600 years after the Flood, also prophesied the Trojan war; and Cicero, who was killed forty years before the birth of Christ, translated Erythræa's acrostic on the Advent, Life and Passion of our Saviour, which Constantine says was to be seen in Tully's works in his time. And Lactantius records, that one of the Sibyls wrote of Christ that 'He should do all by his simple word; he should cure all infirmities; he should raise the dead, should make the lame run and skip, the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the dumb to speak; with five loaves and two fishes by him five hundred persons shall be fed and satisfied to the hope of many. He should command the winds, and walk upon the furious sea with his feet of Peace.' And after divers Greek verses, she concludes: 'Men shall say that I am mad, and a lying Prophetess. But when these things come to pass, then remember me: For then no man shall say that I am a liar, but rather the Prophetess of the Great God.'

"While another Sibyl says, also cited by Lactantius: 'He shall come miserable, contemptible, and without form, that he may give hope and afford help to miserable man. He shall fall into the hands of sinners and infidels, who shall with impure hands beat him about the ears, and spitefully spit at him; and he shall give his most innocent back to scourges. When they smite him upon the cheeks he shall hold his peace, so as men shall not take him to be the Word. He shall wear a crown of thorns; they shall give him gall to eat and vinegar to drink. These are the commons which this unhospitable generation shall give him, by which misusages his face shall be so marred as his own people shall hide their faces from him, as seeing nothing in him that was desirable, that could speak him to be the desire of the nations.'

"And another Sibyl sings of Judea: 'Fool that thou art! thou canst not know thy own God, through the vizard of that contempt thou castest upon him.'

"It is also said by Phlegon that the darkness at our Saviour's crucifixion was not only seen in Judea, but in remote places, such as Egypt, Heliopolis, and many places; and that the sun retracted his light and beams from the unthankful world who were crucifying their Saviour Christ, and that the darkness was not by reason of the thickness of the air, or clouds; for that it was so serene that the stars appeared; and could not be natural, for that the moon was the farthest off the sun," and even at so great a distance, Dionysius the Areopagite cried out, — the darkness was so supernatural, "Either God is suffering for, or sympathising with the sufferings

of the world ;” and in his epistle to Bishop Polycarp, bids him ask Apoliphanes what he thinks of the sun’s eclipse, when our Saviour was on the Cross? for, says he, “We were then together at Helio-
polis, and stood expectedly beholding the moon’s interposition of herself before the sun, from the ninth hour to almost sunset. Apoliphanes can not, dare not deny these things. I was with him, both seeing and admiring this wonder, and he burst out into these words : ‘These are the mixings of Heaven and Earth. Oh ! what change of divine things doth this portend !’ and I replied to Apoliphanes : ‘Either the frame of the world is dissolving, or God is suffering ;’ and this happened at a time when the earth was covered with knowledge and learning, and in an age when the greatest mysteries in nature and her hidden secrets were by the inquisitive found out and analysed. Of Greek poets there were, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Cratinus, Theocritus, Callimachus, and others. Of Latin, there were Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Archias, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Mantius, Gallus, Tibullus, Ovid, etc. etc., almost all contemporaries. And immediately after succeeded Persius, Seneca, Lucan, Silius, Martial, and Juvenal. So that, if any fraud had been, it must needs have been detected. To say nothing of the letters in the annals of the Edessan Chronicles of Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, that Eusebius has translated verbatim from the Syrian, to our Saviour, touching his miracles, and our Saviour’s reply. “But,” said Marmaduke, “this is no time or place for the discussion of such subjects, though, perhaps, all times and places are fit vehicles for the truth.”

“Sir,” commenced Mr. Tripe ; but suddenly there was a dead silence,—the notes of a piano were heard. Theresa had been importuned to sing, and Marmaduke, glad to escape from Mrs. Town and her lions, walked over, and stood beside her as, after a short prelude, she sang the following song :—

GOOD BYE.

“Good bye ! good bye ! oh, never
Do I hear those two sad words,
But my heart feels drooping ever,
Like the wings of Psaphon’s birds :
With its flight through by-gone years,
And its memories crowding fast,
Of light mirth whose end was tears,
Those truest legends of the past.

“And I think—the lips I’m pressing,
Shall I ever press again?
And the deep and heart-fraught blessing—
Breath’d, oh ! will it be in vain ?
The very harshest thought of yore,
Relenting then and soft appears ;
While hopes, that were all high before,
Then fail and tremble into fears.

“ Yet one bright hope still lingers high,
 Robbing parting of its pain,
 Which, while we falter out ‘ Good bye,’
 Whispers, ‘ You will meet again.’
 Oh! blessed words, that fall like dew,
 Upon the crush’d and drooping heart,
 But for the magic wrought by you,
 What tongue could sound the knell, ‘ We part?’ ”

“ What a pretty air!” ran through the room, when Theresa had ceased.

“ I don’t know that song,” said Marmaduke.

“ No, dear uncle, and yet you are the cause of it. Do you remember telling me, when you came home the other evening, that you hated the word ‘ good-bye?’ Well, that was the origin of it.”

“ Any young fellow would be proud of having his words so remembered by you,” replied he, pressing her hand; “ and, although I am an old fellow, I’m not sure that I am not so too.”

Presently supper was announced, and the scramble that ensued more resembled a parish-rush on settling day than any thing else.

Nothing of any moment occurred at supper, except that Major Whabble, being really “ unaccustomed to public speaking,” especially on the Whig side of the question, broke down in his speech; and Sir Romulus Bubble’s concluding bon mot, afforded himself and Miss Prudence, to whom it was addressed, infinite delight: that lady was eating a lobster—some persons would have written, was eating lobster, but they would have written it wrong,—I like to be correct, it was a lobster she eat—and in excavating the upper part of the marine delicacy, she suddenly exclaimed, turning alternately to Dr. Damnemall and Sir Romulus,—

“ Oh, dear!—how droll!—I can’t conceive why they should call this the lady in the lobster, can you, Romulus?—it’s not the least like a lady, is it?”

“ Um—um—um—I suppose you think she’s more like a fish-woman!—more like a fishwoman! Ha! ha! ha! do you approve of that, Prudence?”

“ Oh, beyond every thing.”

“ Capital!” said the doctor, drinking off his fourth glass of Champagne.

“ Oh, dear doctor,” said Mrs. Jinks, “ you may well say so, for the Major is so particklar about his wine.”

“ Mrs. Jinks is not at all a genteel woman; the Algerine has no idea of wit,” whispered Sir Romulus to Mrs. Damnemall.

“ Genteel! oh, far from it,” replied the lady; “ for my part, I’m quuite surprised how Mrs. Whabble married with such a vulgar mother; I’m sure the officers would never look at Anna Martha if she had any thing of the sort.”

The party at length broke up, and there was an affectionate pathos

in Lord John Bubble's manner, as he took leave of his relatives, that he had never yet evinced; and Lady John whispered her instructions to Lady Bubble, touching the different modes of discipline, to be pursued towards Johndina, till her return at three o'clock the next day. Miss Lucy having given her mother a hint to offer Colonel King a bed, that matter was arranged; and as Cosmo, on account of the Benevolent Institution established by Master Whabble in his eye, was taken into his mamma's carriage, Marmaduke again went as chaperon to Miss Lucy; and rolling himself up in a corner, pulling his hat over his eyes, and settling himself to sleep, he merely said, "if I'm wanted, wake me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"O soupirs! ô respect! ah! qu'il est doux de plaindre,
Le sort d'un ennemi quand il n'est plus à craindre."

CORNEILLE.

"To trace all actions to their secret springs,
Would make, indeed, some melancholy mirth;
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern."—BYRON.

MISS LUCY'S MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED.—PARENTAL CONDUCT OF SIR ROMULUS AND LADY BUBBLE THEREUPON.—MARMADUKE EXPECTS A SCOLDING, AND IS AGREEABLY SURPRISED BY APPROBATION.—MR. GUZZLECAT GOES ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE INTO WALES.—LORD JOHN FORMS A TABLEAU OF—

"SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS, MELANCHOLY STAR."

AMONG the many anomalies of that Mosaic monster, designated in this best of all possible worlds, human nature, the enthusiastic glow that some persons feel for the good, fine, or right actions of others (of which they themselves are totally incapable), is perhaps one of the strangest; and in no instance is this so strongly manifested as in the case of mutual friends (!) If you are in the greatest possible distress, of what nature soever it may be, though your friend A will not, cannot, or does not move off his or her chair, or open their lips to serve you; yet no sooner does B come forward in your favour, than A's eyes fill with tears at his heroic conduct; and A's tongue is loosened to exclaim—"that indeed is a friend! were there more such in the world, society would not have the rotten core it has." Is the case one of calumny? though A knows "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," yet, in every society, will he hear you torn to pieces, without divulging one syllable, that is, one fact, that could for ever vindicate you, and by unmasking, crush your traducers; yet, let but B become your eloquent and successful champion, and A, with an absence of egotism, that is perfectly beautiful, instantly wonders how any one could have been silent in so flagrant a case, or have failed in making so plain a one understood.

The fact is, as long as vice is the capital of society, hypocrisy must be its current coin ; for which reason, moral cowardice is the besetting sin of worldly people—even to a greater extent than slander and injustice. But so it has ever been, and so I fear it ever will be. Pliny says in one of his letters (to Clemens I think), speaking of the infamous Regulus, who had but one strong point in his character—iron energy, and unwearying perseverance to achieve evil : “ But the world gathers to him in a vast concourse ; they all curse and detest, but they run after, and resort to him, as if they approved and loved him ; and to speak my mind at once, to oblige Regulus, they copy him ! ” How many modern Regulus’s are there ? and why not ? the modern English are to the full as servile and as hollow as the ancient Romans ; and yet what fools the mass are ! ’tis they themselves that make the power to which they succumb ; let there be but one defalcation from the shrine of infamy, and see how soon the other links would give way, and the idol would stand alone ; powerless and harmless, because unsupported. But this eternal acting counter to their feelings and opinions in men is, I suppose, the triumph of mind over matter, or as an ancient critic more concisely expresses it :

Conatus supra vires et supra rem’.

— On the preceding evening, when Marmaduke had rushed so precipitately out of the theatre, he had done so upon the spur of a kind impulse, that of wishing to save Carlton from Mr. John Nugent’s, alias Mr. Guzzlecat’s researches, which he felt would be doubly painful to him under his present affliction. But how to do this, without agitating and alarming him, was a question, the difficulties of which never presented themselves to him, till he had his hand on the knocker of Carlton’s door—for he had got out at the corner of the street, lest the sound of the carriage driving up should alarm him. But brusque and odd as Marmaduke was in all the ordinary business of life, he was delicacy and tact personified in everything where the feelings of others were concerned. And by the time he had seated himself opposite the poor invalid, he was perfectly calm and collected, having merely come ostensibly to give him an account of the play, and the over-flowing house they had secured. Carlton pressed his hand in silent gratitude ; but seemed perfectly indifferent as to the success or failure of the benefit.

“ But think what money can do ? ” said Marmaduke, striking the chord that he knew would rouse him, and at the same time, most naturally lead ‘ to the subject he had really come about.’ “ With money, you can go to London ; and you have often told me that your great object was to act there, that your father might see you on a public stage ! ”

’ Jul. Scalig. Poët. lib. iii. cap. 27.

“*Now*, my only object,” gasped Carlton, his cheek flushing, and his eye flashing with unnatural brightness, as he spoke—

“Well!” resumed Marmaduke, “money can do this.”

“Perhaps you are not aware,” said Carlton, with an ineffectual attempt at a smile, “that I have become rich since this morning; but still I am poor in everything but gratitude, for your, and that angel Miss Manners’s kindness,” added he, again pressing Marmaduke’s hand in both his.

“Confound these easterly winds,” cried Marmaduke, applying his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, “but tell me, rich! rich! what do you mean by being rich, eh? ’gad, I should like to hear about that; for wealth, my dear sir, is the best commander of success, and the surest enemy-crusher in the world; all nonsense, having so many different words, as honour, talent, beauty, virtue, goodness, character, etc. etc. etc., when the one word money comprises them all.”

“Very true,” said Carlton; “but mine is only comparative wealth, and not bulky enough to comprise all the qualities you have enumerated. Do you know this handwriting?” added he, handing Marmaduke a letter containing a five hundred pound bank note. The letter ran as follows:

“My dear Sir,

“A very charming young lady has made me acquainted with your undeserved misfortunes, for which I feel most deeply. I have no incumbrance but money, and yet I am so miserly, I cannot bear to throw it away. Nothing but necessity ever extorts a shilling from me. I am now driven by a power that I cannot resist to send you the enclosed 500*l.*; and every three months, be you where you may, you will receive 250*l.* As I know gentlemen have certain ideas upon these points, whenever you regain your property, I assure you we will not lose a day in settling our accounts. Should that day, however, never arrive, by means of my death or any other accident, I am sure you will feel sufficiently repaid for any wounded pride you may now experience by the reflection, that in having accepted these trifling sums, you have been the source of some of the very happiest moments in the existence of an

ODD FELLOW.”

Marmaduke did know the hand-writing: it was Mr. Ormond’s. But he respected his delicacy of feeling too much to betray him; so the only remark he made on laying down the letter was—“And a good fellow, too!—’tis a pity there are not more made after the same pattern. But, my dear sir, you ought, upon the strength of this, to lose no time in going to London. Blanche shall go with you, and be placed at a good school there; and although it is now

nine-and-twenty years since I set my foot in the modern Babylon, I should not mind once more inhaling its smoke, if I could serve you."

"I do not thank you—for I cannot," said Carlton, as the tears fell from his eyes; "but I do bless you, if it were for only making me feel that my heart is not all withered! No, there is one green spot there still, and though it be a grave, kindness like your's falls like sunlight upon it, and at least brightens what it cannot warm."

"My dear sir," said Marmaduke, rising and walking hastily up and down as he buttoned and unbuttoned his great coat, and fanned himself with his pocket-handkerchief, for the room being small was as hot as an oven; "my dear sir, the easterly winds in this room are enough to kill you—egad! they set my eyes streaming like a Danaid's—can't stand it—'pon my soul I can't—should advise you to lose no time in going to London—that is, in leaving this."

"Why, there is no immediate hurry," said Carlton, listlessly stirring the fire.

"A-hem—I don't know that," replied Marmaduke, stopping suddenly in his quarter-deck exercise, and looking Carlton full in the face. "I heard a report to-night that did not please me." Still Carlton was silent. "In short," added Marmaduke, with a sort of Corellius Rufus look of, "I am tired and have determined,"—in short, the same cause that drove you from Versailles is likely to drive you from Shrewsbury."

"Ha!" said Carlton, starting from his chair, and violently knocking his clenched hand on the table, "this night—this moment I'll go to London!" added he, ringing the bell. Mrs. Sutton appeared.

"Order—" commenced Carlton.

"Have the goodness," interrupted Marmaduke, "to order my carriage to the door, which is at the corner of the street."

"Directly, sir," curtseyed Mrs. Sutton; and as soon as she had disappeared, Marmaduke approached Carlton, and laying his hand gently upon his arm, said:

"My dear friend, calm yourself. London would be the very worst place you could go to to-night, to avoid the enemy, as you could be traced every inch of the way by a few bribes to the postboys."

"Where is the wretch?" interrupted Carlton. "I'll meet him—dare him—and curse him to his face!"

"You'll do no such thing," said Marmaduke. "If I had not your interest at heart quite as strongly, but somewhat more prudently than yourself, you would not have seen me here to-night. You must come home with me—there you will be safe beyond the reach of any and every search; and I will give the people of the house their instructions, so as effectually to baffle all inquiries respecting you."

“You are right—you are right,” said Carlton; “but, tell me—have you seen—or what have you heard of that monster?”

“I will tell you nothing till you have left this, and I see you safely installed in your new abode.” Marmaduke then began collecting Carlton’s few clothes and books, and haystacking them into a portmanteau and carpet-bag, in which operation Carlton mechanically assisted, and in the midst of which Mrs. Sutton returned to announce the carriage.

“Oh—ah! my good Mrs. Sutton,” said Marmaduke, slipping a golden talisman into her hand, “should any one call to enquire for Mr. Carlton, you will say that he has received letters on business, which obliged him suddenly to set off for Wales; but that he’ll be back again in about a fortnight. I’m going to drive him the first stage out of Shrewsbury, to overtake the Holyhead mail; and I’ll call in a day or two and settle your account for the lodgings which Mr. Carlton will leave me.”

“Oh dear, sir,” said Mrs. Sutton, curtsying down to the ground, “don’t mention it—whenever it’s convenient to Mr. Carlton;—I’m sure neither me nor my ’usban would inconvenience him for the world.”

Marmaduke, who never could stand duplicity, whether in its tragedy of hypocrisy or its comedy of humbug, at the conclusion of Mrs. Sutton’s speech suddenly, though involuntarily, raised his stick, as he muttered between his teeth, “Ehem, you were always of that way of thinking, ‘you d—d old crust,’ but you’ll be burnt in a hotter oven than your own yet.”

Shortly after (Marmaduke, having first purloined two of the blankets off the bed to make a cloak for Carlton) they descended; and, to keep up the mystification to Mrs. Sutton, Marmaduke, on entering the carriage, ordered them to drive to the first turnpike on the Holyhead road; but no sooner had they got safely into the heart of the town than he pulled the check, and told them to drive “home,” where they had no sooner arrived than he very hospitably installed Carlton in his own room, not so much because it had a library adjoining it, as because, being his sanctum, it was safe from all intrusion. And, after having ordered another room to be got ready for himself, to make surety doubly sure, he locked Carlton into his new apartments, and put the key in his pocket, before he set off for Mrs. Whabble’s ball. So that it was lucky the prisoner wanted nothing before his return; or rather it was lucky that the next morning on his road to Shrewsbury, in order to receive Carlton’s share of the money from Mr. Simcoe, Marmaduke recollected that his guest might like some breakfast and a fire before his return; and, therefore, went back with the key, giving strict orders to his own man to say nothing to any one of the new occupant of his room. Upon arriving at the theatre, Marmaduke

found Mr. Simcoe in a great state of perturbation at Carlton's sudden flitting.

"His conduct is flagrant in the extreme, sir," drawled Mr. Simcoe, giving a sudden jerk to the key of the strong box as he locked it, and putting the key into his waistcoat pocket, "to absent himself just at the very moment all his friends were making such a push to serve him,—just too as he might have made young Blubber's acquaintance! and, above all, just as Mr. Guzzlecat had arrived in this part of the world, and expressed such a desire to see and befriend him; probably intended to introduce him to McEverpuff! who knows?—might have been the making not only of him, but of the whole company! then to take himself off like a thief in the night without saying a word to any one! it's monstrous, sir! quite monstrous? You've no idea the state of mind it's thrown Mr. Guzzlecat into: had a writ of bankruptcy been served upon him, he could not have been more agitated than when he heard it. He was sitting here in my room—most affably writing a panegyric on McEverpuff's acting in the new play, which as he had not seen, he said, gave him some little trouble to get up the article in time for the Monthly Lead Mine; and in order to prepare Carlton for the honour of his visit, I had sent my eldest boy, Coleman, down to his lodgings to say, that I and a gentleman would look in upon him in half an hour—when—would you believe it, sir?" continued Mr. Simcoe, energetically slapping his thigh, and elongating his right leg, "the boy returned, looking quite flabbergasted, to say, that Carlton was gone to Wales! the night before, and would not be back for a fortnight. At this Guzzlecat turned as white as Lady Macbeth's night-gown; and, not seeming to know what he was about, upsets the ink all over his Russia ducks (to be sure they were in half-mourning before); and, egad! sir, after slapping his knee in a kind of despair, he takes to slapping his forehead, and rubbing his face, quite forgetting all about the ink. I began to suspect, do you see, sir, that there was something more in all this than was visible to the naked eye; so, putting a bold face on it, I said, 'Pray, Mr. Guzzlecat, do you know any thing in particular about this Carlton that you seem to take his sudden departure so much to heart?' 'No—yes—d—n it—confound him—that is,' said he, knocking his forehead with his clenched hand—'I wanted to know something about him. I was sure from your description—that I had found him—the devil's in my luck.' 'Found who, sir?' asked I; and I assure you, sir, when I looked at Guzzlecat's face, begrimed as it was with ink and disappointment, while his small radishy turned-up nose was in total eclipse from one or both causes, I could scarcely help bursting out laughing! 'Oh, no one,' said he, grinding his words to powder through his teeth, 'no one—a man who, if he is the one I suppose him to be, owes McEverpuff some money.'

"Now, here you'll observe, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, winking his

eye very knowingly, and jerking his right hand towards his left shoulder, "I began to smell a rat. So, said I, 'Why, I thought, Mr. Guzzlecat, you had intended to serve Carlton?' And here I flung a look at him that would have gone through an oak door."

"You have rather a gimblet eye, I perceive," interrupted Marmaduke.

"So I did," hissed Guzzlecat; "but it was to serve a writ upon him!" "Whew!" said I; "c'est une autre paire of boots!" as they say in France—or shoes; which is it, sir! And hereupon Guzzlecat walked up and down like a man beside himself—literally beside himself; for I remarked when I once had the honour of dining with him and McEverpuff at the Garrick, that every man that got beside him tried to walk away from him; for when he takes more wine than he requires, you must know, sir, he is in the habit of retailing it—by no means neat as imported—to his friends. Well, he was walking to and fro in this distracted state, when Mrs. Simcoe came into the room to tell me that the three youngest girls must have muffs and boas; when, I do assure you, Mr. Bubble—and I'm a judge of these things—McEverpuff, in point of stage effect, never did anything finer; Guzzlecat folded his arms, and turning round to Mrs. S. like a cucumber preserved in sugar-candy, said, 'Mrs. Simcoe, shall you and I have a walk together?'

"Sir!" frowned Mrs. Simcoe; for she can be uncommon fine on an occasion, I assure you, sir, though you have only seen her in comedy, 'sir, my husband's presence might have spared me.' And though her eyes are blue, you have no idea what expression they are capable of. Such a look! it was perfect blue ruin, I assure you sir! 'Madam,' said Guzzlecat, bowing down to the very ground, 'I stand corrected:' and so long was he in bringing out this short sentence, that, had I shut my eyes, I could have sworn it was McEverpuff that uttered it. Mrs. S. seemed satisfied with the dignity of this apology, for she held out her hand to me for the money, then waved it to Guzzlecat and withdrew. After which, sir, nothing would satisfy him but to go down to Carlton's house to make personal inquiries into Coleman's report of his departure. I accompanied him; and there we heard that you, sir, had driven him to the first turnpike on the Holyhead road, on the preceding night. This, of course, we knew to be false."

"It is, nevertheless, true," interposed Marmaduke.

"You don't say so, sir?"

"I do."

"Well, I am surprised, to be sure!" said Mr. Simcoe, throwing up his eyes and hands. "However, sir, Guzzlecat instantly went to the Talbot, and took a post-chaise on to Bangor; and while the horses were putting to, kept muttering that it was all up with him if he did not overtake Carlton. So there is evidently something

more in the matter than I have been able to come at," concluded Mr. Simcoe, subsiding into his chair somewhat exhausted from his histrionic narration.

"Very likely," said Marmaduke; "but all I wish to come at is Carlton's 250*l.*, which I have come for."

"But, sir," remonstrated Mr. Simcoe, who had hoped that the best part of the business was, that Carlton's money would remain at least for some time unclaimed. "But, sir, consider—he may be an impostor; would it not be better to wait till he comes personally to demand it, when we shall have witnesses to prove that he has received it?"

And here Mr. Simcoe folded his arms, and leant all the weight of his person and his argument upon the strong-box, which he had locked so energetically on Marmaduke's entrance.

"I will guarantee his never demanding it again; or, if he does, I will refund it," said Marmaduke, resolutely holding out his hand.

"Oh, very well, sir," groaned Mr. Simcoe, slowly withdrawing the key from his waistcoat pocket and unlocking the strong-box; "you know best; but it's a bold measure."

"It would be a bolder," said Marmaduke, as he quickly counted over the bank-notes that Mr. Simcoe leisurely doled out, rejecting every provincial note and asking for a Bank of England one in its stead, "It would be a bolder to detain the property that lawfully belonged to another."

"Certainly, when that other came to claim it," drawled Mr. Simcoe. "I must trouble you for one pound five shillings, sir, the amount of the satin play-bills, which it is Carlton's business to pay."

"Give me five shillings then," said Marmaduke, flinging down a sovereign and a half.

"I'm sorry to say I've nothing less than half a sovereign, sir," said Mr. Simcoe, insinuating a thumb into each of his waistcoat pockets, and gently tapping the outside of them with his remaining eight fingers.

"Well then, at that rate," said Marmaduke, picking up the ten shillings he had put down, "you can better afford to lose five shillings than Carlton; so I'll take this."

"Oh, pardon me, sir," exclaimed Mr. Simcoe, speaking more rapidly than was his wont, as he plunged both his hands into the lowest depths of his waistcoat pockets, and instantly produced three very substantial half-crowns, and some minor stars in the shape of shillings and sixpences, "pardon me, I find I have change."

"Who would not work a silver mine, when they can get it done by the crown," laughed Marmaduke, as he buttoned his great-coat over the pocket-book containing Carlton's bank-notes—wished Mr.

Simcoe good morning—remounted Kicksywicksy, and retraced his steps home.

As he approached Bubble Hall he drew bridle and slackened his pace, as, for the first time, the thought glanced across him how he should break the news to his brother, Lady Bubble, and, above all, Miss Prudence, that he had brought Carlton to the Hall. He dreaded Sir Romulus's ire at having his magisterial dignity compromised, by being placed in a position to have it supposed that he could be guilty of harbouring "paupers and vagabonds." He shrank from Lady Bubble's matronly displeasure at having her domestic arrangements interfered with by bringing uninvited persons to the house; but he actually winced under Miss Prudence's "oh dears!" and "I never heard of such a silly thing in all my life! What will Dr. Damnemall say when he hears of it." This last thought made him desperate. He gave a sudden jerk to the bridle, which brought Kicksywicksy to a full stop, in the very midst of a puddle, which, from the unexpected plunge of her fore-feet, splashed up into Marmaduke's face, and inspired him with such cool courage that, placing his arms a-kimbo, he exclaimed aloud,—

"Well, after all, why should I be afraid of any of them?—I've done nothing very bad!—it is not as if I had stolen out and got married!"

This last reflection made all things appear smooth to his mind's eye, and, two minutes afterwards, he was again trotting briskly on, to the consolatory remembrance of Dr. Johnson's assertion that "evil is as uncertain as good."

Now, it so happened, that the morning after Mrs. Whabble's ball, while it was yet early, and Marmaduke was on his way to Shrewsbury, Miss Lucy arose, and, slipping on her dressing-gown, repaired to her mamma's room to impart to her the joyous tidings that Colonel King had proposed for her, which she did sandwich-ways, between a kiss and 'good morning, mamma.' As soon as Lady Bubble had rubbed her eyes, and congratulated her daughter, she took up Sir Romulus's night-cap that was lying on the pillow, and which much resembled a cotton porcupine, from the rough, irregular pieces of cotton that stood on end all over it, and said,—

"Now, Lucy, be sure you make King get some of these caps if they are to be had. I bought them from a brigand at Terracina three-and-twenty years ago, and you've no idaya how warm they are. I'm sure your father would have been quite deaf and stupid long ago but for them."

"Oh! mamma," simpered Miss Lucy; "but where is papa?"

"In his dressing-room, my love. You had better not tell him about King before he shaves, for fear the agitation might make his hand tremble, and he should cut himself."

"Very well, mamma," and away tripped Miss Lucy.

Sir Romulus, like all great minds, never could confide himself to doing one thing at a time. Consequently, he dressed by instalments, first washing one foot, then walking about the room, as he did his teeth, then doing an inch or two of shaving, and then returning to the other foot ; and, as he piqued himself upon dispensing with all personal attendance, multifarious were the duties he had to perform before his toilette was completed. He had some personal objection to a bath, and, therefore, had had an enormous round wooden washing-tub made, in which the King of Brobdignag might have swam with ease and safety, but for the Scylla and Charybdis of a huge sponge, about the size of one of the Needles, and a scrubbing-brush as big as a sand-bank.

While performing his ablutions, he was in the habit of tying a towel round his head, with the ends hanging down behind, after the fashion of a Spanish Empecinado ; while his wig, which he curled every day, remained on a block with a face to it, that he might judge of the phrenological effect of how far back he could place it on his own head, but, owing to his desultory manner of dressing, and a habit he had of rehearsing aloud any speeches or bon mots he had to make during the day, he had been known on more than one occasion, not only in a fit of abstraction to heat the curling irons red-hot, but to burn off the frill of his shirt by attempting to curl it in mistake for his wig. And as he was also wont for the better dispatch of business to indite divers and sundry letters during his toilette, it had frequently occurred to him, especially since his interest in Mr. Town's sub-marine rail-road, to inclose with the prospectus of that wonderful plan to the ministers of the Home, Foreign, or Colonial offices, razor-strops, shaving-brushes, and boot-hooks, which, no doubt, they considered as part of the plan !

When his daughter knocked at his door on the morning in question, Sir Romulus was sitting with one leg gracefully over a chair, while, with a towel round his head, and a Turkish dressing-gown on, he leant back in another, as ever and anon he shaved the right side of his neather lip, and slowly but sonorously repeated, " Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Corporation,—the struggle will then be, not who can keep their heads above water, but who can get them under water !—a-hem—a-hem—very genteel man the Mayor—he'll be de—lighted with my speech—(Rat—tat—tat)—Oh, the Algerines ! this is the way they disturb me, though I've told them I would not be interrupted when dressing. (Rat—tat—tat)—Come in !—a-hem—a-hem. Have I not told you," said Sir Romulus, suspending the razor and throwing a pocket-handkerchief over his wig, without turning to look at the intruder, " Have I not told you that while sacrificing to the Graces, I would not be broken in upon ?"

" It's me, papa," said Lucy, in a most bridal voice, which naturally found favor in her father's ear.

“Um—um—my dear!—my dear! What brought you here?”

“To tell you that I am going to be married, papa!” simpered the young lady.

“Married! you young Algerine! and without my consent? impossible!” cried Sir Romulus, flourishing his razor very formidably at arms’ length.

“No, papa, but I came to ask your consent.”

“That,” said Sir Romulus, looking dignified and benevolent, “that is another affair, and who may the Algerine be?”

“Colonel King,” giggled Miss Lucy.

“Capital! capital! the very thing!” said Sir Romulus, instantly rising from his chair, and with his razor still open in his right-hand, while he closed his dressing-gown with the left; he proceeded straight to the door, without taking any further notice of his daughter; but having one boot and one slipper on, instead of his usual dignified march, his movements were between a limp and a stride; in which manner he conveyed himself to Colonel King’s room.

That gentleman was still asleep, but the etiquette of the host was naturally merged in “the feelings of the father!” Sir Romulus approached the bed, and hastily withdrew the curtain; thus performing a sort of practical “sluggard arise!” whereupon, the poor Colonel much alarmed, started up, and not being quite awake, and seeing Sir Romulus standing over him with an open razor, energetically addressing him as follows:

“So, King, I understand you are going to take a calamity! and that calamity is to be my daughter Lucy! my daughter Lucy!”

He clasped his hands and exclaimed: “Ah—just so—just so—a indeed! indeed! I’ll marry her, my dear sir, if you’ll shut up that razor.”

“Ha! ha! ha! that’s very good.” said Sir Romulus, “quite forgot the razor! quite forgot the razor! you thought, I suppose, that I was come to cut the matter short—to cut the matter short! should you approve of that?”

“Oh very much indeed,” groaned Colonel King, with great sincerity; but as he had not genius enough to aim at impossibilities, and feeling that he was in for it, he replied with equal resignation two minutes afterwards, upon Sir Romulus reiterating—“and so you wish to take my daughter Lucy for a calamity?”

“Ah! just so—just so—a.”

This being conclusive, Sir Romulus congratulated him upon getting into such a family, then left him to dress, and after finishing his own toilette, descended to announce the news officially to the whole party, which was received with universal approbation.

The Colonel’s christian name being Nicholas, Miss Prudence, not to lose time at breakfast, said, “Nick, be so good as to give me some cavier!” and then added facetiously—“I call you by your

name you know, because you'll so soon be one of us! but oh dear! you must not christen your son Nicholas, 'cause then you'll be old Nick you know! ha! ha! ha! dear, how droll!"

"The d—l he will?" said Sir Romulus.

Colonel King, naturally enough, looking rather black at this insinuation, Miss Prudence, in order to put him into good humour, said, with her mouth full of muffin, as she stirred her tea—"of course you mean Dr. Damnemall to perform the ceremony?"

"Damnemall! Damnemall! ah! just so—just so—a," said he, as he turned from Miss Lucy's tender looks, to some Dunstable larks that he liked better.

It was at this happy and auspicious crisis that Marmaduke arrived; and having been presented to his nephew by Miss Prudence, and more officially informed of the approaching event by Sir Romulus, he took courage; and in his turn, boldly disclosed the fact of Carlton's being in the house; when, to his infinite surprise, Sir Romulus affirmed, that his protection of him did him a great deal of credit; while Lady Bubble actually dried her eyes, and hoped the poor man had been well taken care of!

But, wonder of wonders! Miss Prudence twisted her fingers and said—"Well, now do you know, Marmaduke, I must say, I do think it was most kind of you; and I'm sure Dr. Damnemall will consider it an act of christian charity; you say he is going to London in a few days: oh dear! I hope he'll make it up with his father; for as Dr. Damnemall says—no—it's Dr. Watts I think; no—Dr. Damnemall; no—it is Dr. Watts:

"How sweet it is in harmony to dwell."

"Ah! just so—just so—a," said Colonel King, helping his bride-elect to some honey; while Theresa stole round to the back of Marmaduke's chair, and imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and Mr. Ormond held out his hand to him, which he pressed with as much sincerity as it was offered; but knowing that Mr. Ormond was one of those, as most persons are by the bye, who do it at all—who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame—,"

he made no allusion to his kindness to Carlton, beyond a certain telegraphic look, dictated by that Freemasonry of heart common to the benevolent; and after stipulating that no one was to go near Carlton, except Cecil and Theresa, whom he already knew, he went up to inform him of the safe departure of the Spy, on his sleeveless errand into Wales!

"The poor reptile!" said Carlton, "I could almost pity him! for the wages of his infamy, I suppose, depend upon his success; and yet, if he has changed his name his uncle must be dead, and he must be well off."

But Carlton's wonder would have ceased, had he been as well aware, as most others are, that the staple commodity of Whig policy is acted lies! from Prime Ministers down to brainless secretaries of legation, or hack writers-up of their system.

Mr. Alderman Guzzlecat, of Faringdon without,—it is true, had departed this life; but previous to so doing, had been much disgusted by the unprincipled truckling of his nephew, Mr. John Nugent, with regard to City politics, and had therefore cut him off with a shilling. But Mr. John Nugent, who lived in an atmosphere of false pretences, or rather, of embodied falsehoods, in order to assume a fortune, if he had it not, instantly took the name—honours and armorial bearings of Guzzlecat! the credit of which, afforded him a decent supply of hats and gloves, three bottles of sherry a-day (his favourite dinner wine), and two pair of Russia ducks a-week (not including the laundress's bill), for the elongated period of twelve months! This, coupled with his honourable office of spy, and assiduous and Herculean panegyrics on the writings of ladies of thread-bare character, and indefatigable zeal in doing the dirty work of gentlemen of no character at all; added to theatrical puffs, of such hurricane force, as to blow actor, author, and audience into nothing! enabled Mr. Guzzlecat to keep his place under the table, at the convivial meetings at the Garrick.

Theresa and Cecil soon joined Marmaduke in Carlton's room, where they contrived by kindness and conversation, to make him partially forget his sorrows for a short time. Theresa who had brought her embroidery, was sitting with her frame in the window, when, about three o'clock, a carriage drove up to the door. "Who is it?" said Marmaduke.

"Why, it's Lord John's carriage," replied Theresa, "but I don't think it can be he, for the servants are helping a man out with a night-cap on, and both his hands to his head as if he were in great pain."

"Perhaps he's ill," said Marmaduke, leaving the room, and reaching the hall in time to meet Lord John, and hear his groans.

"Good heavens! what's the matter?" inquired he of Lady John.

"Those horrid children!—those dreadful toys!" replied her ladyship, shaking her head and hands; "the racket began at six this morning, we have not had one wink of sleep, and Lord John is almost distracted, though I took his own paper pillows. Oh Mr. Bubble, they were not at all putty toys to get—how could you give such great noisy steam-engine things to any children, especially to a parcel of great romping boys, and then to think of their putting us in the room under the nursery! so that we were in the very thick of it all!"

"God bless me! you surprise me," cried Marmaduke, "I thought the bigger the toys were for the young Whabbles, the more

Major Whabble would think of Lord John ! I'm really very sorry," added he, turning to him ; " can I get you anything ?"

Lord John had reached the first landing ; but his voice was, as it had often been before, " inaudible in the gallery," as he murmured out—" Nothing but bed—dark-room—æther—quiet, quiet."

Whereupon Marmaduke preceded him, spreading out his arms as if he had been playing at blind-man's-buff, and crying hush ! till Lord John had arrived safely in his own room, where the shutters were instantly closed, and his lordship adjourned to bed till the next day, after which Lady John descended, and in return for the news of Miss Lucy's marriage, gave the whole party a graphic account of her own and her sposo's sufferings at Gorget Cottage, since they had parted on the preceding night. Marmaduke, who had listened with deep attention to the narration, with the two fingers of his right hand on his right temple, and his third and little finger on his chin,—after a pause of about three minutes, broke the silence by exclaiming, " Bless me ! you astonish me ! I'll change all those toys to-morrow for chessboards."

" Pray don't," said Lady John ; " we shall never sleep at Gorget Cottage again ; and being her own children, I dare say Mrs. Whabble thinks the noise very putty, besides, they don't sleep under the nursery."

" Ah, that makes a difference certainly," said Marmaduke, with the same sort of calm satisfaction that he would have solved a problem in Euclid.

Four events happened during the week preceding the tournament. The most important I shall mention first.—Miss Lucy's trousseau was ordered ! Gertrude Howard arrived on a visit at the Hall, to be present at the tournament ; and it is perhaps needless to say, that she and Theresa became very great friends.

" The Wonderful Power of Nature and Art " was published under Lord John's auspices, and made a wonderful sensation in the literary world, thereby bringing a plentiful harvest to its author.

As Carlton felt that if he lived till then, he should not be able to act before the spring, he wished to take a house a short distance from London, in preference to one actually in town. One was therefore secured for him at Shepherd's Bush, and a good governess hired for Blanche ; and in order that Marmaduke might accompany him to his new abode, and see him comfortably settled in it, Sir Romulus good-naturedly postponed the tournament from the first to the fourteenth of January.

Cato was the only friend poor little Blanche took with her from Shropshire ; but Theresa promised faithfully that the geranium should follow as soon as it was sufficiently healthy to travel. What a pity it is that every one cannot be pleased in this world !—but so

it is. Since his accident, Mr. McPhin had taken to solitary confinement and silence, so that Mademoiselle Perpignon's illness was quite wasted. And although Colonel King and Miss Betsy had both done their utmost, when Captain Russell congratulated the former on his approaching marriage, to try and make him "go and do likewise;" yet his habits of subordination were too strong, and he could not bring himself to make an example of his superior officer, so therefore preferred looking upon him as a warning, which caused Sir Romulus to go about saying that he was afraid he'd never get any one to marry his youngest daughter! till Lady Bubble took him to task for so impolitic a proceeding; when, like all not over-wise persons, he thought the reverse of wrong must be right, and from thenceforth tired every horse in his stable galloping about the country, for the express purpose of saying to people, that he had so many offers for his daughter, Betsy, that he did not know how he should keep her till the tournament! and that there he was sure all the Algerines would be breaking lances for her!

CHAPTER XIX.

"A scratch of one's finger, when one is uneasy, hurts one more than a quartan ague with a contented mind."—COUNT BUSSY RABUTIN'S *Letters*.

"What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she, nor doth she tempt, but 'tis I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season."

Measure for Measure, Act i. Scene 2.

"Farewell, then, since now all is over,
I leave you for many a year;
May the waters of time coldly cover
The memory of all that was dear."—MS.

THE TOURNAMENT.

As Sir Romulus observed, upon rattling into his tin armour, had he bespoken a day, and that Algerine Apollo himself taken the order, it could not have been finer than the one the 14th of January ushered in. The frost work, which during the early morning had thrown a white veil over the woods and fields, melted into diamond drops, as at the touch of a necromancer. When the sun rose high in the heavens, and the bright emerald green sward, with its sparkling dew-drops glittering and trembling beneath the vivid glances of the god of day, made the lawn appear as though a troop of fairies had suddenly been surprised by him at their revels, and had dropped heir jewels in their flight. Mr. Ormond, who had gone away a few days before, expressing a fear that he should not be able to get back

in time for the tournament, had, nevertheless, suggested a great improvement.

As we have before stated, Sir Romulus had enclosed a considerable part of the common, but this formed the back only of the large amphitheatre; the front, which was left open, and by which the different knights were to enter, presented a beautiful view of the park; and down to the first lodge, at which the guests were to arrive, Mr. Ormond had constructed a slight colonnade, of Moorish architecture, in wood; which being completely covered with evergreens, and hung with banners, common shields, and gauntlets, had a charming effect, as the sunlight pierced through the irregular arches, and the deer were seen, through the long vista, bounding over the waving fern, and quaffing the crisp thin air. In the centre of the amphitheatre was a sort of armoury, in the form of a winding staircase, hung with very gorgeous banners and housings, which formed curtains, as it were, to the banisters; while the large pole or tree that ran up the centre to the ceiling was laden with armour of every description, terminating in a radius of spears, surmounting a white plumed helmet.

In this armoury a certain number of esquires and pages remained, to supply the knights with any arms they might want or lose in the fray; and their gay dresses and animated faces, as they rose pyramidically among the glittering steel and waving plumes, formed by no means the least effective part of the pageant. At each side of the entrance from the park, was a large gallery or balcony, with a canopy of crimson velvet and gold, where the principal ladies were to sit, while the mass were to occupy the amphitheatre.

So far so well. The arrangements exceeded every one's expectation; and Mr. Town, in his richly emblazoned herald's costume, looking, nevertheless, exceedingly like the knave of clubs, seemed to flush the very air by the imperious echoes of his trumpet, the shrill herald's blast of which he was practising all the morning. The guests were all to appear in the costumes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, not to destroy the illusion. And Miss Prudence figured in a tansy-coloured fardingale, high-heeled shoes, stiff ruff, and close coif; while even the old lady personated the Countess of Desmond,

“Who lived to the age of three-score and ten,

And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then,—”

in the modest refuge of a sort of nun's head gear, and snow white barbet. Miss Lucretia announced that she was Fair Rosamond, and glided about in a flaxen wig, and a labyrinth of white muslin, to which there was no clue: Lady Bubble insisted upon being Diana of Poitiers, and nobody wondered at her persecutions.

Theresa looked more than beautiful as Edith Plantagenet; and Gertrude Howard did more execution than the lances as Rebecca

from Ivanhoe. Miss Prudence had settled with Dr. Damnemall that he should figure in the same costume as a bishop on one of the monuments in the church at Bubbleton, and began to grow very uneasy at his non-arrival, as he was to dress at the hall—when Buzzard who was tired of enacting the part of a pretty page, and looking out afar, arrived with the news which she had just gathered from one of the grooms, who had been down to the Pug and Primrose to order an additional hogshead of ale (as all the gentlemen's gentlemen, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, had already evinced strong symptoms of thirst), returned with word that Mr. Fine had actually taken fire the night before while quaffing his favourite spirit by the chimney corner,—that Mrs. Fine, like Major Longbow under similar conjugal distress, had, with great presence of mind, ordered Patty to sweep him away and bring clean glasses; and that, in order to make sure of putting him out of his misery, she had had him strewed over with quick lime, after the ancient Roman fashion, and most probably on the same principle¹; after which it appeared that Mrs. Fine, being thrifty in all things, had her weeds and widow's cap all ready, which having donned, she then sat down, unfolded a lawn pocket handkerchief, ordered Patty to attend in the bar, and “took on” till ten the next morning (bed time of course excepted), when Dr. Damnemall arrived on his way to the tournament, and so effectually exerted his powers of consolation, that he had the satisfaction of leaving her as resigned as if it had been her wedding morning!

“Oh, dear good man!” said Miss Prudence, when she heard the cause of his non-arrival, “that is the reason of his not being here so soon. He's enough to do, goodness knows—for he's the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless!”

Mrs. Damnemall, however, soon arrived as Luther's wife (not in her nun's dress), accompanied by Anna Martha, who had received marching orders to attend the tournament. She was really an exceedingly pretty girl, of a very ladylike style of beauty, and looked remarkably well as an Italian lady of the fourteenth century.

Mrs. Town, who, like Sir Romulus, was always for doing something out of the common, must needs go further back than any of them, and came as the mother of the Gracchi! her sons personating the living jewels in very short white tunics, bound with red galoon. Of the cold and inconvenience of this costume, at that season of the year, they complained bitterly, especially Master Cadwallader, who being subject to chilblains, did not at all cotton to the flesh-coloured web that had succeeded his blue cloth trowsers. Messieurs Maxi-

¹ Pliny ascribes the first institution of burning the dead among the Romans, to their having discovered, that those who fell even in distant wars were dug up by the enemy; and it was to prevent this second edition of their friends being published, which infringed on death's copyright, that they resorted to the burning, which was universal under the emperors, but fell into disuse about the fourth century.

milian Flea and Alonzo Tripe were also in Mrs. Town's suite—the former gentleman as Brutus, with an axe in his hand, and a remarkably stern look, which seemed to have the effect, ever and anon, of making the Master Towns forget that they were the Gracchi and not his sons—while Mr. Alonzo Tripe appeared as Petrarch, with a hat and feather, short cloak, trunk hose, and slashed sleeves, and his own manuscript of the ‘Pre-adamites’ under his left arm. As we may not have occasion to return to this gentleman, it may be as well to observe, in this place, that it was remarked, by more persons than Mrs. Damnemall during the day, that Mr. Tripe was particularly attentive, or, as her mother expressed it, ‘sweet upon’ Anna Martha.

Mr. Howard, who thought he never could get sufficient amusement out of the Whabbles, entrapped them into dressing from Lady Morley's inimitable ‘Spruggins Gallery,’ Mrs. Jinks figuring as the present Mrs. S——, about the tucking up of whose train, so as to display her left ankle (which even those most skilled in anatomy might have easily mistaken, without stigmatising their science, for that of an elephant), Cecil had taken particular pains. Mrs. Whabble was ringletted and guitared into ‘Suavia Maria.’ The Major had put on a college cap and gown, and did duty as “my son,” while the young Whabbles personated those members of the Spruggins Family who had “died young,” which when Lord John was informed of, he could not help groaning out, “Would they had done the same!” He appeared in all the dignity of a Venetian senator, and Lady John as a Venetian Lady. The Duke and Duchess of Arlington, at Sir Romulus's especial request, were dressed as the Duke and Duchess from ‘Don Quixote,’ while, to the worthy Baronet's infinite surprise, Lord Francis Fitznoodle arrived from his room, where he had dressed up-stairs as Don Quixote!”

“Oh, this will never do!” exclaimed Sir Romulus: “we cannot have two Don Quixotes in the lists! Bless me!—well, that's most astonishing!” continued he, scrutinizing Lord Francis's armour. “I could have sworn that was McPhin's armour—the gridiron bars—the windmill at the top—the Spanish motto on each side of the helmet that he was to go up to Mademoiselle Perpignon with—um—um—let me see—

“Inez, da me tus ojos
Por una noche:
Porque quiero con ellos
Matar a un hombre.”

Marmaduke, I forget what you told me it meant?”

“It was the request of a Spaniard,” replied Marmaduke, “who having an enemy that he wished to be rid of asked his ‘lady love’ to lend him her eyes to kill him with.”

“Ah exactly so,” said Sir Romulus; “and this McPhin was to do ‘Nolens-Volens’ to Mademoiselle, who is at this very moment

puffing and panting as *Dulcinea del Tobosa*; and in order to have more fun," continued Sir Romulus, in a confidential whisper to Lord Francis, "I have made her practise the *Cachucha*, to dance at the ball to-night—and to see her is worth anything!"

Lord Francis had go as far in a reply to Sir Romulus as "This is—" when Cosmo approached hastily, saying :

"Oh! papa, I quite forgot to show you this note that I had half an hour ago from Mr. McPhin; and when uncle Marmaduke had read it, as Lord Francis had come in plain clothes, he persuaded him to put on Mr. McPhin's armour, as he said you would not allow any one to appear in the amphitheatre, unless they were in armour, or a fancy dress." This explanation only seemed to bewilder Sir Romulus the more, till he snatched the note, and enlightened himself as follows :

"My dear Cosmo. Pray give my duty to Sir Romulus, and make him my humblest apologies; but I am unavoidably, and much against my will, detained away from the tournament, by business of a very pressing nature, and which will, at least, confine me for the whole day. God bless you, my dear boy! Remember, as page to Lady John, there is no necessity for your getting into the way of the horses and spears,—so be very attentive and keep behind her dais,—merely in case she should want anything. Ask Mr. Town, if you see him, 'if he knows how many promises go to a hundred, and how many lies to two? for hang me if I do.'

"Your faithful friend and preceptor,

"PETER MCPHIN."

"The Algerine does not even date it, so there's no sending after him to catch him!" said Sir Romulus, beating down the letter with the back of his right hand, and then opening his eyes and mouth, with a mingled expression of horror and inquiry, as though the mute armour could "prate of the whereabouts" of its absent owner.

"Come, come, brother," laughed Marmaduke, tapping him on the shoulder, "you look at poor Lord Francis as if he were a second Dymas."

"D—d ass," muttered Sir Romulus, who had all his better-half's aptitude at catching names. "D—d ass—no—but it's too provoking to lose McPhin in this sort of way."

"Why, my dear sir," said Lord Francis, mildly, as he drew himself up to his full height, which might have been mistaken for the ghost of John of Gaunt, "I am to the full as tall as Mr. McPhin; therefore, I cannot see that you have lost an inch by the exchange!"

¹ The Trojan who joined himself to Æneas when Troy was taken, and was at last killed by his countrymen, who took him to be an enemy, because he had dressed himself in the armour of one of the Greeks he had slain.

Marmaduke could not repress a smile at the unsophisticated freshness of Lord Francis's intellectual shoots, while Sir Romulus looked as if he would have said if he could—

“Ce n'est pas tout d'être un grand homme :
Il faut encore être homme supportable.”

“Well, it can't be helped,” sighed Sir Romulus, “and we must go, as entering on horse-back, we have to go down to the lodge—but—but—not having practised together, you must take care not to mistake me for a windmill in good earnest, but lay on me gently, and I promise in return, my lord, I'll not forget that you are my master.”

“You mean,” said Marmaduke, “that you'll not forget how much he is above you.”

As Lord Francis and Sir Romulus made their exit at the hall door, Marmaduke and Cosmo went up stairs into the gallery, by which there was a private entrance into one of the balconies of the amphitheatre. Lady John was already seated in state, as the tournament was to commence at one, and it only wanted half an hour of the time.

“I thought, Mr. Bubble,” said she, “that you were Mr. Howard's squire?”

“So I am,” replied Marmaduke, “but I came here first to pay my respects to you ladies bright, and next to look down upon this living ‘parterre,’” added he, looking over the balcony, “and a very pretty sight it is; I own I should have liked to have lived in the days of chivalry and woodcraft, when the business of life was tilting for bright looks, and its repose was to—

—“ryde on hawkyng by the river,
With grey goshawke in hande.”

“I'm sure men must have been better and happier, when they lived for seven years on a sigh or a smile, won at a tournament; at least that æra was worth fifty thousand ages of the clubs, cabs, smoking, and selfishness of the nineteenth century.”

“Tournament is derived from the Latin word ‘Troja,’ is it not, uncle?” asked Cosmo.

“Why, I am of Fauchet's opinion,” replied Marmaduke; “and though this is the derivation allowed by the generality of authors, I do not think it appears consistent with any reasonable analogy: I am, therefore, more inclined to adopt his. He says in his ‘Origines des Chevaliers,’ that he thinks the French word, ‘tournoy’ came from the practice of the knights running ‘par tour;’ that is, by turns, at the ‘quintain,’ and wheeling about successively in a circle, to repeat their course; but that, in process of time, they improved on this pastime, and, to make it more respectable, ran at one-another; which certainly bore a much greater similitude to a

real engagement, especially when they were divided into large parties, and, meeting together, combated with clubs or maces, beating each other soundly, without paying any respect to rank or dignity. In one of these encounters, Robert Earl of Charlemont, son of St. Louis, and head of the house of Bourbon, was so severely bruised by the blows he received from his antagonist, that he was never well afterwards. And this, Fauchet says, was possibly the cause of the ordinance that kings and princes should not afterwards enter the lists as combatants at these tournaments : but this law was ill observed by succeeding kings, as Henry the Second of France was killed at the jousts he made in honour of his daughter's marriage. But long before that, Menestrier says, they used hollow canes instead of lances ; and, for that reason, it was called the 'Cane' game. This, probably, had its origin in the twelfth century, when Hovenden tells us, that Richard the First of England, being at Messina in Sicily, on his way to the Holy land, went with his cavalcade one Sunday afternoon to see the popular sports exhibited without the walls of the city, and upon their return they met, in the street, a peasant driving an ass loaded with hollow canes ; the king and his attendants took each of them a cane, and began, by way of frolic, to tilt with them one against the other. It so happened that Cœur de Lion's opponent was William de Banes, a knight of high rank in the household of the French king¹ ; in the encounter they broke both their canes, and the monarch's hood was torn by the stroke he received, which made him angry ; when, riding with great force against the knight, he caused his horse to stumble with him, and, while he was attempting to cast him to the ground, his own saddle turned round, and he himself was overthrown ; he, however, was soon provided with another horse, which he mounted, and again assaulted De Banes, endeavouring, by violence, to throw him from his horse ; but he could not succeed, because the knight clung to the horse's neck ; upon which Robert de Breuil, newly created Earl of Leicester, laid hold of De Banes to assist the king ; but Richard forbade him to interfere, desiring they might be left to themselves. When they had contended a long time, adding threats to their actions, the king was much provoked, and commanded him to leave the place and appear no more before him, declaring, at the same time, that he should ever after consider him his enemy : but, through the mediation of the King of France, a reconciliation was effected, and De Banes was again restored to Richard's good graces. They were innocent people in those days," continued Marmaduke,—“nothing more than big children—and”——

But here the first blast of the herald's trumpet sounded ; after which he proclaimed 'à haute voix,' that “the most noble knight, Don Quixote, of La Mancha, was about to enter the lists, and run

¹ *Quidam Miles optimus de familia Regis Franciæ.*

a tilt with any one, or every one, who should presume to dispute the pre-eminence in beauty of his liege lady, the incomparable Donna del Tobosa."

Mademoiselle Perpignon, never doubting but that the huge mass of block-tin armour beneath still contained the worshipped form of Mr. McPhin, began to heave and look much as the whales in the Red Sea (if there were any) may have been supposed to look, when they found it suddenly dried up; for, at that moment, she was the cynosure of all eyes, and she was amazed!

Marmaduke hastily descended and gained the armoury just in time to see Lord Francis and Sir Romulus make their entrée. It was evident that Sir Romulus had not read Quarles Enchiridion, at least that part of it where he asserts that "fundamental alterations bring inevitable perils," for he was rashly tampering with the crupper of Kicksywicksy's saddle. Marmaduke foresaw the consequences—and trembled.

Lord Francis, it is true, rode into the lists, but so calmly and stagnantly (no doubt deeply imbued with Sir Romulus's admonitions to be cautious), that he looked as if the blessing his squire had invoked upon the man who first invented sleep, had become embodied in him! while the huge white cart-horse that he rode, and which had looked like White Surrey under Mr. McPhin, now looked appalled, and appalling as a night-mare; for about half an hour it continued to advance and retreat slowly and solemnly before Kicksywicksy, who in vain endeavoured to rouse it into retaliation, by neighing loudly and butting her head against his long white nose; but it would not do; nothing could dispel the impenetrable patience of the cart-horse. At length, wearied with her endeavours to exasperate him, she turned her attention to her rider, and giving one sudden curvette, turned the saddle completely under her, deposited Sir Romulus on the ground, and then set off, neighing furiously, and full gallop (flinging out her heels behind), into the park; this last exploit of hers alone seemed to rouse the emulation of Spanker the cart-horse, who, to Lord Francis's great consternation, instantly followed Kicksywicksy's example with equal rapidity, amid peals of laughter from the spectators.

Marmaduke came to his brother's assistance, and had the satisfaction of hearing a volley of Algerines bestowed upon the head and heels of one of his favourite quadrupeds.

Sir Romulus was for a short time obliged to leave the amphitheatre to see to his wounds, occasioned by the bulging inward of his tin armour on the side where he had fallen. Shortly after the herald's trumpet, sounded a more warlike blast, which was answered by another herald at a distance, and, presently the clang of armour and the clashing of spears were heard, while the park suddenly became bright with the flash of shields and helmets, and the

greensward echoed to the rushing sound of horse's hoofs. Another trumpet of parley sounded, and was again answered, when two lines of glittering knights, gallantly mounted on beautifully caparisoned horses, drew up opposite each other, and, as soon as they had fallen into a line, two bands, stationed at different ends of the park, played the beautiful air of "Oh, Richard! oh, mon Roi!" imitating the human voice, by one playing first and the other second, which had a beautiful effect, as the different cadences died away upon the air. As soon as the band ceased, a knight in bright steel armour, studded with gold, a coronet round his helmet, and a lion on the top of it, advanced, on a jet-black steed, with scarlet and gold housings, and a silver cross rising out of the white plumes on its head; it also had a collar of particularly musical Spanish bells. No sooner had this knight advanced, than another knight in black armour, much soiled, a drooping heron's plume in his helmet and a torn banner, with a broken ensign in his right hand, also advanced, as did their squires; whereupon, the two knights dismounted, while the esquires held their horses, and the knight of the black armour kneeling to him of the crown, was made a knight banneret. After which ceremony, a loud cheer ran through the ranks. The knights remounted, and advanced towards the amphitheatre, the band playing "The Red-Cross Knight."

When they had reached the entrance, the cavalcade of other knights fell back on either side, and the two knights alone entered, whom the herald announced, as Richard the First of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, and that most noble knight, vanquisher of the infidels, Robert de Breteuil, Earl of Leicester.

Cœur de Lion rode up to the balcony where Lady Bubble was seated, and, holding up his lance, asked permission to wear her colours and proclaim her beauty. Her ladyship, who, as usual (notwithstanding her costume), had all the colours in the rainbow on, at first said she had no idaya which colour to give him, but, at length, detached a blue bow from her bosom, that had no business to be there, and placed it upon the top of his Majesty's lance, upon which he bowed down to his horses's ears, wheeled about, and re-entered the lists. While he had been soliciting the good graces of Diana of Poitiers, the Earl of Leicester had presented himself at the opposite balcony to sue for those of Miss Lucy, who, with much giggling, detached a geranium scarf from her neck, which, catching on the top of his lance, Robert de Breteuil first gallantly kissed and then tied round his left arm; thus decorated, he placed himself opposite the king, two heralds and their respective esquires declaring that whichever should first lose his lady's colours in the combat, should consider himself and be considered by all present, as vanquished; upon which Cœur de Lion and the Earl of Leicester crossed lances in token of assent, and the heralds sounded to arms

for about a quarter of an hour. There was a great deal of very graceful manège-riding between the King and the Earl, and then some preparatory tilting. At length they began to charge at each other in good earnest. Cosmo trembled, and whispered to Sir Romulus (who had been repaired, and had returned to the balcony) "that there were plenty of barley-sugar lances in the armoury, and as it was really becoming serious, he thought he had better go and tell the squires to give them to the combatants."

"Um—um—um—my dear!—my dear! you'd offend them," said his sire; "you must let the Algerines fight it out their own way, and if they do hurt each other, it's only in fun!—only in fun!—and you should never spoil sport, Cosmo."

Lady Langton, who was sitting next to Lady John, and who never took her eyes off the King, now uttered a faint exclamation of terror, as a sudden lunge of the Earl of Leicester's spear nearly unhorsed him. Cosmo instantly left the balcony, and returned with a glass of water, which he presented to Lady Langton with an entreaty that she would drink it, and turn her eyes from the arena, as it might make her giddy.

"Well done, Cosmo!" cried Sir Romulus, slapping his back with the utmost force of paternal approbation. "Why, how gallant you've grown!" and, after a quarter of an hour's gestation, just as Miss Prudence was observing to the Duchess that she was sure the two on horseback, whoever they were, must be hungry beyond everything, after such violent exercise, Sir Romulus interrupted her with,—

"Um—um—um—Prudence, my dear! my dear! I'm going to say a witty thing. I find that mixing with people of all nations, as there are here," said he, looking round the amphitheatre at the different costumes, "has made my son a Cosmo—polite! (Cosmo-polite) Cosmo—polite—ha! ha! ha!—do you approve of that Lady John?"

"Oh, yes! I always think it's so putty to see young people polite."

"Dear! he! he! he!—how droll!" said Miss Prudence to Doctor Damnemall, who rustled beside her in his violet pontificals; "did you hear what Romulus said?—oh, dear! 'tis so good!—so witty, to be sure! He says, 'seeing all the different dresses here has made a polite Cosmo of his son!' Very good, aint it?"

"Very!—very, indeed!" assented the Doctor; "but—a-hem!—still, I don't exactly see where the wit lies."

"Oh, dear! nor I. I never see any wit in lies; I quite agree with you there," said Miss Prudence, resting her wrists on her knees, and twitching her fingers violently.

Before the Doctor could set her right as to her mistake, a violent clang was heard, as though one of the knight's armour had been shivered to pieces. All eyes were turned on the lists, where Cœur

de Lion had received a violent shock from a charge of Lord Leicester's, who, with the point of his lance bore off in triumph Lady Bubble's blue bow, amid the cheers of the multitude, while Richard, raising his vizor and discovering the features of Sir George Langton, owned himself fairly vanquished, and Lord Leicester at the same time raised his, saying, "Ah! just so—just so—a!" while he gallantly went to present his newly won trophy to Miss Lucy. The trumpets now sounded a victory, and the vanquished and the victor slowly rode out of the lists into the open air, where two pages awaited with fresh horses, still more richly caparisoned, which they mounted, and joined the cavalcade of knights, that consisted of the officers of the —— Lancers.

While the spectators in the amphitheatre were still descanting upon the respective merits of the last combatants, the sound of a herald's trumpet at a distance was heard, which was duly answered by Mr. Town; and after a lapse of a quarter of an hour, a knight in bright purple steel armour, richly mailed with gold, a cuirasse, perfectly blazing with jewels, no feathers in his helmet, but only one large star of brilliants, and mounted upon a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian, followed by a Mameluke page, on a black Arab steed, rode slowly into the amphitheatre, and was announced by the herald as "the unknown knight of the star of the east," anxious to gain the favour of the fairest lady present, whose beauty he was willing to maintain against this and all other kingdoms, if he could find any knight present who thought his "ladye love" sufficiently beautiful, to contend against so fearful an odds? After this proclamation, the unknown knight rode slowly round, looking, scrutinizingly, at the assembled ladies; but, before he had completed the circuit, the herald announced that a knight of the swan, the only one present, accepted his challenge. The unknown knight bowed, and flung down his gauntlet; and at that moment Mr. Howard rode into the amphitheatre; the bridle of his horse was decorated with white Provence roses, like the wreath that Edith Plantagenet wore in her hair; one large rose graced the centre of his shield, while the device above it was a Cupid making his way through a crowd of hearts, surrounded by the motto of—

"Je ne cherche qu'un."

Having taken up the unknown knight's gage, they both rode round the amphitheatre together, till they came to the balcony where Gertrude Howard and Theresa were seated, when the knight of the star of the east suddenly stopped. So far so well, Cecil concluded that it was his sister's colours he was about to solicit; perhaps Lord Mornington, in this gallant incognito, had come to the tournament? But he was suddenly more surprised than pleased, when the unknown knight, in an evidently feigned voice, begged

for a rose from the yet fairer bosom of the beautiful Edith, which he assured her he would preserve with his life.

“Sir knight,” interposed Cecil hastily, “you are not perhaps aware that I have already the honour of being the Lady Edith’s champion; and it is her beauty that I have promised to assert against all the kingdoms you have staked.”

“So much good taste deserves good fortune, and so now against myself I’ll wish it yours. So e’en let the lady trust the honour of her beauty to us both, and whosoever shall best maintain the brightness of its fame, by guarding the leaves of the roses she shall give us unscattered in the fray, his be it to be proclaimed her knight, from this time forth for evermore.”

Cecil actually vaulted in his saddle with ill-suppressed fury; and so blinded was he by jealousy and suspicion, that he instantly decided the unknown knight was Mr. Stuart Vernon! the figure, the height, and above all the feigned voice, put it beyond dispute. Before, however, that the tempest within him could vent itself in words, the knight of the star of the east appealed to the assembly:—

“Fair, is it not? most noble lords and ladies—if not, say so—and the matter shall be referred to the arbitration of the separate, but high court of chivalry, to which my antagonist belongs.”

“Oh! most fair,” rang through the crowd.

“Then it is a match?” said the unknown knight, looking round as he poised his lance (which he had hitherto held up towards the balcony) on his right foot.

“A match—a match,” echoed the heralds, and sounded to arms. Mr. Howard was now deadly calm, the big drops stood on his forehead, his under-jaw quivered, and his face was so ghastly, that had not his vizor been down, he would have frightened the spectators into the belief that he was the phantom of some departed hero.

“She will not—she cannot—she dare not! give him the rose from her bosom, that his aspiring lance is held up for;” and for about a minute his breath was suspended, as the unknown knight bowed gracefully; and Theresa with a smile, that seemed to all present that of an angel, but which to Cecil’s distempered vision was the grin of a fiend, detached the rose from her bosom, and affixed it to the end of his lance.

“The cold-blooded heartless coquette!” muttered he, almost audibly, “it is my heart’s blood she wants, and she shall have it!” So saying, or rather thinking, he dug his spurs so deeply into his horse’s flanks, that the poor animal, astounded at so sudden, and unnecessary a piece of cruelty, almost reeled under him; and it was not until it had partially recovered, that Mr. Howard had sufficient presence of mind to walk him quietly into the lists.

Poor Theresa’s heart failed her, when she saw the frenzy with which he had spurred the noble animal he rode. “Was it—could

it be that he was again jealous?—after his so recently made vows of faith in her, and distrust of himself—jealous! and of what? a mimic pageant. Oh! no—no—it was impossible; that apparently frantic movement must have been a mere piece of stage effect;” and Theresa drove back the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and believed what she wished, as every woman does, when she is analysing what she loves!

For some minutes after Cecil and the unknown knight had measured lances, the former bore himself so listlessly, that most persons thought that he knew nothing of the knightly art of tilting; but Theresa, who had often heard him say, and who perfectly coincided with the axiom, that men, if they were wise, would avoid shewing any excellence in trifles,—for they are apt to get credit for them, at the expence of more valuable talents,—thought he was merely practically illustrating his own principle, and again turned the woman’s side of her heart upwards, and admired his absence of vanity in so doing.

Miss Prudence, after wondering who the unknown knight could be, with diamonds, and sapphires, and emeralds enough about him to set up a jeweller’s shop, expressed another wonder about the Mameluke page; which was, how those East and West Ingen! people, who eat nothing but rice, which is so very white, could be so very black! This miracle Dr. Damnemall explained on philosophical principles.

“Why, my dear madam, don’t you know your black Padusay cloak?”

“To be sure I do—well?”

“Well, though it is as black as jet, as ink, nay, as the d—I him-self, yet don’t you perceive it is lined with white-rabbit skin? and it is precisely upon this plan that these people are constructed, for though white within, they are black without!—and then again, what can be more black than white lies.”

“Oh dear, I do enjoy sitting next you beyond everything, ’tis a continual feast of instruction and delight. I can’t think where all your ideas come from; for, do you know, such things never come into my head; but then men, you know, of course, are so superior to women, that it would not be right we should have any ideas, as long as we have you to instruct us. Now, what is your opinion?—do you think there will be a man to every woman in heaven?”

“Oh dear, no,” said the doctor, closing his eyes, and shaking his head solemnly; “for where are they all to come from, when there is here an average proportion of at least a dozen women to every man, or more if they please, while there are a numerous class of women as you must be aware, who remain sola all their lives.

“Oh, but I did not mean that, exactly,” said Miss Prudence; “I mean, which do you think get to heaven the most?”

“Those who try the most, depend upon it,” interposed Marmaduke.

“Oh dear, I wish you would let the doctor answer—what can you know about it?”

“At least as much as you do not know about it,” retorted he.

“Dear, what a noise to be sure,” cried Miss Prudence, stopping both her ears, and all eyes were turned towards the arena. If Cecil had been listless in the onset, he soon changed to the other extreme; and in the vehemence or rather fury with which he charged against the Unknown Knight, he seemed not only to forget all the courtesies of chivalry, but even the common rules of good-breeding. At length, in self-defence, the Knight of the Star of the East, was obliged to adopt violence on his side, and in one shock, as he came against Cecil’s horse, shook him so terribly, that more than half the leaves of the white rose in his shield, were scattered in every direction! A murmur arose among the spectators—the heralds were preparing to sound a victory! and according to the laws of the tournament, Cecil ought to have given in, instead of which, he made another desperate lunge at the Unknown Knight, who, dexterously parrying it, turned it aside by a very slight pressure of his lance on Cecil’s shoulder; but slight as it was in appearance, it seemed to be powerful in effect, for Mr. Howard sank back apparently exhausted, when his faithful squire, Marmaduke, flew to his assistance, and helped him to dismount. The Unknown Knight was eager in expressing his hopes that he had sustained no injury?

“A scratch—a mere scratch,” gasped Cecil, as he limped along leaning on Marmaduke’s shoulder; but as he spoke, he hastily snatched the stem of the white rose from his shield, and threw it angrily on the ground. The movement was not lost on the Unknown Knight, still less was it lost upon Theresa, who felt that had he flung her heart down as bitterly and trampled on it as he had done the flower she had given, and he had received with so much love, it could not ache more heavily than it did! Poor Theresa! she who had believed—who had hoped all from him! Alas! alas! hopes are the blossoms of life, and the earlier and more luxuriantly the heart puts them forth, the sooner are they blighted and scattered to the winds, and no after-sunshine can ever bring others to its withered stem.

“What’s the matter?” asked Miss Prudence.

“Good heavens! I hope he is not hurt!” exclaimed Lady Langton, and every one was in commotion to know the extent of Cecil’s accident, except the one who felt the most anxiety about it, and the consciousness of so doing, kept her spell-bound to her seat. It was, however, soon ascertained that Mr. Howard had sustained little or no injury, and with this Theresa was for the present obliged to console herself. The banquet was to be at five, of which it now

only wanted an hour—which hour was filled up by amateur tilting, upon the part of some of the retinue of knights. Though her eyes were mechanically turned on the lists, Theresa saw nothing, nor did she hear the expression of surprise on every side, as to the Unknown Knight being the only one present, who, at the close of this encounter, had not raised his vizor.

“Have you any idea who your very splendidly apparelled knight, is, Miss Manners!” asked the Duchess.

“No—yes—that is I think I can guess,” said Theresa, abstractedly; “but it is not fair to betray his secret, till he chuses to discover himself.”

“Dear me, how pale you look! I fear you are not well, Miss Manners,” said Gertrude Howard.

“I am not very well,” replied she, “this balcony is so hot.”

“Hot! I feel like a fragment of the North Pole.”

“The fact is,” whispered Theresa, “I feel rather faint, and will steal quietly away; I shall be all the better for half an hour in my own room.”

She rose accordingly, and glided out unperceived by all but Cosmo, who followed her into the gallery.

“Theresa! can I get you anything? you don’t seem well,” said he.

“Nothing, dear, thank you! but pray go back, and don’t say anything about me; I shall be better in a few minutes—the din and clang of the amphitheatre has given me a head-ache, that’s all!”

“I’ll go for mamma’s eau-de-luce.”

“No, don’t, dear; I have some in my own room.”

“Oh, very well! but I hope you’ll be able to come down to dinner, or else there will be no one there that I care for—for though I like Miss Howard very well, and she is very pretty, and all that, yet I do not love her as I do you. There is poor Johndina to be sure, but then she’s not let to stir or move, and can’t answer my questions as you do; I know I’m very ignorant, and I’m ashamed to ask any one else the things I ask you—not even uncle Marmaduke, for he laughs at me, and you never do.”

“Nor never will, my poor boy,” said she, with a faint smile, “but go, dear, now, for Lady John may want you.”

As soon as Cosmo had returned to the tournament, Theresa walked hastily on till she came to the large staircase, which she descended, and crossed the hall to the other staircase that lead to the gallery, wherein her own room was situated; two or three times she stopped and listened, but the house was painfully quiet. The beating of her own heart was the only sound she heard, save when occasionally a dull and distant echo of the noise in the amphitheatre broke on her ear. She stopped before Cecil’s door—there was evidently no one with him, at least she heard no voices, and she had

seen Marmaduke and the unknown knight return before she had ventured to leave the balcony : she knocked gently at the door, but receiving no answer, knocked again, louder than before.

“ Who’s there ? ” thundered Cecil.

“ It’s me—Theresa—do let me in ! ” and she turned the handle of the door, but it was locked.

“ Oh Miss Manners,” said he, with a bitter laugh, which was rendered more discordant by the clanking of his armour, as he walked towards the door, and added—“ Mr. Stuart Vernon, the unknown, or rather the well-known—too well known knight is not here ! so your anxiety must seek him elsewhere.”

“ Cecil ! dear Cecil ! do open the door.”

“ Excuse me, Miss Manners, you should be glad of any barrier between you and such a fool, as could believe himself the sole occupant of a heart so vast as yours, and which is consequently capable of containing so many.”

“ This, then, is the result of all your promises—all your solemn vows ? ” sobbed Theresa.

“ No one should know better than Miss Manners, that vows are things to be violated at pleasure.”

“ Cecil ! you are mad ! ”

“ Oh ! so you triumph in your work, do you ? ha ! ha ! ha ! it’s a pretty pastime, truly.”

“ Dear, dear Cecil ! on my knees I ask you to open the door ! ”

“ What ! is the honourable ! most honourable Horace Stuart Vernon such a recreant, as to require you to kneel to him, that you come first to practise at my door— ? ”

“ Cecil ! once for all ! do you remember your stipulation ? ‘ if ever you detect the slightest tinge of jealousy in me, you may.’ ”

“ Discard me without note or comment,” interrupted he in a hurried voice, almost inarticulate from excitement—“ perfectly ! I perfectly remember it ! and am ready to abide by it ; I want no explanation of, nor any note or comment, on what is so very plain.”

“ You will be sorry for this when it is too late,” murmured Theresa, in a broken voice, as she buried her face in her handkerchief, and left his door, to shut herself up in her own room.

Those who have ever (and it is to be hoped the number is few), wantonly flung from them the one heart that really loved them—for, to the life of each, there is never allotted more than one—the affections of all others being but counterfeits that

“ Come like shadows, so depart,”

those alone can comprehend Cecil’s feeling, as he heard the echo of Theresa’s retreating footsteps. He had rashly, and in spite of every warning, both from her and from his better self, passed the Rubicon of fate, that divides happiness from misery, and seemed to awake from the shock on the other side, in an eternity of desolation.

He sat in a sort of stupor, till long after the night had closed in ; he neither felt nor thought, for his heart seemed numbed ; nor was it till the music from the ball-room broke upon his ear, that he recovered even his external senses : all the events of the last few hours crowded on his memory in vague confusion, like the reminiscences of a horrid dream ; and a plentiful flood of tears at once restored him to consciousness and torture.

“ Good God ! what have I done ? ” said he, clasping his hands. “ Was I mad, after all ?—that man, that I have so hated and would have annihilated, may have been nothing more than a part of the pageant, instituted in the plenitude of poor Sir Romulus’s absurdity—and Theresa may have been bound by him to keep up the mystery ! If so, how she must despise me ! Her forgiveness I cannot—dare not ask !—no, no, there is nothing left for me but to leave this as soon as possible—and go and be miserable for the rest of my life. Theresa !—Theresa ! you know not—you never can know how deeply—how madly—how wildly I adore you ! And yet she knelt to me, and I spurned her !—madman, brute that I was ! ” and here a fresh flood of tears came to his relief. “ At all events,” thought he, rising and ringing the bell, on his way to unlock the door, “ I may take one last look at her. Girouette,” said Cecil, leaving the room as his servant entered, “ I have got letters that oblige me to go to London immediately ; so pack up my things as soon as possible, and order a post-chaise to be here at eleven to-night.”

“ Whew ! ” whistled Girouette, when his master had left the room, shrugging his shoulders, and throwing open all the wardrobes. “ Quelle maison pour les dépit amoureux ! Dere is pauvre Mademoiselle Perpignon always in de loave fever, and now I can see by him eye dat my mastere be in a loave storm dat shall all have blow over when I have had de trobel to pack all his tings. I knew dere should be someting extraordinaire to happen, when I see Saire Romulus debout dis morning, walking about comme un homme naturel ! Ciel ! mais j’étais confondu ! ” And Girouette continued to soliloquise in what he called English, being very vain of the proficiency he had made in that language during his stay at Bubble Hall.

What convenient things vizards must have been ! People now-a-days can only mask their faces with words. Cecil pulled his down as he entered the ball-room. Sir Romulus was standing near the door.

“ Ah—I’m glad to see they’ve put you together again so soon,” said he, and added, in a whisper, “ Do you know, I was in a sad fright about your cork leg all the time you were tilting—um—um—um—it would have been a very serious thing, my dear, if the stump had got additionally injured.”

“ Once for all, my dear sir, I do assure you, that I have no cork leg.”

“Um—um—um, my dear Howard, you are additionally steeled just now against truth. Very genteel looking girl your sister.”

“Do you know,” said Cecil, “who my antagonist was?”

“Haven’t an idea—haven’t an idea;—no one has yet seen his face. But the Algerine keeps it up capitally—capitally! I know one thing—he seems very attentive to Theresa.”

This was precisely what Mr. Howard did not want to know : so he walked on, and in the doorway, leading to the drawing-room, met the Duke of Arlington.

“This is the prettiest fancy ball I ever saw,” said the Duke.

“Very pretty,” said Cecil. “But has your Grace any commands to London?—for I am obliged to go to-night.”

“To-night!” echoed the Duke. “I am glad you have told me; for there is a little matter of business I wished to consult you about,” added he, taking Cecil on one side. “The fact is, Mr. Howard, I am in sad want of a private secretary. May I venture to hope that I shall find one in you? If so, I will endeavour to leave as much leisure at your disposal as possible.”

“There is no post that your Grace could have offered me,” bowed Cecil, “that I should feel so much pride and pleasure in filling.”

“But,” rejoined the Duke, “you are not perhaps aware of all it will entail upon you? It is absolutely necessary that my private secretary should live in my house.”

“That,” said Cecil, who felt to the fullest extent the delicacy of the Duke’s kindness in the method he had adopted of providing him with a home,—“that, by adding pleasure to honour, is only enhancing my obligations and my gratitude to your Grace.”

“Well, then,” said the Duke, extending his hand to him, “have the goodness to drive to Arlington House at once; and will you tell them that we shall be in town this day week? Oh, by-the-bye, the Duchess will be very happy to give Miss Howard a seat in her carriage back to London.”

Cecil tried to express his thanks, but his heart was too full to speak; so once more bowing to the Duke, he passed on in search of Theresa. “But yesterday,” thought he, “and how she would have rejoiced at so fair a dawn of my—then it would have been our—future prospects! But now, I have no prospects. Would I had no future!” So thinking, he walked on amid the different gay groups in quest of Theresa, but for some time in vain. At length, just as he was about to relinquish his search, he perceived her in the conservatory; her back was towards him, and the knight of the Star of the East, whose jewel blazed with double splendour beneath the artificial light, seemed busily explaining to her some points about a tea-rose, that had lately been added to her collection. Cecil entered noiselessly, and walked on behind the shelter of some large

heaths and magnolias, till he came opposite to where Theresa stood. She was pale as the beautiful and delicate flower whose leaves rested on her hand. Cecil's heart stood still, as if to gather up her last looks. The unknown knight continued to keep his vizor down.

"How pretty Waller's lines upon a rose are," said Theresa, listlessly, as though her thoughts (as was really the case) were far distant from her words.

"I know some, by another old poet, far prettier," said the unknown knight; "I believe Belinda is the heroine, but I'll transpose it to Theresa;—

Theresa, see from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell,
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impaired in hue or smell?
So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?' "

The voice that uttered these lines was familiar to Cecil's ear; but he was too excited, bewildered, and indignant, clearly to remember to whom it belonged. The tone was certainly not that of a lover, even his distempered judgment was obliged to admit: but then, what impertinent familiarity from a man who must be almost, if not quite, a stranger to her! As usual, hurried away by the impulse of the moment, he was on the point of rushing forward and forcibly raising the vizor of the unknown knight, when Theresa, unasked, unoffered, put her arm through that of the stranger and said, "Come, let us go and see what they are about in the ball-room." They walked out of the conservatory together, and Cecil, from his ambush, followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, when he flung open a door that opened on the lawn, and rushed into the air. He took off his helmet and walked along hastily for some time, greedily inhaling the cold clear air. The darkest thread in the web of fate is the first moment that tells us

"We have dreamt—we must waken, and never
Recall the fond visions of youth."

* * * * *

The eternal stars shone out brightly and calmly as ever, instinct with the destinies of the countless millions that had been, were, and were to be! but the waning of the young moon warned Cecil that the night was getting on. He had walked through a dark avenue till he found himself in the park by the Moorish colonnade; he entered the now deserted amphitheatre, which was in darkness, save where the oblique rays of the moon and stars fell upon some glittering piece of armour in the armoury; the gallery door having also been left open in one of the balconies, the light from it streamed down in a focus upon the summit of one of the mimic mountains of San

Marino, and produced a strangely shadowy and mysterious effect. "Ah," thought Cecil, looking athwart the surrounding gloom, "how full of feelings, thoughts, hopes, fears, mirth, and movement you were a few short hours ago!—how still and desolate you are now! You are but an epitome of the quick changes of the human heart; one moment overflowing with all that hope and happiness can give; gorgeous with the bright pageants of imagination, and harmonious with the music of sweet thoughts; the next, void and dark! But there is this difference between you—you are calm and unscathed in your desertion, whereas joy never quits the heart without sorrow entering to take its place. He walked mechanically up into the balcony, and kneeling down by the chair, where Theresa had sat, burst into a paroxysm of tears. "They are not the first, nor won't be the last," said he at length, rising and walking hastily into the gallery, where he perceived that something hung from his arm: it was a small blue crape scarf that Theresa had worn that morning. "You are kinder than your mistress," thought he, as he kissed it again and again, and placed it in his bosom, "for you cling to me still!" When he arrived at his own room, he found Girouette sitting on a port-manteau, neither sleeping nor waking, but nodding in "a fond space" between the two, with a travelling cap on his head, and an old number of the "Charivari" in his hand.

"Ah! ça," said he, regaining his feet; "so Monsieur, no go to-night after all?"

"What put that into your head?" asked Cecil. "I'm going this very moment, so wheel over the writing-table—help me off with this armour, and give me my fur surtout."

"Oh pardon, Monsieur," said Girouette, as he executed all these orders in the rotation they were given.

Cecil wrote a short note to Sir Romulus, thanking him and Lady Bubble for their hospitality, and regretting that business of importance required his immediate presence in London, where he hoped they would always command him if he could be of any use. He then wrote another, longer, and more affectionate, to Marmaduke, telling him of the Duke of Arlington's kindness, promising to write to him soon, and begging his best wishes to all the ladies of the family. Having sealed them, and won golden opinions from all the servants, and taken a personal and most affectionate leave of poor Trip, while he in vain tried to coax Bruno away from his nightly post at Theresa's door, and was therefore obliged to leave him, in less than another hour, Cecil Howard was seven miles on his road to London!

Tired with the exertions of the day, the guests separated soon after mid-night—the Unknown Knight alone remaining. In the midst of Sir Romulus's self-gratulations upon the tournament having gone off so well, Fenton brought in Cecil's two notes. "That

delightful," cried Marmaduke, on reading his, in allusion to the Duke of Arlington's kindness; while Sir Romulus, on the contrary, bumble-bee'd his displeasure by saying—"Um—um—um—the Algerine should not have gone away without saying one word to any of us."

"No, it was not putty of him after being here so long," deprecated Lady John.

"Oh, not only that, but I would have given him Town's Submarine Railroad plan; and it would have been the making of him! had he presented it at the Home-Office; besides, it would have delighted the Duke, with my notes and all the pleasantries and fun I have thrown into it. Um—um—um—very wrong of him."

"Oh dear, I quite agree with you, Romulus; and, do you know, I really believe he actually went away without taking any supper! Now, I should be sorry to say a word against the young man that was not strictly true, but I've my reasons for what I say, for I was in the supper-room above twenty times to-night (of course to see that the company had all they wished), and I'm confident I never saw him once!"

"Ith Mithter Howard gone, Romuluth?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am, to London."

"To Lunnun!" rejoined she, scratching her left ear; "oh, then I hope Nettletop put him up something to ate; for Lunnun ith not like Dublin, you know—ith a mighty quare plathe for getting any thing in, I belave; and I'd be thorry the poor young man wanted anything; for, do you know, I think him a mighty purty young man."

"I think he might have stay'd for our wedding," giggled Miss Lucy, twisting her ringlets.

"Ah, just so—just so—a"—

"I think all the people have gone mad to-day," said Sir Romulus, "for there's that Algerine, McPhin, has never come back yet."

"Poor fellow," said Marmaduke, who had sundry misgivings about Mr. McPhin's absence, which were increased to certainty when a whole fortnight elapsed without his making his appearance.

"So many departures require at least one arrival to balance them," said the unknown knight, raising his vizor, walking round, and very tenderly embracing the old lady.

"Ah! get away—will you—who on earth are you? I declare I don't know whath come to the men now-a-days," screamed Mrs. Manners; but raising her eyes to the face of the knight, added, "Oh!—ith you Mithter Ormond; then, upon my word, you're old enough to know better."

"I could not know better than my own mother," said he, affectionately pressing the old lady's hand. "I am not Mr. Ormond, but your son Lionel, mad-cap as you used to call me some five-and-

thirty years ago." Here the old lady embraced her son, as did Lady Bubble; the former laughing and crying alternately, and filling up the interstices with, "Oh! indade, you were alwayth a wild odd fellow, Lionel; and exthacly wan (one) inch and a half taller than Lord Edward Fizgarld, the year of the Rebellion; now poor Percy, Theresa's father, wath two inches shorter, which uthed to make the boyth in Sthavens (Stephens) green thay, that you had too much *manners* and Parthy too little."

The whole family now crowded round Lionel Manners—overwhelming him with questions—which as soon as they would allow him to speak, he answered as follows:—

"Had not Marmaduke kindly asked me to the house," said he, "I should have contrived to get here; but having been absent so many years, the whim took me to know you before you knew me; for which reason I took up my abode at the Talbot, and, from my inquiries about you in the neighbourhood, heard a pretty good character of you all, more or less. I next resolved upon stealing a niece to take back to India with me. Lucy is going to be married, and I've no doubt her sister will soon do the same."

"Oh, the Algerines so beset me about her," said Sir Romulus, looking at his wife for approbation, "that I don't know which to answer first."

"Well, then," resumed Lionel, "Theresa is the only one that remains for me. I confess, I let her into my secrets three weeks ago, and now, like a true woman, she wants another fortnight before she can make up her mind to give me a definitive answer; and this delay cannot be on account of that Governor-General of all lady's movements—dress, for that was all provided three months ago, for whoever should come out with me."

"And are you really going to return to India—and so soon, Lionel?" asked Lady Bubble.

"I must go back for two years, at least," said he, "and then I shall return and live and die amongst you, if I am not gathered to my fathers before."

Day dawned before the family separated, so much had they to ask and to hear; and the old lady said, as she leant on her long-absent son, going up stairs:

"I knew there was something remarkable about you, Lionel, by my liking you so much when you were Mithter Ormond."

While Miss Prudence said, as she parted from him at her own door—"Oh dear, I hope you have ordered plenty of Hodgson's brown stout and pale ale, which I see advertised—specially for going out to Inja."

The ensuing fortnight was a weary one to Theresa; she watched the opening of every door with painful and breathless anxiety, in

the hope that it would bring a letter or some tidings of Cecil—but none came!

Mr. Manners had very soon perceived his love for her; and discovered what was equally plain, the ungovernable jealousy of his temper: he spared his niece the embarrassment of confessing it to him, by himself acquainting her with it; adding, at the same time, that he was willing to do everything to promote their union, by amply providing for them, if once he could be convinced that Cecil was effectually cured of his absurd jealousy—for if not, it would be sealing Theresa's misery, to link her fate with his. The scene at the tournament was then planned by him, to test Cecil's fervent protestations of reform—and the result has been seen.

When Cecil reached London, he felt as if he had been out of his senses, and had suddenly regained them. When the folly, the injustice of his conduct stared him appallingly in the face, he felt so humiliated, that he dared not write to Theresa. "She would despise me!" said he, "for after what has passed, how could she believe anything I would say?" upon this, anything but comfortable reflection, he sat down, determined to await the will of fate.

The fortnight at length passed, and Theresa still begged for another day! but that went, as the succeeding ones had done, without bringing anything. At last the day arrived that she was to quit the home and companions of her childhood; and, with the exception of Marmaduke, she regretted the former more than the latter. In quitting inanimate things that we have loved, or that we have tended, there seems a voiceless reproach about them, that goes straight to the heart; whereas, with the human beings who profess to love us most, we know that others will soon supply our place in their wants, which is the high-road to their affections—and to them we may return: but the flowers we have watered, the air we have breathed, when we leave them, it is for ever! we may return, but they have passed away, and no longer exist, but in the shadowy land of the things that were.

After Theresa had taken leave of them all (feeling, to her astonishment, that she even loved Miss Prudence better than she had had any idea of), and imprinted the last kiss on Marmaduke's silver hair, she went to the little morning-room up stairs, where Cecil had first told her he loved her—for that spot, be it where it may, is always hallowed ground to the heart—and there she knelt down and breathed the last prayer she should breathe in that house for him! She had left a letter and some music with Marmaduke for him, but begged he would not send it till after she had sailed. If Theresa's eyes were red and swollen as she whirled rapidly along the road to London, it was nothing unusual; for most women verify the Persian proverb of—"I cried the day I was born, and every day shows why."

Mr. Manners went to the Green Park Hotel, which was strange, considering that Arlington House was in Piccadilly.

As Theresa was standing one morning in the window, and her dress-maker had just been announced, her attention was arrested by seeing a very pretty woman stop at the door of the hotel, and leave a card; she was about to drive away, when Cecil Howard passed. The lady kissed her hand to him with great empressement, and he apparently nothing loath, stopped, and leaning on the carriage, entered into conversation with her.

"What a pretty person," said Theresa aloud, with more agitation than she could control; "I wonder who she is?"

"That ma'am," replied Madame Valley Hirondal, the dress-maker, "is Lord St. Quinten's carriage, and that lady is his daughter, Lady Annette Lovell. She is very pretty; I have the honour of working for her ladyship. There was a report some time ago, that she was to be married to old Sir Headworth Clavering: Lord St. Quinten wished it because he was so rich; but they do say that her ladyship likes Mr. Howard—the handsome Mr. Howard, Lord John Bubble's nephew—and that he is desperately in love with her. Thank you, ma'am, that will do, I only wanted the measure of your waist; I see you are tired standing; sorry to have detained you so long, but you shall have every thing home punctually at six o'clock this evening," and Madame Valley Hirondal curtsied herself out of the room.

Two days afterwards Theresa Manners sailed for India.

CHAPTER XX.

"Happy is the wooing
That's not long a doing."

Pennyboy, jun. "Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?"

Picklock. "No, it is a thing of greater consequence,
Than to be borne about in a black box,
Like a low country vorloff, or Welsh brief."

The Staple of News by BEN JONSON.

MR. MC PHIN FLIES FROM ONE DUN TO ANOTHER.—OUT OF EVIL COMES GOOD.—THE DARKEST NIGHT MAY BE SUCCEEDED BY A BRIGHT MORROW.—MR. MC PHIN RETURNS IN STATE TO BUBBLE HALL.

TRUE glory is not acquired by grasping at power and opulence, but by sacrificing our own interest to that of our country. Therefore had Mr. McPhin achieved true glory, in the sacrifices he had made of his personal interests and comforts, to that great national improvement, the Sub-marine Railroad, by the moneys he had, at different times, advanced to Mr. Tristran Town, amounting in all to 200*l.*, and which Mr. Town had made repeated promises to refund by a certain day; but these promises having been as often

broken as made, Mr. McPhin at length received official information, that unless the sums were repaid to the person from whom he, in his turn, had borrowed them, he certainly should be made acquainted with the internal comforts of the county jail, on the morning of the 14th of January¹. Now Mr. McPhin, who, with a glow of proper pride, thought any thing better than bringing such a scandal on the Bubble family, as to have the preceptor of the heir of all its honours incarcerated in a jail, resolved upon a temporary eclipse, the different phases of which we will forthwith detail; for although we cannot suppose that every one takes such an interest in him as Mademoiselle Perpignon, yet we do hope that he is not altogether an object of indifference, if it were only from being an apostate from that faith,

“Whose martyrs are a broken heart.”

Young ladies, no doubt, are anxious to know how many pocket-handkerchiefs Mr. Howard has used since Miss Manners sailed for India, or whether it is possible that he has dried his tears in the sunshine of Lady Annette Lovell's eyes. But, as an able writer and profound thinker² has remarked, “love is, at one time or other, the important business of each individual,” we will send Mr. Howard about his business till the next chapter, and go back to the morning upon which Mr. McPhin became invisible. He had been in the habit of arranging a ‘*Memoria Technica*’ for Cosmo, so that the word “jailor” naturally suggested the euphaneous pendant of “tailor!” and lo! amid the crowd of disagreeable things that thronged his brain, up popped the welcome vision of Archy Dunn: he was in the high-road at the time, not reflecting upon the dangerous candour of such a locale for a man in his situation; but no sooner had the remembrance of Archy limped across his imagination than prudence cried halt! and, coming to a full stop for about a minute, he darted with a sort of shoulder-tapping impetus down a secluded lane that led to Dunderhead Common. It was yet early when he reached it; and, luckily, the doors of all the five houses were shut; but the dimity curtain of Archy's window being gracefully festooned, displayed him on his board rejuvenating a pair of corduroys, while, to lighten his labour, he was singing the old Scotch song of—

“My dame has a lame, tame crame,—”

Singing, we must acknowledge in confidence (for we hope it will go no further), was not Mr. Dunn's forte; for the obliquity of his vision, and the lameness of his gait, seemed to have reached his voice for the purpose of chaunting a very inharmonious duo. On account of this “chamber concert,” and the trepidation of his

¹ This was before that great, but somewhat egotistical, Whig measure, the “Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt,” which left the Whigs more indebted to the country, than the country can ever be to them.

² Gilding.

own knuckles, Mr. McPhin had to knock twice before his appeal reached Archy's ear, who, instead of rising to open the door, contented himself with plying his needle the more assiduously and crying out—

“They are nae done, John Brough, ond ye conna have them before evening;—to look at the knees, a godly-minded Christian wad foncey that ye had knelt a month of Sundays; but frae the symptoms in an ither perte, where your ain eyes canna reach, yer hobits might pass for sedentary ond observing. Ye'd find buckskin a deal mair conscientious wear thon cords for ain of yer calling.”

“For pity's sake don't be talking of cords, Archy,” expostulated Mr. McPhin, “but let me in.”

“Eh, sir! is it you?” cried Archy, jumping off the board and opening the door. “I dinna ken that I can ever look you straight in the face after mistaking you for the greatest scoondrel in this ilk—John Brough.”

“I don't think ye ever will look me straight in the face, Archy,” sighed Mr. McPhin, sinking into a chair; “but if you'll save me from a contemptible little rascal, I'll forgive you for mistaking me for the greatest.”

Hereupon Mr. McPhin detailed to Archy the whole of Mr. Town's conduct, and the nature of his own present embarrassment, which affected Mr. Dunn to tears.

“Eh, sir!” said he, “my pure hoose is ot yer sarvice, ond would I could raise the siller for ye; but eighty-sax poonds are all I hove in the world—the laird ond your goodness be praised, sir—ond they are heartily ot yer sarvice. But, then, well-a-day, they are a twelve-months journey, or mair, frae twa hundred poonds—the extortioning villain! I should hove colculated thot it wad have taken a prance of the bloode to spend sic a sum!”

“Thank you, Archy,” replied his patron, “but I certainly have not come here to rob you, and, therefore, would not take your money if you had it; but for house-room I shall be very grateful till I can find some means of making Mr. Town pay me; not that I intend to be a burden upon you; therefore, I shall”—

“Not be sae unnateral as to offer me siller, I hope, sir?” interrupted Archy, clasping his hands, with a look of horror.

“Not exactly, Archy; but I cannot eat the bread of idleness. And if you had a spare room, I would take pupils—if I could get them.”

“Nae fear of that, sir,” said Archy, rubbing his hands, as he limped to the farther end of the apartment they were then in, and beckoning to his patron to follow, ascended three steps, when he triumphantly threw open the door of a tolerably large but perfectly bare room, containing three rush-bottom chairs and a square deal table, upon which reposed sundry pieces of cloth and serge: a large

grate, for burning wood, formed a parenthesis in one side of the white-washed wall, which, notwithstanding the graceful ornament of two yellow paper fly-traps suspended from the ceiling, had suffered much from the black slanders of those winged busy-bodies, the flies; one large uncurtained window, of small square panes of glass, looking out upon a small piece of ground commanding an extensive view of the common, bounded by low stone walls, and filled with cabbages and dwarf gooseberry bushes; the former much frost-bitten, and the latter leafless; were what rendered this apartment, in Archy's opinion, particularly cheerful, and capable of counteracting any gloom the Academus shades of learning were calculated to inspire. There was also a preponderating odour of lath and plaster, from the fact of Mr. Dunn's never having inhabited the room since his 'sejour' on Dunderhead Common; which, in his opinion, were synonymous with comfort and cleanliness!"

"I nae object, sir, to yer taking pupils," said Archy, "for it must be as painful to you to keep all yer larning to yourself, as it wad be to a cow to keep all its milk; and" added he, looking round exultingly, "though I say it, that ought not to say it, ye could nae be better fitted for a school-room, there is such a fine open space for chastisement."

And here Mr. Dunn "suited the action to the word," by throwing out his arms first, as if he was swimming, and then raising his right arm flourishingly in the air, and bringing it down with great force upon the imaginary form of some refractory tyro.

Mr. McPhin looked round, and his teeth began to chatter. "Hoot! ye'll nae feel the cold, sir, when ye begin to axerceese yer calling." Another flagellatory flourish of the right arm accompanied this last axiom of Archy's, which Mr. McPhin mechanically imitated, not so much to keep his hand in as to try and get it warm.

"But I perceive, sir, yer cold, sae we'll hove a fire, and some breakfast. Yer luck is not all on 'the wrang side' either, for Sondy Murray, Effie's father, ye ken, sir, sent me seeveral yards of kepper salmon, by Fogey McSnips, the Inverness pedlar, that ye may remember meeting ain day on the Calton, when ye ware condescending to give me some of that odvice from the ancients, which has got me on so in the warld, ond made me what I om!"

"Than yer thankful for sma mercies, Archy."

"Thot's vary weel of you to say, honored sir," said poor Archy, guiltless of the equivoque, "but they're os great wi me os ever. Fogey McSnips hod also the civility to let his memory take the measure of my large block half-gallon bottle, that Dr. Andrew Dryskull of Perth gave me. Ye ken the doctor, sir? who cured me in thot miraculous monner of a ain-ond-twenty day's fever, by just looking ot me, when I told him I could nae afford ony physic. To be sure, Sondy Murray lent me a peel or twa, that he hod asked

the laird of Baubee for ; but, as they were for the gout, they could have hod nae effec upon the fever ; sae I attributed my recovery, and always shall, to Dr. Dryskull's skeel ; but I was ganging to tell ye, sir, that Fogey McSnips hod christened my large block bottle with the right sincare thing, as gude Fairntosh, os ever ye drank in Scotland."

"Effie! Effie! ye foggot," screamed Mr. Dunn, descending the three steps, opening a small door on the left, and exerting his lungs to the utmost, "Effie! ye foggot, bring some wood directly to mak a fire in the great room ; and then just step over to the Pug and Primrose, and osk Patty (for dinna interrupt Mrs. Fine), on account of the marcifu delivrance she hos hod (the Laird be praised), but see Patty yer sel, ond tell her, to send me a grain of the best tea, ond some lump sugar, ond as much cream as she con spare, ond I'll account with Mrs. Fine for it os soon os she's able to attend to business ; ond mind, lassie, that yer nae os lang as if ye were fording Loch Leven in a storm—but the fire first. Ond ye'll underston yer not to let on that a mortal soul¹ hos been here, excep John Brough for his corduroys.

Effie, a raw-boned, red-haired, red-legged, partridge, no—Scotch girl, now, strode into the room, with a burning brand before her, which smoked the whole apartment, and set her own eyes streaming. Mr. Dunn took this opportunity of continuing his lecture upon discretion. "Yer father is a decent, trust-warthy, re-sarved mon, as ever drew the breath of life. Sae remember, Effie, if ever ye let it escape, thot Mr. McPhin hos done me the honour of coming on a visit to me, just to amuse himself, ond a few items of that sort, ye may expect to hove yer mouth fine-drawn the next minute ; ond I'll charge ye naething for doing it, but send ye packing back to Inverness with Fogey McSnips, wha's to be on the tramp in sax weeks frae this."

"Indeed, sir," whimpered Effie, "I dinna want to say a breath of Muster McPhin ; but, in regard to ganging bock to Inverness, I'd fute it ilka step o' the way (not with Fogey McSnips tho',—for—for a' his ribbons, prents, and flowered coltons, I conna like a bone in his skin) ; but I'm almost daft here with the dullness ; augh, they dinna even speak like christians, it a' sounds to me like witch jabber, except the cots and dogs, just wha have the same sensible discoorse a' the world over."

"Hoot! lassie, dinna you be jabbering here before yer betters, but off wi' ye, ond bock wi' ye before either lightning or thought can get the start of ye."

Effie vanished, and by the speediness of her return, laden with all she had gone for, seemed to have followed her master's orders

¹ This was merely a peculiarity of diction in Mr. Dunn, for he was no infidel, but a man of most capacious faith in all things.

to the letter. As the faggots blazed, and the tea circulated, to say nothing of Dr. Andrew Dryskull's black bottle (the chargé d'affaires from Fogey McSnips's still), which was by no means an idle member of the community, Mr. McPhin's caloric rose, and with it his spirits, into a tone of philosophical equanimity, that was almost prison-proof; while Archy, who himself played the 'rôle' of 'chef' to the kepper salmon, every moment he could spare from the grid-iron, addressed some crumbs of comfort, or interrogations of indignation, to his patron.

"God bless me, sir! it's astonishing to me—but ye've naething on yer plate."

"Not a bit more, thank ye, Archy. I've feasted like a king, and shall get os fat os a fool if I live long with you."

"Would I hod wherewitha' to burst ye wi' sir—but ainly this wee stitch near the tail."

"Couldn't indeed, thank you, Archy."

"Just speer ot it, sir, and ye conna say nae; for it wad tempt its ain father (always supposing that he's nae been eaten lang syne) to stop in the midst of the merriest leap he ever took doon the Clyde."

"Exactly so, Archy; and it tempts me to stop, for I can eat no more; as it is, I fear I shall be obliged to provide the rest of the gentlemen with water all day."

"The dear forbid, sir! when yander stonds Dr. Andrew Dryskull's infollible remedy against thirst," chuckled Archy, while his solitary eye blinked and fluttered at this rare conceit like a firefly.

"But sir, I was ganging to observe to you," resumed he, introducing the piece of kipper salmon, which Mr. McPhin had rejected, to the acquaintance of a piece of cold butter, and finally conveying the 'happy pair' to his mouth, which followed as they were by a large piece of bread, by no means added to the clearness and perspicuity of his enunciation—"but, sir, I was ganging to observe to you, that I wonder how the 'quality' con associate wi' ond coontenance sic swindling villains as Muster Toon!"

"Alas! Archy, one generation but walks in the steps of another: there are no Columbus's in worldly honour. Custom is a fox and equity a lion; the former is the commoner animal of the two—and it has been the custom of all ages for knaves to get as much as they can out of fools."

"Eh sir, vary true; but mair shame to those who support the knaves. I tak it, sir, that villainy of all sorts, like on infant, canna stond alone, ond but for the support of others, would soon fall ond be trampled on."

"Exactly so, Archy; for nothing can hurt the reputation of a man who maintains his credit in his own society."

"Thon again I say, mair shame to the society that lends a helping hond to maintaining a scoondrel!"

“I am of your way of thinking, Archy. But it is not altogether the world’s fault : the world, I take it, is a very just world, when it has acquired that most difficult to be come at of all knowledge—the truth. But then, you see, apparent candour is the sublime of hypocrisy, and most cheats excel in this ; consequently, the majority are gulled into thinking well of evil-doers ; and as for the minority, who are not in the least deceived by them, they find it expedient, either from general policy, convenience, or abstract interest, to support them ; and, in their turn affecting the sublime, proclaim their pet villains angels : and so the monstrous fiction gathers from one mouth to another, till, upon A’s assertion (the most honourable (!) but interested of men), B, the most unmitigated of scoundrels, is proclaimed a paragon of virtue and propriety. Archy, but it’s a weary world, and I wish you’d fit me for anither.”

“Eh, sir,” sighed Archy, “naething but the influence of a proper spirit can do thot.”

The subject was a dry one, and Mr. McPhin intuitively helped himself to some of Dr. Dryskull’s specific against thirst.

“What might ye think of this room, sir?—but I fear the plaster is unpleasantly new.”

“By no means,” said Mr. McPhin, following the example of the whisky he had taken, and rising, placing as he did so his right hand oratorically in his bosom, and giving a sweeping look of great dignity round the room—“by no means ; there is much Greek simplicity and correctness about it—ahem—ahem—the architects employed by Pericles were possessed of consummate skill in their calling, and Phidias was his overseer. The artificers in the various branches were emulous to excel the materials by their workmanship. To the grandeur of proportion was added exquisite form and grace. The vigour of one administration accomplished what appeared to require the united efforts of many ; yet each fabric was as mature in perfection, as if it had been long in finishing. Plutarch affirms, that in his time the structures of Pericles alone demonstrated the relations of the ancient power and wealth of Hellas not to be romantic. In their character was an excellence peculiar and unparalleled ; even then they retained all their original beauty—a certain freshness bloomed upon them, and preserved their faces uninjured, as if they possessed a never-fading spirit, and had a soul insensible to age !”

Now, the fact was, the last thing Mr. McPhin had been reading with Cosmo was that very charming book, ‘Chandler’s Tour in Greece,’ and his memory, touched as it were ‘by a spirit divine,’ poured forth the foregoing flood of eloquence. What similitude there could possibly be between poor Archy’s humble tenement, shaking beneath every blast, and the time-defying splendours of the Acropolis, it is not easy to guess, except that extremes meet ;—

but this very circumstance only made Mr. McPhin's imagination, like Archy's surprise, the greater.

"Eh, sir! but it's os gude os a booke to hear you talk! It's not mony, I tak it, thot ye'd find skeeled in such astrological discoorse excep, may be, just Maister Booble ond ain or twa mair."

With that modesty which ever accompanies real merit, Mr. McPhin waved the compliment by changing the conversation; and hinting to Archy that before he could enter upon his scholastic duties, a few books and clothes would be absolutely necessary; and as every one about the Hall would be occupied with the tournament, it would be easy for Archy to penetrate unobserved into the seclusion of his chamber, and secure the necessary articles. Mr. Dunn, who had great talents for diplomacy, though no liar, instantly organized a plan for borrowing Mrs. Fine's tax-cart, in order to raise the siege, and storm Mr. McPhin's wardrobe; but previous to his departure, resorted to an expedient for making public the knowledge accumulated and to be acquired under his roof, which he did in the following manner. He first wrote a paper in a large text hand, announcing that—"Greek, Latin, and all sorts of learning" were taught there; this he pasted in the front window pane, and adopting Pestalozzi's plan of explaining words by things, he placed a birch-rod immediately under it. Now it so happened, that under the rod figured Archy's own 'affiche,' headed with 'Boys' clothes extremely low.' As the event proved, this sort of scholastic 'charade en action,' by infecting the youthful beholders with vague though fundamental fears, which also communicated themselves to their tender parents, deprived Mr. McPhin of many pupils he might otherwise have had; while Archy was incessantly bantered by his few neighbours upon the learning he professed to retail. At this constant mention of Greek and Latin, a crowd of mythological ideas naturally presented themselves, till he felt like a Jupiter, and putting on a terrible look with his one eye, silenced all further inquiries by sternly demanding:

"Eh, and wasn't my ain father a sculemaster, the Laird be praised!—ond wha's a better right to dale in learning thon his son?"

Archy had secured Mr. McPhin's clothes and books unperceived, and brought him word that Lord Francis Fitznoodle had taken his place at the tournament.

Mr. McPhin gave an extensive sigh, which was the exhalation of a wish that his lordship could take his place in reality, but his spoken words were merely,

"So Archy, yet met nae one? that's lucky."

"Nae ain, to signify, sir, but Dr. Damnemall, at the entrance of Gorget Lane, returning from the Pug and Pimrose, in Miss Prudence's coach, but os he was fast asleep, I dinna suppose he kenned me."

"Most likely not."

“Ot ony rate, sir, he cude nae hove dreamt what I hod in the cart.”

“Most likely not,” again asserted Mr. McPhin; and this conversation having taken place about five o’clock in the day after dinner, when Dr. Andrew Dryskull’s specific against thirst had been again resorted to, Mr. McPhin soon followed Dr. Damnemall’s example, without, however, imitating Miss Prudence’s carriage, and fell fast asleep.

Six weeks had passed away since Mr. McPhin had preserved a strict incognito in the large room at the back of Mr. Dunn’s shop; a deep melancholy seemed to have superseded the former calm philosophy of his deportment. He had three sources of grief, the first of which was a sort of hopelessness of ever being able to raise the 200*l.*, or rescue it from the clutches of Mr. Town. Marmaduke often presented himself, as his only chance, but then he shrank from spurring a free horse to death, and resolved to die in his present dilemma, rather than apply to one who did not know the meaning of the word prudence, when a fellow-creature was in distress. The second was Miss Manners’s departure for India, which Archy had brought word of, and at which the poor man had cried heartily, at the thought that he might never see her again; and the third, and last, though perhaps not the least, was the excessive stupidity of one of the only three pupils he had been able to acquire—a boy of the name of Noel, by the stagnant pool of whose inveterate dulness, the remembrance of poor Cosmo’s dormant faculties rose into shining lights, and made Mr. McPhin resolve, that should he ever have the happiness to return to Bubble Hall, the heir’s knuckles and nankeens should be alike sacred to him. His other two pupils were Irish, and had been labelled at the baptismal font, as Tim Maloney, and Pat Finigan; and though

“God had denied them common sense,
He gave them legs and impudence,—”

which enabled them to run away from school three days out of the seven, and when threatened with birch and dry bread, to tell Mr. McPhin to his face, that “they would not demane themselves by plodding from wan (one) wake’s ind to another over their grommar like Noel.”

It was after a tempestuous day with Messieurs Maloney and Finigan, that Mr. McPhin was sitting by the fire, enjoying a silent tête-à-tête with Archy, and solacing himself with Dr. Andrew Dryskull’s specific, which with necromantic power he converted into the regal flood, ycleped “Virginia water,” by the dense vapour that ever and anon issued from the white bowl of a long clay pipe. Mr. Dunn, though no conjurer, was engaged in making similar metamorphoses; but having evidently something, or more properly speaking, some things, on his mind, he kept looking wistfully

towards the door, and made several ineffectual efforts to speak, which all ended in his clearing his throat, and emptying the ashes out of his pipe with three distinct thumps upon the hob. At length he got as far as "Its vary odd."

"What's very odd, Archy?" inquired Mr. McPhin, without taking the pipe from his mouth, but merely leaving it to its own merits without further puffing.

"Naething, sir," said Archy, with some hesitation; "but Baccy always reminds me of the new warld, ond it must be a queer place, I'm thinking."

Now, it would have been evident to any one actuated by a less generous spirit than Mr. McPhin was, as he mixed his fourth tumbler of toddy, that Mr. Dunn was not thinking of the new world at all, and had, therefore, been guilty of a subterfuge according to the fashion of the old world; but his patron had never yet doubted his word, and, therefore, civilly demanded, removing his pipe to make way for his punch,—

"And what were ye thinking about it, Archy?"

"I wonder if there are ony colleges in it, or gude tailors itself?"

Mr. McPhin now for the first time that evening, looked Archy full in the face, and Dr. Andrew Dryskull's Specific having added double force to his mental, as well as physical vision (while it had evidently increased instead of diminishing Mr. Dunn's thirst for knowledge), Mr. McPhin was staggered at the 'à propos de bolles' of the question, and, not to draw too much upon his own imagination and information, replied to it from Ben Jonson's "News from the New World:"

"The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon; a castle in the air that runs upon wheelles, with a winged lanthorn."

"Eh, sir, es it possible!" and Archy's one eye seemed widening into two.

"I have seen it in print."

"Than, of coorse, sir, et must be true!"

"All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there."

"Are there ony wid women there, sir?"

"And zealous women, that will out-groan the groaning wives of Edinburgh."

"Ony lovers ond husbands, sir, os wi' us?"

"None that will hang themselves for love, or eat candles'-ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do."

"En dade, sir!"

"No; some few you shall have, that sigh, or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning."

“Eh, sir, it's maist woonderful!” cried Archy, as the pipe fell from his mouth and broke into twenty pieces, while both his hands flew upward with a galvanic motion, and as suddenly descended upon his knees.

“And there were self-lovers there, too, Archy,” resumed Mr. McPhin; “but they are all dead of late, for want of tailors.”

“Pure creatures,” sighed Archy; it only proves the truth of the proverb, sir, thot a stitch in time saves nine. But, sir, os ye seem sae knowledgable upon thot os on ither motters,” and here Mr. Dunn seemed anxious to ascertain if his nails were in perfect order, from the minute manner in which he scrutinized them, “I a wad be glod to open my heart to you. You must ken, sir, thot—thot—” but his courage failed him, and he came to a dead stop.

“That what, Archy?”

“Thot I'm thinking that I'm mair fitted for pooblic life, sir, thon ony ither;” and Mr. Dunn cleared his throat, and drew up his shirt-collar with the air of a man intuitively conscious of having said a good thing, which was made more apparent by the loud laugh with which Mr. McPhin received this intimation, while he pushed his chair back, and raised his heels nearly to the ceiling.

“And what would ye condescend to accept, Archy?” asked he at last, wiping the tears from his eyes, “the First Lordship of the Treasury, or the Chancellorship of the Exchequer?”

“I dinna clearly understond, sir; but if ye thank the Chequers wad be a gude sign, I've nae objection; ond I'm sure she'd be proud of yer choice, os I should thank she's nae hankering after the old ain.”

“Nor do I clearly understand, Archy. Pray, explain yourself.”

“Why, sir,” said Archy, pushed into bravery by extreme fear, “we intend kapping a pooblic en Loonon.”

“We!” responded his patron; “and who are we! or is it merely regal phraseology that ye are adopting, Archy?”

“Sartinly, sir; et soon will be quite legal; but Doctor Domnemall says we munna thank of it till the sax months are oot.”

“Think of what?”

Mr. Dunn looked down in amiable confusion, and nearly twisted the last button off the left side of his coat, while, with his right hand he petted his right ear, that the piece had been snipped out of, as he stammered forth,—

“Eh, sir! Mistress Fine ond I are ganging to concentrate oor sels into ain.”

“Archy!” exclaimed Mr. McPhin, backing his chair several paces, placing his hands energetically on his knees, and perusing Mr. Dunn's expressive countenance with great attention; “Archy! you've never been such a profligate as to make love to a married woman?”

“Na sir, na, nae exacly; for ye dinna call a widow ain—ond tho’ I a’ways conseedered Margey the pottern I should like for a wife, yet I naver hinted at sic a thing till the morning of the funeral, whan I told her I should like to take the gude will of Toney’s business, ond she vary sensibly obsarved, that os he had never let her alone, she should not like to be alone now.”

“I must say,” said Mr. McPhin, re-advancing his chair, “you lost no time, Archy.”

“Eh, sir, what’s the use of losing time, whan there’s a great deal to be done.”

“And when is it to be, Archy?”

“Os soon os the doctor con be brought to hear reason sir—but he haulds resolute to the sax moonths!”

“And do you mean to give up tailoring, Archy?”

“Not preceesely, sir, I may just do sufficient to mak the bairns’ clothes,” said Mr. Dunn, with a look of paternal pride; which, as there were no such children in the world as his, was very natural.

“It’s bad, Archy, reckoning one’s chickens before they are hatched—suppose they should be girls?”

“Eh, then sir, they must mak a shift withoot me; but I’m thinking sir, if the worst coomes to the worst, I can get the twa hundred poonds frae Margery.”

“You’ll do no such thing, Archy,” sighed Mr. McPhin, “but thank you all the same.”

“Eh, but it’s vary odd, he said a moonth at the langest,” soliloquized Mr. Dunn, pushing a large log of wood till it lost it’s equilibrium, and rolled out on the floor.

“Did ye screech, sir?” said Effie, putting her head in at the door.

“Nae, it’s the wind, lassie.”

But presently a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

“What an awfu night!” said Effie, as the knocking, or rather shaking of the door was again heard.

“Wha can it be knocking sae late?” cried Effie, turning very pale.

“Hoot, it’s ainly the storm trying to commit a burglary,” said Archy, re-filling his pipe.

Soon, however, he seemed to change his opinion, as a shrill whistle was heard.

“Then if it is,” said Mr. McPhin, looking a little alarmed in his turn, “it is whistling to its accomplice—the darkness!”

“It’s a’ right! it’s a’ right!” as the whistle was again heard for the third time—“it’s a’ right,” cried Archy, jumping up, and telling Effie, as he hopped round and round on one leg, to go and bring up a cold goose and a Cheddar cheese that Mrs. Fine had that morning sent, and to flit over to the Pug and Primrose for a tankard of the best double X.

“Are ye daft sir, after a’ the pilchards and toddy ye hove hod; ye’ll be making a coroner’s inquest of yer sel I’m thinking, and that will be mair sorrow for the Pug and Primrose.”

“Off wi’ you, lassie,” cried Mr. Dunn, executing another circular hop—“and I’ll see to the door.”

Effie, thinking that her master’s intellects were certainly deranged, thought it better to obey him to the letter, and therefore vanished like a flash of lightning by the back of the house, while Archy seized a candle, and limped with all possible expedition to the front door, where stooping down to the key-hole, he gave a shrill whistle, after which, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, he vociferated—

“Bode a goon o’gold¹,” but the wind was so high, that he had to repeat this twice before he received the answer from without—

“Ond ye’ll aye get the sleeve o’it.”

Whereupon, making another pirouette, Mr. Dunn undid the door, and admitted a tall figure, so enveloped, as to be scarcely defined; but who, shaking a drift of snow from a kind of gray Highland shepherd’s plaid blanket, that constituted his external garment, exclaimed—

“Hoot mon! I thought ye’d been awa at the wedding!”

Archy, who, in his present position with Mrs. Fine, began to consider the word personal, inquired with some dignity—“what wedding?”

“Why the deil’s eldest daughter is dootless bookled to-night,” laughed the new arrival, “for he’s been pelting her favours ot me for the lost twa miles across the common.”

“Put yer gibes in yer pack, Fogey, till ye tell me whether or nae ye’ve succeeded.”

“Did nae the sagnel agreed upon tell ye thot os plain os it could spek?” re-interrogated Mr. McSnips, for it was no less a personage.

“Fogey, ye may just buy ond sell me for the rest of my life,” cried Mr. Dunn, opening his arms to embrace Mr. McSnips’s waist, for they could reach no further.

“Hauld! Archy! there’s five poonds short!” said that gentleman, repelling his advances.

“Na, there’s not,” said Archy, hastily withdrawing a key from his pocket, and unlocking a high wooden office desk, that stood near the three steps leading into the inner room—“na, there’s not, for here it is!” and from an old dirty white parchment letter-case, secured by a zone of equally dirty white tape attached to the pointed end of it, he drew a 5*l.* note; when, hastily re-placing the pocket-book, and locking the desk, he cleared the three steps at one bound, and followed by Mr. McSnips, appeared before Mr. McPhin.

“Honoured sir,” said Archy, bowing down to the ground; “I

¹ Covet a gown of gold, and you’ll e’en get the sleeve of it.

am hoppy to say thot this is the lost night ye'll poss onder my roof—not but that in ain sense I could wish ye never had yon ither, but its a pure case for sic larning as your's, and please the Laird, ye'll soon hove ain mair fit to contain it, ond gang back to the Hall, for the twa hundred poonds is a' ready to release ye; ond the ainly security required, is, that ye'll tak seegnal vengeance on thot villain, Toon, uf he was seefty times chief-scribbler to my Laird John."

"Archy," said Mr. McPhin, not well knowing what to make of Mr. Dunn's address; "again I thank you—but again I tell you, that I won't take your money."

"Neither are you ganging to do so, sir—it's nae my money—it's the siller of money, wha dinna ken wha it is for, ond therefore there is nae paying back in the business, which a'ways gi's ain a remorse o' conscience aboot borrowing money. I'll just explain to you how the motter stonds. Nae hoving enoo' of my ain, ond kenning weel thot ye'd be very distant aboot it uf I hod, I consooled wi' Fogey McSnips here the very morning after ye were gude enoo' to come and see me, os to hoo we could clutch the siller; ond it strook me, thot by ganging to high ond low in Edinburgh and Perth, and taking pennies os weel os poonds, ond saying it was for a Scotch laird menaced wi' an English preeson"—

"Hold, Archy," interrupted Mr. McPhin, "how could you say I'm a laird, when I'm only a poor tutor?"

"Eh sir," said Archy, with an indescribable look of pity and reproach, waving his patron aside with one hand; "to think that I should leeve to set you right in yer Latin, and beat ye ot lodging, os ye ca' pruving things"—

"Logic, Archy."

"Weel, logic, if ye like it better, but dinna ye ken, that whenever ye used to visit the grommar-scule at Perth, the bairns a'ways ca'd ye the Dominie; and does not Dominie, a' the world over, where Latin is understood, frae the psalms doonwards, mean Laird? ond the prison perte of it there can be nae dispute aboot, os it was in plain English. Excuse me, sir," continued Archy again, waving his hand, perceiving that his patron was about to speak; "but I've ainly a few wards mair to say. For the honour of Scotland, they'd nae let a laird (as I hope I've clearly demonstrated to ye all) gang ond recreate himself in an English prison. Sae the siller was raised, ond here it is—the Laird and Fogey McSnips be praised;" and as he concluded, Mr. Dunn slapped Fogey's pack triumphantly.

"Na—na, 'tis nae there, Archy, ye wad na hove me corry twa hundred poonds aboot in a square-box, os if it were nae better than 'Chevy Chase'—'Kate of Aberdeen'—'Death ond the Lady,' or ony ither bollad, not warth a bawbee. Na, na, Fogey McSnips hos nae taken cooncil of five-and-forty years for thot;" and so saying,

Mr. McSnips began, in the expressive language of Messieurs Crib and Jackson, to peel. In height he was nearer seven than six feet, and broad in proportion from the number of waistcoats he now began to disencumber himself of, while over his knees were drawn a pair of thick broad ribbed pepper-and-salt worsted stockings, and under them were a pair of stout untanned leather gaiters—all of which made his legs proportionate supporters to so bulky a body. Unlike his countrymen in general, Mr. McSnips had lanky black or rather grizzled hair, over which when travelling, he invariably wore a Welch wig, and a round blue Highland cap; his eyes were black, small, and shrewd; his face broad, and his cheek-bones high—in short, his physiognomy was extremely like that of the laughing hyena's exhibited at fairs, “vot entices the little boys into the voods, and eats them artervords.”

As soon as Fogey had taken off about a dozen waistcoats, and deposited them all carefully and smoothly on the top of his pack, which he had previously laid on the table, surmounting the pile with his Welch wig and cap, he turned his last waistcoat, which was made of yellow plush with black spots upon it, inside out, and ripping one side with a pen-knife, next proceeded to cut some strong threads which secured a piece of brown paper, out of which he extracted a bank post bill payable to Mr. Peter McPhin, for 195*l.* sterling, which Archy seized; and slipping his own 5*l.* inside it, presented to Mr. McPhin, who in vain tried to speak; but as he pressed Archy's hand in one of his, he brushed away a tear with the other, as he turned aside his head. At length he stammered out, “Archy, how can I ever repay you?”

“Hoot, sir, did na I tell ye there was nae remorse of conscience about this money—thot its nae to be paid bock?”

“Yes, but I mean my gratitude to you, Archy—and, indeed, to Fogey,” said Mr. McPhin, extending his hand to the latter.

“If you'll obsarve the per contra side of the accoont, sir, ye'll see thot in regard to the article of grotitude, the bolance is steel on my side—sae nae mair o' thot, for I doobt if, up to the latest day I leeve, I shall ever be able to discharge it; ond os for Fogey, here, he's doon a' he hod to do vary weel—sae if ye'll just get him the coostum of the Hall, it well be what he desarves, amang a' them flock of lassies below stairs, they must often want top-knots, and the young laird is just of the age when climbing and cricket are vary distrooctive to suspenders, which Fogey could a' ways replace; ond then perhops Miss Prudence might open her heart sometimes, and gi' her gossip, Mrs. Damnemall, a gilt-chain, ond the doctor a pinchbock seal, ond this is os mooch os Fogey either desires or desarves.”

Mr. McSnips having seconded Mr. Dunn's motion, and Mr. McPhin finding that both were resolute as to not hearing him in

reply, he silently sat down to the supper which Effie now brought in. The goose did not appear one bit more tender than Mr. McPhin had ever done to Mademoiselle Perpignon, which caused Mr. Dunn to apostrophise it as follows :—

“Gin Mr. Toon war but a roasted guse before me, I’d stick my dirk into his gizzard os I now do into yours, ye deceptive auld grondmother!”

While Effie, for reasons best known to herself, contrived, in helping Mr. McSnips, to spill the ale all over his yellow plush-waistcoat, merely inquiring, by way of apology,—

“Why, conna ye keep yer eyes straight? ond then ye’d see what’s cooming, enstead of flanging them over yer shoulder avery minute, like coonjurers’ balls ot a fair?”

The next morning, at nine o’clock, a large yellow carriage appeared at Mr. Dunn’s door, being what he called a glass coach, which he had ordered from Shrewsbury. Mr. McPhin, upon seeing his books, etc. placed in it, naturally inquired the meaning of so much pomp and state, when Mr. Dunn justly observed “that there was a wide difference between a man leaving home over head and ears in debt, and returning to it abooove the world. In the former case, pedestrian journeys were not only the most suitable, but the only ones feasible; while, in the latter, people should appear, as well as be, independent.” For the second time, Mr. Dunn proved himself a better logician than his patron; and, as Archy pushed the latter into the carriage, he kept exclaiming at the top of his voice, for the good of the neighbours, while a tear was in his eye and a smile on his lip,—

“They are nae done, honoured sir, but ye shall have them, without fail, this evening, os I told ye yesterday, whan I ca’d ot the Hall. I’m sorry ye’ve hod the trooble of coming your sel about them.”

Scarcely had Mr. McPhin’s equipage driven out of sight, and Mrs. Brough’s head disappeared from her door, before Masters Finigan and Maloney made their appearance, and each, speaking as if they had a bog in their throat, inquired, “if the Masther was waiting for them?”

“Hoot! there’s nae master here noo,” said Archy. “He wad nae langer waste his voluable time on sic a set o’ ne’er-do-weels os ye, sae he started for Loonen yesterday; but he laft a flogging a-piece for ye, which, ef ye’ll come in, I’ll gi’ ye.”

The young gentlemen, not wishing to trouble him, declined Mr. Dunn’s obliging offer, and took to their heels with great velocity, not, however, before he had torn down “Greek, Latin, and all sorts of learning,” with their accompanying birch-rod, and flung it after them; this duty performed, Mr. Dunn drew his hat over his eyes, locked his hall-door, put the key in his pocket, ditto his hands, and then, with an orderly and measured step, walked over to the Pug and Primrose.

CHAPTER XXI.

“Telle est la misérable condition des hommes, qu’il leur faut chercher dans la société, des consolations aux maux de la nature, et dans la nature, des consolations aux maux de la société. Combien d’hommes n’ont trouvé, ni dans l’une ni dans l’autre, des distractions à leurs peines.”—CHAMFORT.

ALL THINGS PROSPER WITH MR. HOWARD BUT LOVE.—HE IS NOT THE MORE RATIONAL FOR BELIEVING HIMSELF SO.—MANY MONTHS INTERVENE, FRAUGHT WITH EVENTS, WHOSE END IS NOT YET.

MR. HOWARD is not the only person in the world who, by the time they have attained an enviable position, have incapacitated themselves from enjoying it,—and blessings are but blessings when we feel them to be such.—Therefore, notwithstanding the great advantages by which he was now surrounded, both in a social and political point of view, that “sunshine of the breast” which alone can make any prospect charming, was wanting. His home was, in every sense of the word, luxurious, as it afforded him the two greatest of all luxuries, leisure and liberty, with a full enjoyment of an intimacy with the most gifted and extraordinary man of the day.

The Duke of Arlington was a man greater from his talents and his virtues, than from his fortune and position. Always superior to the offices he filled, he was at once capable of swaying the present, and not only of foreseeing, but of regulating the future; and even when that future had been entangled by less consummate policy, his was the patience, the perseverance, and the skill that unravelled and wove into a strong and even woof the complicated web of others. Great in his designs, subtile in his councils,—he was equally just in his decisions and selections:—no wonder then, that he was always happy in his results.

Viewing him as a statesman, he appeared as if diplomacy, wisdom and eloquence, had been his sole study, and that nature and art had left room for no other qualities. But those who saw him in the calm retreat of domestic life, creating a halo of love around him, from a strict observance of all those minor morals, of attention, forbearance, and anticipation, which form at once the empire and the rulers of the heart, would have supposed that so gentle and benevolent a spirit had never come in contact with more rugged paths than those smooth and verdant lawns of life, which form the boundaries of a good man’s home; while his conversation was as racy, and his wit as brilliant and meteor-like as if it had solely arisen from the lightest and most vapoury soil of mere imagination. In short, he was filled with all those opposite and dissimilar, but equal virtues and talents, with which God endows those spirits whom he intends should be the masters of others.

When he was Premier, truly might Martial's compliment to Domitian have been applied to him :—" *Vox diversa sonat, populorum est vox tamen una : cum verus patriæ diceris esse pater.*"

As far as a politician can be honest, the Duke of Arlington was so ; for while the leaven of party (from which no statesman can be entirely free) compelled him to assume that necessity will excuse some actions, common sense taught him that to justify them could never be necessary ; by which he avoided the meanest of all vices, hypocrisy ; for what are hypocrites but moral swindlers, defrauding the community, at large, of toleration or esteem, for that which, in reality, they can give no equivalent ?

The Abbé Frugoni says that " style is a kind of magic which is but too often successfully employed to make paradoxes be received as truths, and sophisms as solid arguments. By these stratagems the greatest part of free-thinkers and false philosophers have subtly distilled their poison. Their works were so well written, that the reader forgets the matter in favour of the manner : and a sentence wrought into harmonious cadences, produces them a number of admirers." Now, hypocrisy is style in action, and often procures the blackness of men's deeds to be forgotten, from the fairness and plausibility of their words and outward bearing. But the duke, having nothing to conceal or to varnish, had no occasion for hypocrisy or style in his deportment ; or if he had, he adopted Hampden's, whom we are told was so modest, so humble, that he seemed to have no opinion but what he derived from others. By which means he had a wonderful art of leading men into his principles and views ; who all the time believed they were leading him.

Like many great men, the duke's family was neither as great, nor as amiable, nor as clever as he was ; yet he was one of those whom to know renders one independent of all others, by the world he comprised within himself, and by the epoch an intimacy with such a man forms in one's own existence.

During the few weeks that Cecil had been domiciled at Arlington House, he would, under any other circumstances, have been perfectly happy ; but when our thoughts and minds are any where but where we are, external influences, whether evil or good, are alike lost upon us. And the only times that Howard could succeed in concentrating his ideas within the present, they conveyed to him the painful consciousness of his own 'gaucherie' and unpardonable absence of mind, which, in time, he feared must weary even the duke's kindness and forbearance, and unfit him for the trust he had so generously reposed in him. This temporary awakening, however, brought with it no spur to future activity ; for there is something so paralyzing in intense mental suffering, that, for the time being, it annihilates that energy which is indispensable even for the most mechanical exertion.

The recollection of the few last months of his life passed in Shropshire had, in the present stunned state of his feelings, all the confusion of a delightful yet painful dream, the only part of which that seemed clear and certain being his separation from Theresa and his own folly! Fifty times had he been on the point of writing to her, and imploring her forgiveness; but the conviction of how contemptible he must appear in her eyes, from the little faith she could possibly attach to his promises, after the manner in which he had violated all his former protestations, always withheld him; and, as if to aggravate his misery, he felt as intuitively convinced of her entire blamelessness throughout the whole business, as if he had received the most minute explanations from her own lips.

In this unenviable frame of mind it was not surprising that every one and everything disgusted him, except the duke's kindness, and that pained him, from his conviction of his own unworthiness; while among his 'dégouts,' the most prominent was that which he experienced at Lady Annette Lovell's attentions; for though the world talked loudly of her marriage with Sir Headworth Clavering, Cecil received constant invitations to dine at Lord St. Quinten's, which he as constantly declined. But notwithstanding the early meeting of Parliament, town was still exceedingly dull; and Lady Annette was one of those light and brilliant spirits whose friendship never flourished but in a fog, and whose benevolence was never apparent but in the absence of balls; for which reason she amiably enlivened the monotony of Arlington House during the dead season, by offering herself twice a week to the Duchess for dinner; and finding that Cecil could not be got to sing, ride, dine, or do anything she proposed, she very kindly informed him one evening in the conservatory, while pulling a beautiful azalia to pieces, that "if she did marry Sir Headworth Clavering, she certainly should not do so for a year; but that let her marry whom she would, she should always think of him as her oldest friend. This was certainly very flattering; nevertheless, Mr. Howard looked extremely foolish, and felt it no small relief when he heard the duke's voice from the drawing-room asking him if he had that day received a packet through the Russian embassy, as the duchess was expecting a set of turquoise for inlaying a boudoir table.

In short, Cecil's only pleasure, or, more properly speaking, the least painful thing he did, was going to see Carlton and Blanche—for from them he heard the praises of Theresa; indeed, it was the only subject upon which Carlton could expatiate, for all others he seemed perfectly indifferent to, or painfully excited by. And sometimes the mere 'on dit' gossip of the day, which Cecil retailed to him in the hope of amusing or rousing him, would have the effect of agitating him violently without any apparent reason. But all this

was very good for Howard ; for there is nothing that can so effectually take us out of our own griefs as having to administer consolation to those of others—a task, of which, to do him justice, he always acquitted himself admirably, except when suddenly thrown back upon himself, by little Blanche putting her arms about his neck and whispering an inquiry of “when he meant to bring dear Miss Manners to see them?”

It was one morning, after an inquiry like the foregoing, and after returning from breakfasting with Carlton, when he was seated in his study with several unanswered letters before him, and in the act of biting an inoffensive stick of sealing-wax to pieces, and burning his boots by using them instead of the poker, that Cecil came to the resolution of writing to Theresa. “I can but venture,” said he, aloud, flinging the sealing-wax from him, as though it, in its turn, had bit him ; drawing his chair hastily towards the library table, and as hastily dipping a pen in the ink, the result of which being a blot, the first sheet of paper was thrown aside, and on the next was inscribed,—

“Did you know what I feel in once more venturing to address you,”—but that beginning did not please him, and, in its turn, this sheet was also rejected and torn up ; a second, commencing—

“Pardon,—I neither ask nor deserve ! but pity—you surely will not, cannot, withhold, when——” this likewise shared the fate of its predecessors ; and another, and another, and another in succession ;—till fairly posed, he placed his elbows on the table, and leant his forehead against his hands ; in which position he had been for about five minutes, when a servant entered the room with a salver full of letters, which he presented to Cecil, merely saying—
“from Lord John Bubble, sir.”

He started from his reverie, and scrambling up all the letters together, hastily broke the seal of the largest packet, which was directed in Marmaduke’s hand-writing, but contained an inclosure of Theresa’s. Marmaduke’s letter was instantly dropped—but Cecil’s hand trembled, and his heart beat so violently, that it was some moments before he could open the one he had seized : and when he did, a sudden faintness came over him, and the letters swam before him ;—what a true prophet is the heart, when it is sorrow that it foretells. The letter contained but a few lines—and there is always a doom in the brevity of those who are wont to have much to say : they ran as follows—

“I cannot leave England (perhaps for ever), without telling you, that the unknown knight at the tournament was my uncle Lionel Manners, whom you had known as Mr. Ormond ; he had always a romantic disposition, and therefore decided upon this eccentric mode of making himself known to my aunt and cousins ; I would

have gladly let you into his secret, had he not positively forbidden it. This explanation, I consider, more due to myself than to you; for, from my uncle's great kindness to me (to whom, on his first coming to the Hall, he had discovered himself), I thought it only right to make him the repository of the only secret I possessed—my love for you: he, in the most generous manner, promised to do all within his power, and that was much, to promote our marriage; but he thought your jealous temper might hereafter cause our unhappiness, and therefore wished to test you by the scene at the tournament—alas! with a presentiment that has been but too fatally fulfilled. I tried to dissuade him from it, but in vain! you know the result. It is now his wish that I should accompany him to India—what else have I to do? I have never yet concealed a single feeling of mine from you, and therefore will not do it now even though you should despise me for my weakness, or my boldness.

“Know then, that for three weeks I have delayed our departure, in the expectation, nay, in the hope of hearing from you; this, like every other hope, has been disappointed: I do not upbraid you for it; why should I, when notwithstanding all that is past, I cannot feel that you have been, that is, that you meant to be unkind to me?—no, on the contrary, I know you would serve me to-morrow, and for that reason, I am going to make you a request, which is, that when April comes, you will take little Blanche Carlton her poor mother's geranium, which the Duchess of Arlington took to town; and as you were the first to rescue both the poor child and the little plant, I need not tell you to say all that is kind to the former for me, when you give her back the latter. And now; good bye! I cannot bless you more at parting than I have ever done, or than I shall ever do—but I make no promise, and I ask none. Cecil! you are free! and if I am fettered, though deserted, it is from no anticipation of the future; for my uncle has forbidden me henceforward, on pain of his displeasure, to hear from or write to you; but because the past cannot be effaced from the heart of

“THERESA MANNERS.”

To say that Cecil's breath came thick and short, and that a death-like paleness over-spread his face, when he read this letter, is to say nothing: there are two sorts of death—the one is physical, and the debt we must all pay to nature; the other is moral, and inflicted by despair, which annihilates all things but a sense of its own misery: and no sooner had he read Theresa's letter, than, morally speaking, he ceased to exist; for beyond a dense consciousness of intense agony, Cecil Howard knew nothing;—he mechanically took up Marmaduke's letter—but the characters seemed to flit about like so many ‘ignes fatui,’ and mockingly elude all his attempts at fixing them.

“Gone! gone! and for ever! for ever!” reiterated he, as his eyes wandered over Marmaduke’s letter which ran as follows:

“My dear Howard,

“The enclosed is a month old; but it was the poor child’s wish that it should not be forwarded to you, till she had been that time gone; she said it was something you were to do about a plant of poor Blanche Carlton’s (good child that), and I suppose she was afraid of your forgetting it if you got the message too soon. I wonder, Cecil, you never fell in love with Theresa? I think I should at your age; and yet I don’t know—it is better not, for love is all d——d nonsense, or something worse; and if the woman you love is not a jade, why Fortune is, and it comes to the same thing; to say nothing of the Fates being old women, and therefore, like all other old women, confoundedly in the way on all occasions;—so after all, you had better not fall in love—no, no! fall into the fire or into the sea, or anything else you please—but don’t fall in love.

“I don’t know how it is, but ever since that poor dear child has left us, the house seems too small for me; I think the lobsters must feel much the same as I do now when they cast their shells, and get under the rocks; for everything hurts me, or, if it doesn’t, I know it will.

“There is one comfort though, that Lionel Manners is a good fellow,—however he came to be so,—but I suppose it was by helping himself in a lump to all the goodness that was intended to be farmed out among the whole family—always excepting Theresa’s share—but he’s got that too, now that he has got her. I tell you what, Howard, it does not do to live too long, for if you are obstinate, and won’t leave the world, the world will leave you. Talking of leaving, there is McPhin, who was absent without leave, for a whole six weeks; and just as I began to fear that this time he had been drowned in good earnest, one fine morning he arrives in a machine like the ark upon wheels; and, after Mademoiselle had screamed herself black in the face, and he had stuffed himself ditto, and my brother had vowed he’d discharge him, and his fury at length subsided, after having burst forth in a hurricane of Algerines on poor Mac’s devoted head, the latter informed me that he had had a narrow escape the morning of the tournament of being arrested on account of moneys lent to Mr. Town; and I shrewdly suspect, from Romulus’s alarm when I told him this, that the fellow has also gulled him to a considerable amount. I wish, therefore, you would keep an eye upon the reptile, now that you are in London, or this sea-horse hobby of poor Romulus’s may engulph him.

“News there is none here, except that marriage is the worst epidemic we have had since the cholera; and the final symptoms are much the same; for in both cases people end by being sick,

and looking blue. Mrs. Fine is to become Mrs. Dunn; and Archy, tired of being a sinner, is to turn publican, and opens the London campaign as landlord of the Bear and Bee-hive in Drury Lane.

“Report, and my sister Prudence say, that Miss Anna Martha Damnemall, is to turn into Mrs. Alonso Tripe, at the same time that caterpillars turn into butterflies; and Lucy’s King-fishing ends this day week, when the silly pair set off for Paris, where my brother talks of joining them in August. And now you have all our news, so pray send me some of yours; and, above all, tell me when you think our poor friend Carlton will be able to act! and whether he is not a little elated at the great success of his book? Tell him Lord John wrote to me *ex officio*, desiring to know if he might not proclaim the real author? as the burden of its fame was becoming too great a responsibility for him! I said no—not yet; but that if it would be any relief to him, he might own himself the author of Junius’s Letters!

“I wish you were back amongst us. I wish things were as they were; that is, I wish I was not so miserable. Again I say, send me some news; but I also say, as Pliny said to Calestrius Tiro, ‘If possible, let it be something that is quite new; somewhat that is surprisingly great!’ I tell you beforehand, that it must be no manner of thing that I have ever yet heard, or ever yet read; for whole heaps of notions, both from men and books, are at my own fingers’ ends, and ready enough to assist me; but, alas! all of them put together signify not one straw to the present affliction of your affectionate cousin,

MARMADUKE BUBBLE.

Bubble Hall, March the 19th, 181—.

Cecil was sitting with this letter in his hand, gazing on vacancy, with a look from which all intelligence had fled, when the duke entered.

“Howard,” said he, “is that letter about the Cinque Ports gone?”

“Gone! yes, for ever—for ever—and I am the ‘cause!’ replied he, in a hollow and broken voice; his elbow was resting on the table, and as he sat sideways, with his face partly hid, the duke had not on entering perceived his wild and haggard look, but at once surprised and alarmed by the tone of his voice, he now walked round, and taking his hand, said—

“Howard, you are not well?”

“Not well—not well—is not the wind fair for India? and yet,” added he, pressing his heart forcibly with his hands, “I thought all the tempests in the world were raging here—then how can they be there? Hush! listen—they are laughing—laughing! still at that horrid tournament; and yet see how the white manes of those wild

sea-horses lash and foam, and plunge ! And it was I—I ! drove her into the midst of them—but not to kill her—no, not to kill her—the rattle you hear is in my throat not in hers—no, no ! angels will take her spirit in a dream. Death comes only for such as me, but in fire not ice, as they would make one think. See ! see ! how he burns me here !” and he pointed to his temples.

“ Poor fellow !” said the duke, as with one hand he felt Cecil’s pulse, and with the other rang the bell, to send for a physician. “ Poor fellow ! he is in a brain fever.”

This was precisely the case ; and for two months Gertrude Howard watched over her brother, with little or no hope of his recovery ; and when he did begin to mend it was so slowly, and he appeared such a complete wreck in body and mind, that his friends began to fear he would never again be what he had been.

The duke’s kindness seemed to augment as Cecil’s power of being useful had decreased ; and with that delicacy of tact, which nothing but genuine good feeling can give, made it appear his personal wish that Howard should get into Parliament. The line he had chalked out for him he knew must awaken his energies, while the success that could not fail to attend the very brilliant talents he possessed, would imperceptibly to himself rouse his ambition. Nor was the duke mistaken in the result of his benevolent stratagem ; for, as Cecil’s feelings towards him amounted to little less than idolatry, every faculty was strained to the uttermost when he thought that it was *his* wishes he was promoting ;—and if any glow resembling pleasure could be said to have glanced across his heart, since the day he had received Theresa’s letter, it was on the night of his own very brilliant maiden speech, not indeed at the enthusiasm that very cold and earthly assembly the House of Commons was roused into, but by the cordial sincerity of the duke’s assurances, that since the gone-by days, when the very air was made eloquent by real oratory, he had heard nothing within those walls approaching to it till that night.

Even Lord John Bubble contributed his quota of applause by assuring him that, had he had an idea that he was so good a speaker, he would have provided for him on the Whig interest long ago ; while Mr. Town echoed his patron’s sentiments, adding the following sentence of original matter : “ Upon my word, Mr. Howard, sir, with your talents, it was a shame to desert the family politics, and go over to the enemy !”

In a word, Cecil became the fashion, which he attributed quite as much to his ‘ *pied à terre* ’ being Arlington House as to anything else ; at all events, he knew that success, not merit, is the test that wins popular applause more even in the Game of Life than in science, arts, and literature ; and that the observation Petronius Arbiter puts into the mouth of Eumolpus in reference to the bad poets of his

time, is applicable to all human careers¹. Besides, there are different sets of feelings for every sphere and circumstance of life; and that success, however brilliant, which touches not the ruling passion, forms but an imperfect circle in the heart, wherein the one hiatus mars all.

The image of Theresa, lost to him for ever, was the skeleton that obtruded itself at every banquet that ambition prepared for him; for the brightest wreaths that fame ever twined, to which love has added no roses, breathe more of cypress than of bays. Still, by degrees, the "bubble reputation" began to have charms for him; for through it he began to hope that he might redeem himself in Theresa's, or rather in her uncle's opinion; and from that hour a healthy and well-regulated spirit was the impetus of all his exertions; till, one day, about a year and a half after her departure for India, Sir Romulus informed him, with a very triumphant air, that she was about to be married to a rich nabob. From that moment, his heart became darkened and heavy; for whatever or whoever we overrate, we sow the seeds of disappointment within ourselves, which only want time to mature; and Cecil had, as it appeared, overrated Theresa's constancy to him.

But, blessings on Nature when she invented indignation! It has saved many a heart from breaking: it is to the living what Egyptian embalming is to the dead; it enables them to endure and to defy all contingencies. Remove it, and the sternest heart will soon fall a prey to external influences². From that hour Cecil toiled more indefatigably than ever; but his spur was that false ambition which grasps at power, in order to rule and to be feared.

Among the most assiduous of Cecil's adulators, as his fame increased, was Colonel Dragglesfar; he was unremitting in services and attentions, of which Mr. Howard was in no possible want, but quite the contrary; for these sort of coals-to-Newcastle and diamonds-to-Golconda favours are exceedingly troublesome and oppressive. Nay, such was Colonel Dragglesfar's paternal feeling towards Cecil, that when "listening senates" applauded him, and sweet voices echoed his fame, the worthy veteran has been heard and seen, either in the lobby of the House of Commons, or on the Tournay carpet of a crowded saloon, to thump his stick (a substantial weapon, somewhat thicker than that tariffed by law for the beating of wives) on the floor, and exclaim, with tears in his eyes:

"Egad! sir, it was I who taught the boy. When he used to come home from Eton, I used to take delight in teaching him

¹ *Ego, inquit, Poeta sum, et spero, non humillimi spiritus: si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos deferre gratia solet.*"

² A gentleman, just returned from Egypt, told the author, that doubting the miraculous effects attributed to the ancient modes of embalming, he took a mummy, two thousand years old, plunged it into a warm bath till all the bitumen was detached from it, when the flesh instantly plumped up like that of a living person, and in a few hours was in a state of decomposition.

elocution, and making him what he is!" The incredulous "is it possible!" that generally followed this assertion only elated the gallant officer the more, by convincing him that no one knows what they do till the world discovers it.

Colonel Dragglesfar also began to stir himself indefatigably about Cecil Howard's promotion; but unfortunately for the expenditure of so much benevolence, the Duke had anticipated him! Alas! alas! philanthropy places a man on the horns of many a dilemma. Carlton had been acting for about a year with wonderful success at Drury Lane, drawing unpacked and overflowing houses every night. Guzzlecat had never condescended to go and see him, although for his friend Mr. McEverpuff's sake, he daily and weekly wrote the most slashing philippics against his acting.

Now it so happened that Colonel Dragglesfar was of course a public worshipper of Mr. McEverpuff, because being more of a Ghebir than a Persian, it was not so much the rising sun as the sun that had risen, which he worshipped; consequently, to Carlton himself and among the Arlington House set, he was lavish of his praises; but when he found himself in mixed assemblies, or among a majority of McEverpuffites, he either preserved a discreet silence, or recanted in toto the previous admiration he had imprudently bestowed upon Carlton.

Among the events of the last eighteen months were Lady Annette Lovell's marriage with Sir Headworth Clavering, and Lord St. Quinten's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India. A year after the former event, Lady Annette presented her husband with a son, to the great joy of his father, whose enormous wealth was not now likely to be divided among distant branches of his family.

One morning that Cecil had ridden out to see Carlton, and congratulate him upon his more than usual success on the preceding night, he mentioned, among other news of the day, the arrival of the Clavering's young heir. One of those sudden and convulsive changes, which occasionally, and to Cecil unaccountably, overspread Carlton's face, ensued upon the mention of this circumstance.

"I wonder," said the latter, at length, stopping short in his hurried pace up and down the room, "if it would be possible to get those people to come and see me act?"

"Very possible," replied Cecil; "but will you meet them at dinner some day?"

"No, no,—no dinners; I hate what is called society of every description."

"My dear fellow, forgive me for saying that I think you are wrong, for Blanche's sake hereafter, so entirely to give way to that repugnance," urged Cecil.

"Blanche's sake hereafter," mused Carlton; "no, that is all settled, but it must be—"

"What must be?"

"Nothing—nothing; I was merely thinking of the new crown I have ordered for the banquet scene in Macbeth; let me see, Lord St. Quinten goes to India, does he not?"

"He does," said Cecil, biting his lip, and turning towards the window, to hide the painful sensation that the word India always created.

About a week after the above conversation with Carlton, the Duke of Arlington entered Cecil's study with an open letter in his hand, "Howard," said he, as he closed the door, and seated himself in a vacant library chair, "I am going to be magnanimous."

"That sentence," smiled Cecil, "contains a flagrant grammatical error, as in it your grace has confounded the past and the present with the future, for you have never been any thing but magnanimous."

"Prettily flattered," said the duke, "and only makes my magnanimity the greater; but to be serious, Lord St. Quinten has expressed a wish that you should accompany him to India; for, from the great talents you have evinced in the theoretical sphere of debate, he has augured greater things from you in the more arduous and practical one of action; therefore, should your views and wishes coincide with his, I need not tell you that I will wave my own, for your mutual good, and that of the country."

"Kindness and generosity on the part of your grace are things so familiar to me," replied Cecil, "that they excite no feeling beyond that ordinary and fixed gratitude I must ever entertain towards you; but while I admire, I cannot emulate your disinterestedness, and therefore, feeling no inclination to accept Lord St. Quinten's offer, must beg to decline it."

The duke's penetration was at no loss to perceive, that the haughty flush that accompanied Howard's refusal of this proposition, arose from a very different origin than Lord St. Quinten, or any thing connected with him; for which reason, without asking any explanation of his motives, he merely rejoined, "Well, although I am the gainer by your decision, I cannot but regret it, as I am of St. Quinten's opinion, that it would afford a scope worthy of your talents."

"Talents," said Cecil, with a faint smile, "which have no existence, I fear, but in your grace's imagination; at all events, it would, in all probability, be with me as Kennet observes it was with the gladiators, who, though inured to a desperate kind of combat, made but an indifferent figure whenever the necessity of the times called them into the Roman armies."

"I'll not dispute your modesty," said the duke, "since it is all

in my favour ; so I must only modify Lord St. Quinten's disappointment as much as possible," added he, leaving the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Aujourd'hui le parlement ne fait rien.—C'est ce qu'il peut faire de mieux."—*Le Charivari du jeudi 9 Janvier 1840.*

"He put his self all a board of a ship,
A forrin countrie for to see."

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.

THE BUBBLE FAMILY GO TO PARIS.—ANTICIPATORY PRECAUTIONS OF SIR ROMULUS PREVIOUS TO THAT EVENT.—MISFORTUNES OF MISS PRUDENCE ON BOARD THE MONARCH, WHERE IN HER WAY TO SEE THE LIONS, THEY POLITELY SAVE HER THE TROUBLE BY COMING TO SEE HER.

It was the beginning of August, and that time which had hitherto been bestowed on Government was now devoted to grouse. In a word, Parliament was up, and the members down at the moors. As lovers are proverbially great bores to every person in the world but one, we will leave Mr. Howard for some time, to red tape, wove paper, and his own reflections, while we follow his illustrious kinsman, Sir Romulus, in his trip to that Paradise of women, Purgatory of horses, and Inferno of husbands—Paris.

For several months had the note of preparation sounded, before the family at the Hall could be got under weigh. At length, Sir Romulus's final arrangement was completed, in the shape of a highly emblazoned and interminable map of the sub-marine railroad, intended as a present to His Majesty Louis Philippe, and of such ponderous dimensions as almost to require a travelling-carriage to itself. This, with a large chest of printed prospectuses of the plan, headed—"Private and confidential," and protocol'd—"disseminate this every where," in Sir Romulus's own hand-writing, being at length packed, the family started on the morning of the twelfth of August, in four carriages, for Bath, as Sir Romulus, who, even in his worship of Hygeia, liked to be out of the common, had taken it into his head that at Paris he should become exceedingly bilious, and had, therefore, determined upon undergoing a course of the Bath waters, previous to his departure. Add to which, it was his intention to deposit Mrs. Manners with an old friend of hers, in Sidney-Place, as he naturally enough thought that Bubble Hall would be too dull even for eighty-nine, when they had all left it.

Lady Bubble had also her preparations to make. She had been in Paris twice—once at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, and again at the general Peace, in 1814—when she had imported, not only a quantity of finery, but also a large supply of the printed fashions of those two eras ; from these gone-by modes, she had taken care to

replenish her wardrobe, before her departure, notwithstanding the accurate descriptions her daughter, Mrs. King, continued to send her of the reigning fashions, so that, instead of the Brebis now worn, her ladyship's bonnets were admirable imitations of chimney-tops, surmounted by flower-pots; and the Burnous of the present day she superseded with the short-waisted crimson or yellow silk spencer of the past.

Miss Prudence, with a deeper philosophy, busied herself—not about external things—but evinced a great deal of resignation—having ascertained beyond a doubt that roast beef—aye, and roast turkeys, too—were now to be had in Paris for the asking—and of the excellence of the brandy there could be no doubt, as Dr. Damn-ell had requested her to send him some over. Cosmo had been assured by his father that sight-seeing should supersede study while he was in Paris, and Mademoiselle Perpignon conjured up to him cool visions of ice in summer, and warm ones of roast chestnuts in winter.

Marmaduke had his remniscences of the choice old books to be got on the 'Quai Malaquais and Quai Voltaire,' and felt as comfortable as he had been able to do since Theresa's departure. Miss Lucretia, who dreaded the freedom of Parisian manners, and had vague notions that she should meet the goddess of reason parading through the streets, had decided upon remaining with Mrs. Manners; so that every one was satisfied except Mr. McPhin, who, fearing that all French women might be equally inflammable and demonstrative with Mademoiselle Perpignon, already, in imagination, felt himself Béchamel'd by the attentions of the Parisian ladies.

Sir Romulus uttered but one bon mot during this journey; but, as it not only lasted him the whole way to Bath, but served him every day for the fortnight he remained there, we will repeat it. On leaving Shrewsbury, as they were slowly descending Pride Hill, he observed several loose stones and large pieces of earth rolling down in the suite of the carriages, whereupon, turning to Lady Bubble, as he pointed to the runaway earth, he facetiously remarked,—

“My dear!—my dear! Pride shall have a fall! Pride shall have a fall!” and then, elevating his voice, he screamed into Mrs. Manners's ear,—“Ma'am, you must not forget to tell your friend, Lady Pamperpug, that Pride shall have a fall!”

“Oh, thin, endade! Romuluth, I'll do no thuth thing,” said the old lady; “for poor Lady Pamperpug never wath proud in her life.”

“My dear, your mother is getting terribly old and stupid,” mumbled Sir Romulus, ‘sotto voce,’ to his sposa; “wit is quite thrown away upon her, but you must not forget to tell the Pamperpug that pride shall have a fall! Poor Pamperpug, he was one of my most intimate friends before the old lord died, who was a very genteel man (!) He used to be terribly hard-up for money, but

always full of fun. I remember on one occasion, he was to have acted at the Kilkenny plays, and he wrote word he was laid up with the gout and could not come. Shortly after, I met him walking in Dublin, as well as ever, and congratulated him upon having recovered from his recent attack of gout. 'Gout! my dear fellow,' said he, 'are you mad? I never had the gout in my life.' 'Why, you wrote us word you had. Oh by G—, so I did, for who the d—l could spell rheumatism, though that was what was the matter with me!' Very genteel man!—very genteel man! Pamperpug; and as I wish to shew his calamity every attention, you must not forget to tell her, my dear, that pride shall have a fall!"

Nothing remarkable occurred during the fortnight that the Bubble family remained at Bath, as Lady Bubble only added another to the ambulating antique female frescos that haunt its streets, and therefore passed unnoticed, as did Sir Romulus among the male specimens. Every morning while he was paying his devoirs at the Court of King Bladud, in order effectually to defy the embryo heart-burns and bilious fevers he was shortly to encounter in the shape of truffles and 'foie gras.' Miss Prudence took a constitutional walk through the market, of which she expressed her unqualified approbation—at the same time giving utterance to a fear that she should see nothing like it abroad—a circumstance she should regret beyond everything!

The old lady and Miss Lucretia having been safely deposited with their friend, Lady Pamperpug, in Sidney Place, the rest of the family proceeded at eight o'clock of a fine morning in the middle of August, to Southampton, from whence they were to sail for Havre. The party were divided as follows:—Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, Miss Betsy and Cosmo were in one carriage. Mr. McPhin, Mademoiselle Perpignon, Miss Prudence, and her maid, Buzzard, in another. Marmaduke, Trip, and his books in a third, and the rest of the maids and valets in the fourth; but as Miss Prudence could not possibly undertake so long a journey without a proper viaticum, there was necessarily a delay occasioned in her departure, by the packing of ham and chickens, sherry, and Seltzer water, which caused her to arrive full an hour and a half later at Southampton than Sir Romulus and his suite, whom she found had sailed by an earlier packet, leaving word that she should come by the Monarch which was to sail at eight in the evening.

"Oh dear," said she, upon receiving this intimation; "'tis so much better, for now we shall have time to dine, and there is nothing so bad as going on board ship without food."

Accordingly, at eight o'clock Miss Prudence and a very substantial meal embarked in the Monarch; while, from Mademoiselle's extra tenderness of manner, Mr. McPhin felt as much nausea as if he had been already half-seas over; and, as he leant languidly

over the side of the vessel, while Mademoiselle recommended him to try some æther, a sudden darkness seemed to overspread his countenance, as he turned somewhat savagely round, and ungallantly vociferated—"I tell ye what, mum, the more you torment me, by Jove the worse it will be for you!" and then calling loudly for the steward, soon gave her unequivocal proofs that it was no vague threat that he had uttered. Meanwhile, Miss Prudence, who had despatched Buzzard to get her berth ready, with an injunction to be sure and leave plenty of hard biscuits in it, now began to think of turning in for the night, when she was unaccountably alarmed by a terrific roaring of wild beasts. "Oh dear!" cried she, darting from her seat; "is that the steam-engine or the sea making that terrible noise?"

"Neither, marm," said a man standing near the fore-castle, in a rough jacket, with large white bone buttons, and a seal-skin cap; "neither, marm, it be the beastesses a calling for their suppers."

"What do you mean?" cried Miss Prudence, in additional alarm; "you don't mean to say that they have got any beasts on board but ourselves?"

"Yes, I do, marm—I'm a taking hover hall Wanhamburg's beastesses, as he's a going to hexibit in Paris."

"Oh dear, what a shame! to put lions and Christians together on the wide ocean—arn't you dreadfully afraid to travel about with such creatures?"

"Bless you, no, I don't care."

"Ah, there it is—now there's where you'll come to your destruction; for Don't-care, you know, was eat up by the lions."

"Was he, marm. Vell, then, he should have tooked and gived them no supper, as I do, ven they's hobstroplus."

"Oh dear, but that's cruel," remonstrated Miss Prudence; "I don't hold with being unkind to dumb animals."

Another roar, louder than the first from the wild beasts, seemed a polite indication on their part, that she had made a slight mistake in calling them dumb animals.

"Would you like to come and ave a look at them, marm?"

"Oh dear! not for the world—do they eat much?"

"Don't you wish they may get it? Lord bless ee, they'd heat you if so be as you vas to perwoke them."

Without waiting to make any more researches into Natural History, Miss Prudence, at this last piece of information, seized the arm of the stewardess, who was passing at that time, and immediately descended into the cabin. The first berth she looked into, she found filled with tracts—this was a "new birth unto righteousness" that she did not understand, so she lifted them out and placed them on the sofa, till her eye was attracted by one entitled—"Hooks and Eyes for the Garments of True Believers," which she thought

would just suit Dr. Damnemall, and save Archy Dunn a great deal of work. So without any reference to the relative positions of 'meum' and 'tuum,' she transferred it to her bag, and then proceeded to undress, carefully pinning her button mushroom 'chevelure' to the curtain.

"Oh dear! only think," said she, as she herself folded up her habit-shirt, and placed her large dimity pockets under the pillow, while Buzzard officiated at her stays; "only think there's all Van Amburg's lions and tigers on board. I call it quite scandalous! Government ought to interfere. I'll write to Lord John and tell him to bring a Bill into Parliament, to prevent them putting Christians and wild beasts together in this way, and I'm sure Dr. Damnemall will preach about it when he hears of it. Oh dear! that is such an affecting psalm where David talks of delivering his darling from the lions. I wish he was here to pray for us to-night, he's such a good man to be sure!"

"Which ma'am, David or the doctor?" said Buzzard, gaping for information.

"Oh the doctor, to be sure—not that I mean to detract from David, but then I know more about the doctor, and David did things that I'm confident the doctor never could do."

"Indeed, ma'am?"

"Ah you know what a good man he is—don't you, Buzzard? but just get the essence of mustard and rub my shoulder, for I feel terrible rheumatic to-night. Dear me, what was that? the wind or those horrid creatures roaring again?" continued Miss Prudence, as the ship gave a lurch with a loud creak, and a sudden gust of wind blew out the candles.

"It's only the wind, for the wind is rising fast, ma'am, and I fear we shall have a terrible rough night of it; for there's a Merican gentleman on deck who seems to know a deal about the weather, and I heard him tell the wild beast man, so. Steward—Missus—steward—lights, if you please."

"Directly, ma'am."

"Have you seen the beasts, ma'am?" resumed Buzzard.

"Oh dear, no! but don't begin talking about them in the dark, pray."

"Dear me! ma'am, those I've seen at fairs seems very tame, and I suppose they are all alike."

"No such thing; there are not two animals alike—that you see even in a flock of sheep; the features are totally different—some have long tails, and some short, you know!"

"Steward—oh—steward!" groaned a gruff voice from above; "bran—oh—"

"Good gracious me! I do believe we have got into the gentlemen's cabin by mistake!" almost screamed Miss Prudence, "and here am I all undressed. Put on my cloak, for heaven's sake!"

“Steward—oh—quick—another—oh!” regroaned the voice from the upper shelf: and, lo! two heavy substances came pounding and clattering down at Miss Prudence’s feet, who now began to scream in good earnest with mingled fright and pain, as she felt some sharp claws stick in her arm.

“Sir! messeer! if you are a man, or a gentleman, or even a Frenchman, don’t lie groaning up there selfishly by yourself, while two unprotected females are being torn to pieces by wild beasts—but do something to save us!” vociferated she, imploringly stretching her wigless head upward in the darkness to the supposed lord of the creation above.

“Ah, do, sir, if you please,” seconded Buzzard; “for there is something broke all to pieces here!”

Another groan was the only reply to this appeal, and another scream from Miss Prudence, louder than the first, as the steward entered with lights, and discovered a scene not very easily described—Miss Prudence, wigless and gownless, with a large porcupine, that had fallen from the upper berth, digging into her arm, as it was writhing from the pain of the bottle of essence of mustard that had broken in the scramble and got into its eyes—Buzzard on the floor at her feet, with one half of a bason on her head and the other half in fragments in her lap, while above sat the author of the tragedy, in the shape of a figure whose genus would have puzzled the best naturalist living: a Wellington boot appended to a very substantial leg, that hung out over the berth as well as what looked like a closely buttoned double-breasted cloth coat and very stiff white cravat, seemed to intimate that it belonged to the male sex; the enormously large red face, ditto ears, and hay-coloured moustache that appeared above the cravat, would have also favoured this supposition—but that they were in their turn surmounted by a very thickly curled flaxen wig, with a very high plait at the back, fastened up by an equally high comb, which evidently indicated, that notwithstanding the symptoms of masculine superiority in other quarters, the owner of the Wellington boots was also an aspirant to feminine graces. On one of its elbows this Herculean torso leant, while with the other large, bony, freckled hand, that was covered with enormously large seal-rings, it grasped a bason, which when the stewardess had removed and replaced by a tumbler of brandy and water, it cleared its throat, and in a fine distinct stentorian voice, spoke as follows, as it nodded affably down upon Miss Prudence and Buzzard:

“Ahem—ahem—beg pardon, ladies—hope there’s no mischief done—but it’s the first time in my life I ever believed in sea sickness. So ho! Jupiter, you d—l! what’s the matter with you?—Jupiter is that porcupine—I’m taking it over to my brother, who has a museum and all sorts of things at Paris. So ho! can the creature be affected by the sea, that it writhes and wriggles so?—hasn’t run into

your arm, has it?—mere scratch—bit of gold-beater's skin set it all to rights."

"Oh dear! I'm confident it will be the death of me! I never was so used in my life," gasped Miss Prudence, as Buzzard, with her hands well muffled in a shawl, was in vain endeavouring to detach the remorseless porcupine from her mistress's arm.

"Jupiter, be quiet, sir—well, never mind, it can't be helped. I think I heard you mention Dr. Damnemall a while ago?"

That revered name seemed to act like an electric shock upon Miss Prudence, who giving a sudden jerk, effectually shook off Jupiter, who was instantly conveyed back to the upper regions by the stewardess. Once more free, and revived by the Doctor's name, Miss Prudence began to entertain a more favourable, or rather a less horrible opinion of the owner of the masculine feet and feminine head, and therefore replied :

"Oh dear! do you know him?"

"Not I," replied the nondescript, "and hope I never shall; but I've a fool of a brother—a regular milk-sop—a fellow who writes poetry and mends pens, who is making love to his daughter. I dare say you may have heard of him—Tripe—Alonso Tripe. Now, my other brother at Paris, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, is the most scientific man of the day; his galvanic experiments on minor animals are truly wonderful. I have seen him send a flea so high up in the air, that it never came down; and I am taking Jupiter over to be galvanized. If you are going to Paris, I shall be happy to introduce you to him. What he does with cats is perfectly miraculous—he once made a dead tabby ramble for half an hour upon a house-top; and the only way you could have discovered that it was dead, was that it allowed all the live cats to pull it to pieces without retaliating, after which my brother shot it—oh—steward—oh!"

Mademoiselle Perpignon now descended, looking fat and feverish, and having announced that the sailors had predicted a very rough passage, and that "Meestere McPhin was very moch suffere," she asked for a looking glass, and after exclaiming "Oh ciel!" at the representation it made to her, she commenced a duet with Miss Tripe, which lasted till Miss Prudence got into her berth, where she rolled her boa round her head, tying the ends gracefully under her chin, as she declared she felt a draft that was cutting her throat. At length, all was hushed but the storm, which as it rose to an alarming degree, seemed only to rock the inmates of the ladies' cabin the more profoundly to sleep. Meanwhile, poor Mr. McPhin determined upon "braving the winds and waves," not indeed for "Hero's sake," but for his own, as he dreaded going down below, for fear of again encountering Mademoiselle : therefore, he had the full benefit of the effects of an undue

quantity of brandy and water imbibed by the American gentleman that Buzzard had alluded to, who was now pacing the deck in as great a storm as the night, at the steward's having refused to supply him with any more of that exhilarating beverage.

"I come," hiccupped he, rolling more heavily than the ship, "I come from a land of liberty, where I can get plain brandy for the asking—and I come to a land of slavery, where I can't even get br—andy and wa—water by paying for it! Shame! shame!—but I'll stop the cotton trade—that's what I'll do—if they grudge the liquor, we'll grudge the cotton—that's what we'll do!—no, no, we won't cotton to the English any more! And there's that chap, Captain Marryat, that they think so much of—he'll find himself in a tarnation frizzle of a fix the next time he shows his nose in the United States, I can tell him! and I should like to know how he'll spin out a book without cotton?—no, no, no more than I can act with spirit without brandy!—but I will though, for all that.—Steady, steady—my man!" said he, stumbling against Van Amburgh's chargé d'affaire, "you've been making a beast of yourself—shame! shame!—it's taking the bones out of those poor animal's mouths!"

Now it so happened, that the American was right! the keeper of the wild beasts was in a high state of exaltation; and therefore, naturally resented the personality of his assertion; which he evinced, by seizing that gentleman's black bear-skin travelling cap, and vociferating with as much distinctness, as the present nature of the circumstances under which he laboured would allow of—

"You says as I've a-been making a beast of myself does you? now I'll have you to know my fine feller, as I never allows no one but the lioness to say as I am addicted to *lick-her!* ha! ha! ha! or I sarves 'em according—so here goes," added he, kicking the un-offending bear-skin cap before him, like a foot-ball, till it rolled down the cabin steps; where, in the ardour of the chase, he followed it, believing in the confused state of his vision and ideas, that it was a young tiger that had made its escape.

As all this occurred about half-past four in the morning, the inmates of the ladies cabin, including the stewardess, were still in a profound slumber, so that the cap-hunter entered unmolestedly; but having fallen over the object of his pursuit at the foot of the stairs, he thought it better to proceed in quest of that unknown something, which, most of us, even in our sober senses, are apt to follow; accordingly, amid the darkness visible, the first point of resistance he made for, was Miss Prudence's berth, into which he almost tumbled, seizing hold of the ends of her boa to break his fall; which mistaking in his oblique state of sensation, for the mane of the lioness, he tugged away at it, till he nearly strangled the unfortunate lady to whom it belonged, exclaiming all the while—"so

my old Duchess I've caught you have I, though the young one has escaped me!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" screamed Miss Prudence, awaking half suffocated—"the wild beasts are tearing me to pieces—the monster's claws are on my throat!"

"Eh, what's the matter?" thundered Miss Tripe in her turn, waking up, "Jupiter! what are you at? can't you let the old woman alone? eh, what the deuce is the matter?" and out flew the Wellington boot, which, coming suddenly in contact with Mr. Peter Chaffing's eye, (the name of the tutor of Messieurs les Animaux) caused him to fall back on the floor, and, by so doing, to relax his grasp of poor Miss Prudence's throat; making, however, a grapple at her wig, which was pinned to the curtain, and conveying it by way of a victorious trophy to his pocket.

"Oh! it's only a man," said Miss Tripe, looking down upon the fallen hero, and complacently twitching her un-nightcapped wig a little more to the right.

"Où donc?" inquired Mademoiselle, starting up in her berth, "Monsieur McPheen, est-ce vous?"

"A man!" re-screamed Miss Prudence, "oh dear! that's infinitely worse than I thought it was—the wild beasts might have been accident; but this is evidently a black design, to ruin the reputation of an unprotected female, 'cause he knew neither of my brothers were with me; Lucretia was right—the French are a most profligate set, no woman's reputation is safe!"

"I'll guarantee your's to the amount of the national debt, unless they seize it at the custom-house," thundered Miss Tripe, as she gave a loud yawn, and completed the toilet she had commenced on her wig, by pulling out the ends of her cravat at arm's-length, and re-tying them.

Miss Prudence, who was always 'au pied de la lettre' in everything, now started up in her turn, and seizing her pockets, as though she thought it was there, exclaimed—"but can they seize it though?"

"No, no! duty will always save it, or a little skilful cunning pass it through the Customs of any country;" ha! ha'd Miss Tripe, now tucking up her habit, protruding both her Wellington boots over the berth, and springing down upon the floor, with an energy that shook the cabin, and rolled Mr. Peter Chaffing to the other end of it.

"Well! now that's what I call scandalous," dogmatized Miss Prudence, "to make people pay for their reputation!"

"Why, you see it's a thing that is very dear to some people, while there are others, who don't value it; but the less people have of it, the more it costs them to maintain it," rejoined Miss Tripe, as she brushed away at the sleeves of her habit, accompanying the operation with a sort of hissing sound, like that adopted by grooms when rubbing down a horse.

“Ah! I’ve heard Lord John and Dr. Damnemall, when they were talking political economy—I think they call it,” said Miss Prudence, “say that the poor always pay more for everything in proportion than the rich—but I call that scandalous.”

The stewardess, who, upon Mr. Chaffing’s arrival, had gone for her husband, now returned with him, and their united efforts succeeded in removing that gentleman from the sacred precincts into which he had obtruded; and shortly after, Miss Prudence had the satisfaction of learning, by an official bulletin, that Mr. Chaffing was much too tipsy to have seen, or at least to remember anything he had seen in the ladies’ cabin; but, alas! there is no happiness without some alloy; and on that fatal morning, Miss Prudence’s wig was numbered among the “treasures of the deep;” for no sooner had Mr. Chaffing arrived on deck, than having occasion to use his pocket-handkerchief, he put his hand into his pocket, when, irritated at Miss Prudence’s wig meeting his grasp, instead of the object he had expected, in a moment of unpardonable excitement, he flung it overboard.

Towards six o’clock a calm succeeded to the storm of the night, and at seven the Monarch sailed into Havre; prior to which Miss Tripe put on her hat, which was in the shape of a man’s, only made of Leghorn, and the ample sides were lined with green silk; while Miss Prudence had to ‘coiffer’ herself as she best could. Miss Tripe and the porcupine were the first individuals examined at the custom-house, but were soon dismissed by the ungallant officer, with “passez, madame, monsieur, la laideur n’est pas défendue;” while the same person put a note into Miss Prudence’s hand, demanding if she was not Mademoiselle Beau Bell? She was on the point of denying her own identity when she looked at the note, and saw it very legibly directed in Sir Romulus’s handwriting, to Miss Prudence Bubble.” Upon opening it she found the contents to be as follows:—

“Dear Prue, on arriving at Hâvre, pray make McPhin and Mademoiselle (as she speaks French), make every inquiry about the plan of the Sub-marine Rail-road, that I was taking over for his majesty Louis Philippe; I think I must have left it on board that Algerine of a Grand Turk by which we came—though they say not. The thing to be feared is that those custom-house sharks have got it. As my calamity has been terribly ill, she had decided upon going by land, which I am sorry for, as I could have explained all about the Sub-marine Rail-road to those Algerines, had we gone by water as you will do, and as I had intended to do; but as we shall travel all night, we shall be in Paris before you. When you arrive, drive to Meurice’s, as the Algerines speak English there.

“Your affectionate brother,

“ROMULUS BUBBLE.”

Miss Prudence conveyed the desired instructions to Mr. McPhin and Mademoiselle; but finding that "La Normandie" sailed for Rouen at twelve, and that she had not only to breakfast, but to find a successor to her lost wig, she gave herself very little further trouble about the plan of the Sub-marine Rail-road; indeed she found the getting a fac-simile to her departed 'coiffure' an utter impossibility. It had been made to the ticking of Shrewsbury clock, and that was not to be found in Havre. So, after innumerable fruitless researches, she was fain to follow Mademoiselle's advice of waiting till she got to Paris.

At twelve the bell of 'La Normandie' having rang for its departure, Miss Prudence was obliged to leave an unfinished 'coquille de volaille,' and hurry along the Quai; Mr. McPhin striding on before, and Mademoiselle waddling after her; till they reached the vessel, on board of which Jupiter and Miss Tripe had just embarked, amid a shout of ill-suppressed laughter. Miss Prudence, after having visited both the eating-rooms, secured three places, ordered luncheon at two, and dinner at five, returned to the deck to reconnoitre her 'compagnons de voyage.'

At one side of the vessel sat three very nice Carlo Dolce looking 'sœurs de charité,' with one priest, whom they seemed to divide equally between them. A little higher up sat a very pretty French girl, her mother who had once been the same, to judge from what appeared under a fawn-coloured 'capotte,' and her father, a subsided 'ancien militaire,' with a legion of honour ribbon in his button-hole, and a moustache that might still have achieved a victory. At the young lady's feet reclined full length a member of la Jeune France, his hair 'à la victime,' surmounted by a wide awake¹, while between every whiff of his cigar that he puffed in the young lady's face, he brought out a 'cré non,' that actually seemed to ripple the waters, till the band struck up 'a galope;' when, without asking her, he seized the young lady by the waist, and set off round the deck, making as much noise as a pack of hounds in full cry, to the great annoyance of two sober-looking Englishmen, who were reading Nicholas Nickleby, and the American gentleman, who was trying to sleep off the excesses of the preceding night. Miss Tripe also added to the din, by singing a discordant accompaniment to the music, bumping Jupiter up and down on her knee, while beating time to it by a heavy thumping of her right Wellington boot.

As soon as the 'galope' was over, Miss Prudence seated herself by the fragment of la Jeune France; and, pulling a dictionary and vocabulary out of a huge black silk travelling bag, entered into conversation with him. Seeing her close cap, and absence of hair, the young gentleman inquired if she belonged to any religious order, which having been interpreted to her by Mademoiselle, she replied—

¹ Hats so called from having no nap upon them.

“Oh dear! no; always attend Dr. Damnemall's church; oh! he's 'si bon homme' to be sure.”

“Oui, le bon homme dort,” said la Jeune France looking towards the young lady's papa, who was enjoying a siesta, regardless of the beautiful scenery around.

“I'll tell you,” continued Miss Prudence, “how I came to lose my —— Mainselle, what's a front in French?”

“Tour,” replied Mademoiselle.

“Tour—oh!—oui, J'ai perdoo mong tour.”

“Ah! vous avez perdu votre tour—voilà donc sans doute la raison que vous n'êtes pas si belle (Cybèle,)” said la Jeune France, going off into a loud laugh at his own pun, in which Miss Tripe joined, and then put Jupiter down upon the deck to take a little exercise; but as fast as the creature moved half a yard from her, the banks of the river re-echoed with “Jupiter! Jupiter! come here, sir,”—a command which it invariably obeyed with great docility—till on one occasion, having strayed a little out of bounds, and being much alarmed by the intervention of la Jeune France to chase him back to his mistress, the ungrateful creature made straight for that amiable young gentleman's ankles; and their making some very pointed allusions to his unseasonable interference, caused the latter, while writhing with pain, to scream out to Miss Tripe: “Mais ôtez donc votre polisson de Jupiter.”

“Comment polisson?” retorted Miss Tripe, seizing the culprit and replacing him in her lap; “comment polisson! entre les Dieux et les Déesses, oui,—mais parmi les hommes, non—car ils sont bien pis, allez!”

“Par exemple! ce n'est pas à vous de le dire, j'espère;” said the young gentleman, with a contemptuous expression, as he turned upon his heel, and Miss Tripe turned round to admire the beauty of the Château de Tancarville; while Miss Prudence agreed that the scenery was charming, as it made her quite hungry, a truth that could not be disputed, as the Tower of Francis the First, and the Tomb of William the Conqueror's mother had alike passed unnoticed by her; and in their turn La Mailleraie, Heurteauville, Jumièges, the maison de plaisance of Charles the Seventh, the manor of Agnes Sorel, at Mesnil, the Château of Robert le Diable, les forêts riveraines, les bracelets d'or, les flots, le Roi impromptu, and even the environs of Rouen shared the same fate. But Mr. McPhin, who had at length effectually escaped from Mademoiselle Perpignon, looked at the bright waters as they flowed murmuringly and mysteriously along, and thought with Charles Nodier, without being able to embody his thoughts in such beautiful language:—
“Il en est des fleuves comme des nations inconnues à leur origine; rien ne révèle, dans la source obscure d'où ils s'échappent, la portée de l'espace qu'ils vont parcourir, et les différentes vicissitudes de

leur cours. Faibles à leurs commencements, ils coulent au gré de la pente qui les entraîne, approfondissant peu à peu leur lit, reculant peu à peu leurs rivages, portant avec eux des désastres ou des bienfaits, la fertilité ou la terreur; jusqu'à ce que, parvenus au plus haut degré d'étendue, de richesse, et de splendeur qu'il leur soit permis d'atteindre, et poussés à leur terme par leur propre violence, ils se précipitent et disparaissent pour toujours dans l'abîme des mers!"

With such reflections, varied by a few substantial meals, Mr. McPhin reached Rouen about seven in the evening, as did the rest of the passengers, having contrived to kill time according to their different tastes and habits. Monsieur Cataplan, the member of la Jeune France, re-galoped, re-smoked, re-swore, re-flirted with the young lady, and carefully eschewed Jupiter and Miss Tripe for the rest of the voyage, carrying this latter precaution so far, as, on landing, actually to remove from the Hôtel d'Albion, on the Quai du Havre, after having ordered supper there, to the Hôtel de la Paix, Rue des Troquois, as he accidentally discovered, from a chambermaid, that a large jug of milk she was carrying into a neighbouring bed-room, was 'pour le Porc-épic de la grosse Anglaise.'

The next day, at four o'clock in the morning, the party re-embarked on board *Les Dorades* for St. Germain, and passed their time, with little variation, much as they had done on the preceding one, except that Mademoiselle tenderly pressed Mr. McPhin's arm as she stepped on board, and murmured, in a low voice:—

“ Embarquez-vous, qu'on se dépêche,
La nacelle est dans les roseaux,
Le ciel est pur, la brise est fraîche,
L'onde réfléchit les ormeaux :
Le dieu de ces heureux rivages,
Le tendre Amour, veille sur nous :
Jeunes et vieux, folles et sages,
Embarquez-vous.”

but the only effect these lines of Guttinguer's had upon Mr. McPhin, was to make him repeat the words, 'Folles et Sages,' as he suddenly dropped Mademoiselle's arm, and exclaimed,—

“ By jove, mum! old or young, I see no fool here but yourself!”

At half-past eight in the evening, they reached St. Germain; the carriages were landed, and, after undergoing the usual purgatory, at the 'Chemin de Fer,' and afterwards at the very Smithfield-looking Custom-House, horses were procured, and Miss Prudence gave orders in very good English, to drive to Meurice's Hotel. No sooner was she, Mademoiselle, Mr. McPhin and Buzzard seated in the carriage, than they heard and felt a heavy substance spring into the rumble, which caused the vehicle to heave about like a ship in a storm.

“ Oh, dear!” cried Miss Prudence; “ what on earth is that?—it's

just like the spring of a wild beast!—I shall be haunted by those horrid creatures as long as I live.”

Presently Miss Tripe's voice was heard screaming out, “*Numero quatre vingt-dix, rue Basse de Rampart, et faites bon train.*”

“Well, now, that's most extraordinary,” exclaimed Miss Prudence; “but that masculine-looking female has a voice like a ventriloquist, for I could have sworn it was somewhere about this carriage. Now, her brother, Mr. Alonso Tripe, that is in love with Anna Martha, is altogether as mild and feminine! oh, dear, he has so much the advantage of her, to be sure!”

As they rumbled slowly on through the bye-streets leading from the Rue de Londres, Miss Prudence decided that Paris was not to compare to London, “Oh, dear, far from it!” but just as they reached the end of the Rue de Montblanc, and the lights of the Boulevards burst upon them, she was inclined to change her opinion; when the carriage suddenly stopped, and, two minutes after, the door opened, and Miss Tripe and Jupiter got in, the former wedging herself between Miss Prudence and Mr. McPhin, as she said,—

“Don't mind me, so—ho—Jupiter be quiet, can't you?—thought I might as well get up behind your carriage as get a fiacre, for, I never have any luggage but a portmanteau and a carpet-bag,—drizzling rain beginning to fall, so, thought I might as well get in, for my brother—this is his night—he has a literary and scientific réunion every Saturday—have no time to dress—past ten now, and if I'd gone in damp, might have affected the electricity; he always does a great many experiments. Would you like to come in and be galvanized, eh?”

But Miss Prudence, who, to say the least of it, felt perfectly electrified at Miss Tripe's sudden and unexpected appearance, declined this obliging offer, adding,—

“Oh, dear! I can't think how you could ask me to go into company, when you know what that horrid man threw overboard!”

“Ha! ha! ha! true,” laughed Miss Tripe, “I forgot; but I see you are as deep as your wig, and not to be taken unawares.”

“Oh, there you're wrong,” cried Miss Prudence, whose invariable custom it was to reply to, or argue upon, the last word that dropped from whoever was speaking to her, “there you are wrong, for it was taken quite unawares; for I never knew a word of it till I heard it was overboard.”

“Well, as I said before, Epaminondas receives every Saturday, and you and all your people may come whenever you like, and any use I can be of to you, in the way of sight seeing, I shall be very happy. My brother is very intimate with Monsieur Henri, the hereditary executioner of Paris, who gives him a great many subjects; and if, any day, you would like to see the guillotine, or even

place your head on it to see how it's done, you have only to say the word."

"Oh dear, now!" cried Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers with more than usual velocity, "that's just what I dreaded coming to France for. I knew that I should hear of nothing but guillotines and bloodshed."

"Fudge!" cried Miss Tripe; "all the blood in France is in the Faubourg St. Germain. But if ever there should be another row, to prevent anything disagreeable, Epaminondas has constructed a model of a revolution in granite; and there's no getting blood out of a stone, you know. But I've no doubt they'll go on very well, while this *Philip* to their constitution lasts, ha! ha! ha!"

Here the carriage stopped. "Ah, there is a great crowd at my brother's," said Miss Tripe, stretching her head out of the window; but it was only a large mud-cart that stopped the way. But that the doctor's party should lose none of its importance, on arriving at no-go, Miss Tripe again put her head out of the window and said to the postilions, "Il y a beaucoup de monde, n'est-ce pas?"

To which they replied in a breath,—

"Oui—il y a un fiacre!"

"Ah, I thought so," said Miss Tripe; "bien, n'entrez pas."

"Oh, fiacre is French for crowd, is it?" said Miss Prudence. "I shall remember that. Oh dear! as Dr. Damnemall used to say, it's live and learn.—Fiacre—fiacre; dear, how droll! not the least like an English crowd, is it?"

"Well, good night—good night—since you won't come in and be galvanized; and, remember, anything I can do for you about the guillotine, or in that way, I shall be very happy," said Miss Tripe, as she got out of the carriage, giving Mr. McPhin a 'coup de pied' with the heel of her right Wellington boot in her descent.

"Guillotine!—guillotine!" repeated that gentleman; "I very much fear that even then it would be cut-and-come-again with you, for there seems to be no getting rid of you."

"I wonder," said Miss Prudence, "if it is the galvanism, that she talks so much about, that has made her so masculine? I have heard—oh, now, for a certainty—'cause I've heard Dr. Damnemall talk of it, that galvanism does do wonders!"

"Then I should advise you, by all means, to try it, mum," said Mr. McPhin, in answer to a tender pressure of his arm on the part of Mademoiselle Perpignon, as the carriage jerked on one side; "for who knows but it might make fools have common sense."

"Dear! you don't say so," exclaimed Miss Prudence, catching the sound of the last sentence, and wondering upon it till they reached Meurice's, where they had the satisfaction of hearing that the hôtel was quite full, and, therefore, Sir Romulus had secured the best rooms he could get for them at the Hôtel de Wagram;

where, upon arriving, after mounting ‘au cinquième,’ and fruitlessly spelling over the ‘carte,’ Miss Prudence had the mortification of hearing that nothing could be procured for supper but an omelette, a bad ‘potage à la Crécy,’ (as thin as herself) and a ‘fricandeau,’ that had already made the grand tour—as far as the Hôtel Wagram was concerned. Having supped full of these honours, she retired to rest, declaring that she always knew she should be starved if she came to France; and that she was confident she should dream of nothing but Miss Tripe and the guillotine!

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Il criait, il jurait comme un héros d’Homère,—ah! quel homme!”—*L’École des Journalistes*, par M^{ME} ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

“Have a care you don’t serve for a foil or jest, and make such a ridiculous figure in nature, as that Doggril did in the play Chrysippus mentions.”—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

SIR ROMULUS’ DEBUT IN PARIS, WHO GIVES A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION “THAT GREAT WIT TO MADNESS NEARLY IS ALLIED.”

THE morning after Sir Romulus had arrived in Paris, as he and Lady Bubble were enjoying a profound slumber in two small crimson-canopied beds, that were placed ‘pied à pied’ in an alcove, the latter was awakened by a tremendous crash, as of glass fallen from a great height on the pavement.

“Good heavens!” said she, sitting up in her own bed, and looking notes of interrogation through the borders of her night-cap at Sir Romulus’s red sleeping face, as it snored sonorously upon the opposite pillow. “Good heavens! my dear, have you any idaya what that was?”

“Eh—eh—my dear,” cried he, opening one eye, and partially raising himself by the assistance of his elbow; “this Algerine of an hotel is terribly noisy; but noise, my dear, is one of the sights (!) of Paris—one of the sights of Paris.”

“Gracious! there it is again,” said Lady Bubble; “do you think it’s a revolution?”

“No, my dear—my dear, that I’ll answer for,” replied Sir Romulus, suddenly drawing his cotton night-cap over his right ear, as though it had given him private but certain intelligence of the state of the nation.

“Oh then, in that case, my dear,” yawned Lady Bubble, “you had better get up, as we have a great deal to do to-day.”

“The thing is,” said Sir Romulus, now opening both eyes and stretching his arms above his head, “the thing is, when one is at Rome to do as Rome does. Everything, now, you must know, my dear, in France, is, ‘à la jockey;’ so I have brought my top-boots

and buckskins, and have orderered a wig 'à la victime.' I hope all your rattle-traps are right; for it is a terrible thing, especially in Paris, not to see one's calamity well dressed."

"I think, my dear, if any ought to understand French fashions I ought, after having been here at the two paces" (peaces). And, so saying, Lady Bubble rang for her maid; while Sir Romulus sprang out of bed, and, instead of his usual dignified march, conveyed himself, by a 'pas de zephyr' into his dressing-room, where, after having for some minutes contemplated with great admiration his new wig, 'à la victime,' in which, for the better imitation of nature, he had ordered a few gray hairs to be interspersed, he commenced his toilette, which had proceeded as far as an almost orange-coloured pair of buckskins and top-boots, with a striped waistcoat, as like a groom's as possible, when the same terrific din that had awakened Lady Bubble recommenced, with much additional fury. Sir Romulus, with a pistol that he had been examining in one hand, and a large sponge in the other, flew to the window (forgetful that his wig was still on the block), and, pulling it suddenly open, beheld a scene of uproar, to which his extraordinary appearance considerably added, by eliciting peals of laughter from the mob that were assembled in the court-yard.

From the opposite windows (thrown by invisible hands) flew chairs and tables, accompanied by broken panes of glass and yells of the most appalling nature. Sir Romulus, and those inhabiting the apartments on his side of the court, saw what the crowd from below could not see, namely, a desperate struggle in an opposite room between an unhappy maniac and his keeper. The former was insisting upon throwing everything out of the window, while the latter, unable to prevent him, was occupied in watching the door, in order to try and make good his retreat. Presently, every window in the house was filled with heads, some night-capped, some 'en papillotte,' some half dyed, others half dressed; but none wigless, save Sir Romulus Bubble's!

"It's a poor madman! will no one send up the police to secure him?" screamed several English voices at once.

"Diable! on ne devrait pas faire une Maison de Santé d'un Hôtel Garni," responded a tessellation of foreign accents.

"Mad as Bedlam, by George!" falsetto'd Sir Romulus.

Rumble—tumble—clitter—clatter—and out flew a wash-hand-stand, bason and ewer.

"Oh the Algerine! this is too bad! will no body secure him? fou fou—quite fou," vociferated Sir Romulus, levelling both pistol and sponge at the madman's windows, which drew forth fresh peals of laughter from the crowd below: facetious as the worthy baronet was by nature, yet ill-timed mirth was a thing which he always set his face against; and by so doing, converted it into a reasonable and natural proceeding; therefore, on the present occa-

sion, drawing himself up to his full height, and clearing his voice three times, he began to address the spectators in a neat, but somewhat inappropriate speech, with all that eloquence and dignity which he was wont to exert at Lord John's elections, or at the Corporation dinners at Shrewsbury; swinging to and fro as he spoke, like the pendulum of a clock, and alternately brandishing the sponge or the pistol, as his oratorical parterre might require the action to be suited to the word; the sponge did for those sentences which he thought fraught with absorbing interest, while the pistol was invariably flourished at those lighter and more brilliant sallies, which he intended should go off well!

“Ahem—ahem—gentlemen!—if you are gentlemen! it is a terrible thing to tamper with the infirmities of nature, especially when you consider the nature of those infirmities (sponge). ‘Homo sum: humanum nihil a me alienum puto!’ (pistol and sponge together); and therefore, I cannot see a fellow sufferer so treated: (laughter) you may laugh—those may laugh that win; and having won your way to this scene of misery, (sponge) you now think fit to laugh at what Pope justly calls the noblest work of God—an honest man, and that is me! (loud laughter, and hear, hear! from some half-shaved Englishmen in the adjoining windows; with ‘ah! le malheureux! c’est sans doute des bêtises qu’il dit,’ from the foreigners, who were now convinced that Sir Romulus was the madman ‘en scène.’) “I came to this country, bringing with me what would have benefited all classes!—a plan of Town’s ‘Submarine Railroad!’ (much laughter from the English) Without making any illiberal animadversions on French probity, I shall merely confine myself to stating the simple fact—that that plan was lost!—lost! mind, I draw no interference—I come to no uncharitable conclusions—I simply assert that it was lost! in the small space of time that necessarily intervened, in conveying me from the white cliffs of Albion, to the fertile plains of France; but this much I will say, that national asperity can never be permanent, unless it be based upon national honour! (pistol) but though the plan of the Submarine Railroad was lost (mind, I say nothing about the chicaneries of foreign policy), a fellow creature shall not be so, through the intêr-ference (for so Sir Romulus always pronounced the word interference), of a foreign police, nationally called ‘gens d’armes;’ and whose hearts are as hard as the flints in their muskets! (sponge; laughter; and a couple of jardinières, from the opposite window, which disturbed two broken heads and three black eyes among the crowd, but only gave a fresh impetus to the baronet’s eloquence, who continued, as he gazed upon the carnage below) “no! though I should fall like Spartacus, upon heaps—not indeed of slaughtered Romans! but of maimed Rum-uns! I will defend him!” (pistol).

Here the laughter and uproar grew so immense, that Sir Ro-

mulus became inaudible, but continued to gesticulate energetically with the pistol and sponge which confirmed the police (who were now making their way up-stairs) in their mistake that he was the madman. Meanwhile, Lady Bubble seeing all eyes directed to her husband's dressing-room window, rushed in with only one eyebrow on, in all the agitation of conjugal anxiety, and in vain endeavoured to drag him from the window.

“My dear! my dear!” said her heroic spouse, “women should never interfere in public business! besides, the Algerines were delighted with the wit and pleasantry of the last hit in my speech!” and, added he, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper “though I gave a very severe (!) cut at foreign policy, I did it in such a way, that I defy Louis Philippe, or the whole French nation at large! to be offended when they hear it—as hear it they shall—for I’ll have my speech printed: Lord John might like to allude to it in the house—and I’ll stake my head upon its effect!”

“You had better put on your wig first, my dear,” urged Lady Bubble, “for you have no idaya how odd you look.”

“Oh! my dear—my dear—in France they don’t mind these things. At one time, during the first French Revolution, it was the fashion to wear no head at all; and in these times, any more than those, it does not do to be ‘*lête montée! lête montée!*’ do you approve of my wit! You see, my dear, I am as witty in French as I am in English.” Be this as it might, before Sir Romulus had well finished his last sentence, in walked four ‘*gardes municipaux*,’ with ropes and handcuffs, and in spite of all his efforts, or rather the more on account of them, instantly secured all the wit and eloquence before them; while Lady Bubble’s screams and struggles had no other effect than to make them promise, that they would return for her, as soon as they had disposed of ‘*le bon homme*.’ Finding all entreaties fruitless, her last act of devotion was hastily to give Sir Romulus his new wig, sobbing out as she did so—

“They may well call it ‘*à la victime!*’ God knows the wretches have made a victim of you.”

“My dear—my dear,” said Sir Romulus, with the presence of mind and composure of a truly great man in the midst of difficulties, “you have put my wig too far over my forehead; it hides all my organs; just move it a little further back, will you, for it is as well to let these Algerines see that I have the organ of combativeness, though I shall refrain from developing it,” (and here he again lowered his voice) “because it is necessary to act with the utmost prudence, as I should not wonder when this outrage reaches Lord John’s ears if it occasioned a war between England and France! So be very cautious, my dear, very cautious, as it will be necessary to prove that we did nothing to provoke bloodshed!”

Lady Bubble was an excellent wife, and always yielded to her

husband's superior wisdom ; therefore, as he was now borne out of the room neck and heels by the 'garde municipale,' she thought the most prudent thing she could do was to faint, as during that ceremony she could say nothing. Talk of stoic philosophy, what was it compared to that with which Sir Romulus allowed himself (to be sure he was handcuffed, and his feet tied together), to be placed, amid the shouts of the assembled multitude, in number three hundred and ninety-five, and driven off to a Maison de Santé, at the other extremity of the Champs Élysées. It is also true that upon being placed in the 'fiacre,' and pressed down like a Sardine by one of the 'garde municipale,' he struggled a little, but then the policeman only pressed the more, so that it was 'Bithus contra Bacchium,' and no advantage gained by either party. During the drive, Sir Romulus composed himself, and a speech that he intended delivering, when he should be delivered from his present dilemma ; but it was his wont, when in a state of incubation, to bestow sundry caresses with his fore finger and thumb upon his under lip—a practice that seemed to usher his thoughts into the world with the greater facility—no wonder then that handcuffed as he now was his ideas were in a protracted state of gestation, and that begin where he would, his perorations ended in "the liberty of the press ! and the liberty of the subject !"

The 'garde municipale' seemed to have a perfect knowledge, both practically and theoretically of the former ; but, whether poor Sir Romulus would ever again realize the latter, seemed dubious, even to himself ;—however, he confined his ire to bestowing dignified and terrible looks upon his companions, sonorously clearing his throat, and repeating aloud, at measured intervals, "the liberty of the press ! and the liberty of the subject !" which his auditors appeared to think was very like what Alphonse Karr observes of Monsieur Passy, namely, that he was 'comme orateur, tout-à-fait insupportable à cause d'un défaut dans la prononciation qui le rendit aussi fatigant qu'inintelligible.' At the end of twenty minutes they reached Boulogne, and arrived at a quiet, pleasantly situated, Maison de Santé, where Sir Romulus was deposited in an airy room, overlooking a delightful garden, and a vista of the Bois ; and was also furnished with a keeper, who being Irish spoke English.

"Ahem—a-hem," said the former, as he looked through the back window into the garden, "de-lightful prospect this—if the Algerines did not compel one to pass one's time here."

"Algerine baths, is it, sir—oh, yis, you can have one whin iver you plase," responded the Hibernian keeper, in answer to Sir Romulus's soliloquy.

"What !" said that much injured individual, "are you a next door neighbour countryman of mine ? for so I call the Irish, and joined in this diabolical conspiracy against one of the most loyal of

her Majesty's subjects! I blush for you!" and so saying, Sir Romulus waved his hand with great dignity—and (having been relieved from his handcuffs)—drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and announced aloud, that he should amuse himself till the Algerines thought fit to bring him some breakfast, by reading a pastoral eclogue from the German, entitled, "Milon and Dametus."

"Oh! you may d—n at us as much as you please, sir, but you won't move a mile on from this, I can tell you," said the phlegmatic keeper, as he suddenly assassinated with a 'coup de main,' a wasp that had lighted on Sir Romulus's cheek; and, in the energy of the proceeding, nearly upset that equanimity which the worthy baronet had hitherto maintained. At this juncture, the doctor and proprietor of the establishment entered, followed by some Ostend oysters, a bottle of 'châblis,' and some 'cotelettes à la Soubise,' with a yard and a half of bread for the new patient's breakfast; but, upon deliberately feeling Sir Romulus's pulse, which had risen twenty degrees since the massacre of the wasp, or, more properly speaking, since the blow on his cheek, which had been made the scaffold of this execution, the doctor countermanded that savoury repast for some 'eau magnésienne saturée de l'établissement des bains de Tivoli,' and a light tisane of 'tilleul.' This was too much! for philosophy consists in resigning oneself meekly to the luxuries and pleasures of life, but not in going supperless to bed, with the expectation of a 'déjeuné à la fourchette,' and seeing it suddenly exchanged for a glass of eau magnésienne and a cup of tisane!

"Mais diable! diable!—fang, fang, morte de fang," remonstrated Sir Romulus, as he saw the cutlets vanish, and the eau magnésienne appear, with which the doctor drenched him as though he had been a pointer pup in the distemper!

"Comment! vous ne l'aimez pas?" said the doctor, "cependant c'est tout ce que nous avons de meilleur."

Vain were the wry faces Sir Romulus made. He was not, indeed, like Dominie Sampson, compelled to eat; on the contrary, like Adam, he was forbidden to do so, but he was compelled to drink; and the violent fit of coughing that ensued from the nauseous draught having, in the struggle between him and the doctor, gone the wrong way, made him so indignantly outrageous, that the next measure was a straight waistcoat! This was a climax for which there was nothing but endurance. Had not his 'chevelure' been 'à volonté,' shaving would have followed the straight waistcoat; but as it was, Monsieur Guêpard the doctor contented himself with removing it as expeditiously as might be, and vigorously sponging Sir Romulus's head with cold water, to the great detriment of his waistcoat 'à la jockey' and suitable continuations; while his vociferous cries of "Oh! the Algerines!—the Algerines!" only caused the doctor and keeper to throw more cold water upon the efforts he made to emancipate himself.

After being completely drenched, a dry straight waistcoat was procured, and he was placed upon the bed, and ordered to seek that repose which in his present condition he was not likely to find.

In this compulsory state of quiescence, we will for the present leave him to the care of the keeper and relays of 'eau magnésienne,' while we return to what the Sunday papers would call his disconsolate wife and family.

Lady Bubble, as we before stated, had made it a point to faint as soon as Sir Romulus had been torn from her; but it was not an ordinary and silent faint—no, it was a heaving and demonstrative one, accompanied by a considerable plunging of the feet. Her maid had come to her assistance, and brought her right eyebrow and some 'eau de luce,' yet still the fit was unconquered, when Miss Prudence, Mademoiselle, and Mr. McPhin arrived to inquire the order of the day.

"Oh dear! what's the matter?" exclaimed Miss Prudence; "eat something that disagreed with her, I suppose—for I was as ill as possible all night after that horrid French supper. But where is Romulus?"

"Where is he!" screamed Lady Bubble "why dragged to the Bastille by a 'lettre de cachet!'"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, throwing up her hands and eyes. "Just go down and ask Mr. McPhin to come up directly," added she, turning to the maid.

As soon as Mr. McPhin had answered the summons, and bowed himself into the room, Miss Prudence began:

"Oh dear! only think!—those horrid French have dragged Sir Romulus to that horrid prison—what's the name of it?—where the people never get out—oh—ah—yes—the—a—Pastille, with one of those what-do-you-call'ems—lettre—lettre de sachet!"

"De cachet," corrected Lady Bubble, and then gave another plunge, of which one of Mr. McPhin's ankles had the full benefit.

"Ahem—ahem—I would take leave to observe, with all due deference to your Ladyship," said that gentleman, rubbing his ankle, "that there is no Bastille nor 'lettre de cachet' either now."

"The next thing you will try to persuade me, sir," cried Lady Bubble, angrily, as she assumed a sudden perpendicularity, "will be that I am out of my senses, and tell me, I suppose, that they have not taken Sir Romulus away at all?"

"Oh dear no!—that I'm confident he can't," said Miss Prudence; "for I've often heard Dr. Damnemall say that there was no place where people were so easily led away as in Paris. But where is Marmaduke?—oh, not up yet, of course; but he'd better be called, 'cause 'tis but right he should see after his brother, and not let them rob and murder him, without any assistance on his part."

At the tableau Miss Prudence's forcible language and rich imagery had conjured up, Lady Bubble gave another scream, and

pushed her feet out horizontally, while her head fell back upon the arm of the fauteuil, at which interesting crisis Mr. McPhin was despatched to summon Marmaduke, whom he found in bed, with the second volume of "Moustache" in his hand, and the last number of the "Charivari" on his pillow. Mr. McPhin apologised for intruding, and then informed him of all he himself knew, namely, that some disaster had happened to Sir Romulus, and that he was requested to go to Lady Bubble, in order to see what could be done.

In less than an hour, Marmaduke was with his sister-in-law; but not being much the wiser from a second edition of the 'Bastille' and 'lettre de cachet,' he summoned Monsieur Calliez, who with many apologies and regrets explained how Sir Romulus had been mistaken for the madman, who had been since secured; but that if Marmaduke would accompany him to Monsieur de Rambuteau's, the prefect, the mistake should be rectified as soon as possible.

"Dear!" interrupted Miss Prudence, "Rumbletoes, what droll names the French have to be sure! but I'm confident I shall soon learn the language by thinking of other things. Now, those large gateways they have here go by the name, in French, of two things I'm remarkable fond of in English—'porte,' port-wine, you know; and 'cochon,' which means pig—so by that means I always remember 'porte cochon,' as they call the gateways. Now, Mr. McPhin, if you would teach Cosmo on this plan, it would be such an assistance to him."

But before Mr. McPhin could thank her for so valuable a hint, Marmaduke had taken his arm, and started for the Hôtel de Ville, where they received from Monsieur De Rambuteau, that prompt assistance and kind consideration, of which the well-bred French are so lavish to strangers. The Prefect having had the goodness to write a letter to Monsieur Guêpard, ordering him instantly to release Sir Romulus Bubble, who was an English baronet, and, madness being neither the 'spécialité' nor the 'catégorie' of the order, had no right in the first instance to have been seized, and in the next, to have been detained.

Thus armed with all the appliances and means to boot, Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin set off for Boulogne, where they arrived between five and six o'clock in the evening, and found poor Sir Romulus much exhausted from want of food and copious draughts of eau magnésienne.

As soon as they had announced the name of the person they wished to see, or rather described him, Monsieur Guêpard proclaimed with great satisfaction, as it amounted to an eulogium on his own skill, that, from the regimen he had adopted, the malady of the unhappy patient was considerably abated since the few hours he

had been under his care ;—great, therefore, was his astonishment, when Marmaduke angrily accused him of having committed a shameful outrage, and put the Prefect's letter into his hand.

“Comment !” exclaimed Monsieur Guêpard, as soon as he had read it, tightly clasping it, and shaking it above his head, like a hero in a French tragedy ; “comment ! il n'est pas fou ? par exemple, mais c'est extraordinaire—pas fou ! ah ça, je ne m'y connois donc pas ! mais cependant si Monsieur le Préfet le dit, il n'y a pas à dire ;” and so saying, Monsieur Guêpard shrugged his shoulders, took a candle and led the way up stairs, where, unlocking the door, he advanced towards the narrow bed, upon which poor Sir Romulus, in self-defence, had lain quiet for the last hour. He then commenced undoing the straight waistcoat, and said in a bland voice—“Mille pardons, Monsieur, on dit que vous n'êtes pas fou ; ainsi c'est tout-à-fait dans une autre catégorie que nous nous trouvons.”

“Oh my dear Marmaduke,” said Sir Romulus, piteously, without paying any attention to the doctor's speech ; “I am half-dead with the way these Algerines have used me,—one and all—for I have had to endure the interference of the whole household on the occasion. Not one morsel of food have I had, while the wretches have compelled me to swallow a Mediterranean of some infernal medicinal water, that has played the very deuce with me.”

“You do indeed look sadly pulled down,” said Marmaduke ; “but how on earth did it all happen ?—for I have not yet been able to get a clear and satisfactory account of the business.”

“Um—um—never were there such a set of Algerines,” said Sir Romulus, in a confidential mumble, leaning towards Marmaduke's ear, as the Irish keeper replaced the straight-waistcoat with the one striped à la jockey—the brilliancy of whose hues, however, were much dimmed by the plentiful splashings of ‘eau magnésienne,’ and tilleul ; “the fact is, the French are anything but a free people ; and therefore it is not easy to open one's mouth without getting into a scrape ; and a very slight political allusion that I made in my speech has brought all this persecution upon me”—

“What speech ?” interrupted Marmaduke.

“Oh, my dear, my dear, one that I addressed to an infuriated mob from the window at Meurice's, in behalf of a poor d—l of a madman—and”—

“Oh, I see it's a clear case now,” again interrupted Marmaduke ; “so put on your wig as quick as you can, and let us get home, for dinner will be waiting, and I should think you must be hungry.”

“Hungry !” exclaimed Sir Romulus, tenderly pressing his hands upon his chest—“by George, Sir, I could eat my grand-père without a ‘sauce Robert.’”

Here the Irish keeper handed Sir Romulus his wig, which, in

his hurry to snatch from that functionary's hand, he put on hind part before; and such was his precipitation to leave the fatal scene of his day's persecution, that neither the remonstrances of Monsieur Guêpard and the keeper, nor the hints of Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin about the erroneousness of his coiffure, had the slightest effect in making him alter it.

"Pardon, Monsieur — mais votre perruque," recommenced Monsieur Guêpard.

"Pardon! Sir," thundered Sir Romulus, looking very formidable in his wig under its peculiar circumstances — "pardon, Sir! You must ask of heaven! — your king! — and country! — for crimes like yours — without which mine can avail you little. What will Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, too — think of such an infringement upon the liberty of the subject! — but the liberty of the press shall and will avenge it."

Poor Monsieur Guêpard, who did not understand (how should he?) one syllable of this harangue, shrugged his shoulders, looked wistfully at the straight-waistcoat, and merely soliloquized, "Comment! on dit qu'il n'est pas fou?" as he walked over to the table to write out his "little account," which amounted to 63 francs, for trouble, lodging, medicine, and attendance for seven hours, and damage done to two blue damask arm chairs by Sir Romulus's uncourteous rejection of the proffered bumpers of eau magnésienne.

"The Algerines!" said Sir Romulus, conning it over, when Monsieur Guêpard presented it to him; "their effrontery! — they want me to pay for the outrages I have received — they! who have done me more injury than the best larder in Europe can repair in a month! — the double-distilled Algerines! But it's a bill, I can tell them, that shall be laid before the house!"

"It is a great shame," said Marmaduke, taking out his purse; "but I fear we shall have to pay it at last, so there is no use in disputing it."

Sir Romulus seized his hat, and giving it an indignant slap, so as to secure it on his head, which was a matter of some difficulty, considering the wheel-about-jump-Jim-Crow conduct of his wig — he walked with great dignity towards the door, where he was followed by Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, the keeper, who, pulling the forelock of his auburn tresses, said he hoped "his honour would, as a gentleman, remember his attentions, and the care he took of him when he staid so much in need of them?"

"Remember you!" thundered Sir Romulus, shaking his cane at him, accompanied by a sort of Jupiter Tonans look, as he placed his hand on the lock of the door — "you Algerine! never shall I forget you and your accomplice as long as I live; remember you! I should think so indeed."

But seeing that Sir Romulus terminated this promise, by button-

ing up the pockets of his much-injured buckskins, Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald extended his hand, humbly asking, "Thin what would yer honour be plased to give me?"

"As hearty a drubbing as you ever got in your life, if you don't disappear instantly; and if you are not satisfied with that, there's the straight waistcoat and those infernal empty bottles for you."

"Indade, Sir, its an impty compliment," said Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, despondingly scratching his right ear; as Sir Romulus cleared the first flight of stairs at a bound, followed by Monsieur Guêpard, who, bowing and holding the candle above his head, kept repeating that he should be at all times 'charmé de le revoir,' while Marmaduke flung a sop to Cerberus, in the shape of a five-franc piece to Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, who then opened the door wide to let Mr. McPhin pass, winking and whispering him as he did so.

"I advise you to kape an eye upon the old boy; for if he's not mad, why the race of March hares is extinct, that's all."

Mr. McPhin, who knew the value of time too well ever to lose it, and who had not been born on the other side of the Tweed, without on all occasions having an eye to business, replied to Mr. Fitzgerald's admonition, by whispering an inquiry as to whether they ever took female patients.

"Av coorse, all sorts," was Mr. Fitzgerald's reply.

"Humph—had you ever any old women mad on the subject of fancying themselves in love?"

"Not many; for that complaint, you see, ginrally takes the ould ladies the other way, and they do be fancying that pable is in love wid thim."

"And is there any cure for that sort of thing?" breathlessly inquired Mr. McPhin, with a depth of look that must have reached to the very back of Mr. Fitzgerald's scull.

"Divil a better, either for love or larning, thin plenty of that same," replied that gentleman, nodding familiarly across his shoulder at three or four empty 'eau magnésienne' bottles that stood on an opposite table.

"Hove you ony of it for sale, my dear friend?" exclaimed Mr. McPhin, suddenly seizing Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's hand in a sort of ecstasy.

"As much as you plase."

"What is it a bottle?"

"Thirty sous."

"Give me a couple of bottles now," said Mr. McPhin, and send ten bottles at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning to the hotel 'Meurice, Rue de Rivoli,' when I'll pay for it, ond if it succeeds, I'll reward you handsomely."

"Mr. McPhin, Mr. McPhin, we're waiting for you," cried Marmaduke from the foot of the stairs.

“Coming, Sir! immediately,” cried Mr. McPhin, hastily placing a bottle of ‘eau magnésienne’ under each arm.

“Have they got hold of him too? or is the Algerine mad, that he stays so long up there?” said Sir Romulus, placing one foot on the first step of the fiacre, as if about to get out.

“No, here I am, sir,” replied Mr. McPhin, diplomatically holding the precious bottles behind him; fearing that they might excite disagreeable reminiscences in the baronet’s mind, and come to an untimely end by some sudden explosion on his part, seeing the indignation they elicited from him up stairs.

The trio, seated in the fiacre, and once fairly off, each became busy with their own reflections.

“Egad, my dear Marmaduke,” said Sir Romulus, “I have even had a straight waistcoat on my lips all day in that infernal place, but now it’s off, I’ll tell you what I mean to say in my printed speech to Lord John,” and here Sir Romulus blew up into a whirlwind of eloquence that was listened to in profound silence by both his auditors; for, Mr. McPhin was racking his brains to know under what pretext he could present the bottles of ‘eau magnésienne’ to Mademoiselle Perpignon, and, what was more german to the matter, how he could induce her to swallow their contents. At length, having hit upon an expedient that he thought infallible, he rubbed his hands with delight.

“God bless me! you’re not cold, surely?” said Sir Romulus, suddenly stopping short in the midst of the “liberty of the press.” and the “liberty of the subject,” at the sight of this untoward proceeding on the part of Mr. McPhin, “for it’s uncommonly sultry. How delightful it will be to travel by the Sub-marine Railroad on such an evening as this! and then, as I told the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury,—the thing will be not who shall keep their head above water! but who shall get it under water,” and, so saying, he gave poor Marmaduke a poke in the side that effectually dispelled his reverie, which had consisted of efforts of his imagination to try and conjure up the scena of his brother’s being dragged to the ‘Maison de Santé,’ which, by the time the fiacre stopped at the ‘Hôtel Meurice,’ he had effectually succeeded in doing. This accounted for the loud laugh he burst into, which, Sir Romulus, mistaking for a tribute to his oft-repeated mot to the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury, extatically exclaimed,—

“Um—um—um—I’m glad, my dear Marmaduke, that you understand the point of this at last, for you never seemed to do so before.”

Upon alighting from the hackney-coach, the driver, of course, expressed himself dissatisfied with his fare, whereupon Sir Romulus exclaimed, turning to Marmaduke,—

“A propos (?) that reminds me of my calamity ! how has she borne the misfortunes of the day ?”

“ Oh, like a heroine up to the time I left her,” replied the latter.

Sir Romulus lost no time in making his way up stairs, and restoring himself to his disconsolate family. All French houses, whether ancient or modern, being constructed upon the ‘chasse mari’ and ‘sauve amant’ plan, the rooms occupied by the Bubble family at Maurice’s had the usual plentiful allowance of doors, out of which different artistes, who had been to wait upon Lady Bubble, were now exiting as Sir Romulus entered with open arms ready to receive the first who should rush into them ; this happened to be Cosmo, who was rebutted with—

“ Oh, you Algerine, where’s my calamity ?”

Lady Bubble, who was sitting dressed in deep mourning, with a long black crape veil pinned to the back of her turban, and a pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, did not perceive his entrée, but no sooner did she hear his well-known voice, than she started up, gave one loud scream, and then sank back into her chair, while Miss Prudence, who was making the tour of the dinner-table, in the next room, and emphatically ordering a waiter to take away the French bread and bring English, now came forward, exclaiming,—

“ Oh, dear ! well, I’m so glad that Marmaduke has been able to get you back, and just in time for dinner, too. I suppose you have had nothing but black bread and muddy water in the Bastille ?”

Here Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin made their appearance, upon which Lady Bubble’s sobs increased so audibly, that Mademoiselle Perpignon drew forth her pocket-handkerchief and contributed a contralto hysteric, declaring that this affecting scene reminded her of the pictures of Louis Seize taking leave of his family, with this difference,—that Sir Romulus was rejoining his, and that, instead of his head, he was only in danger of losing his wig, which, with his hat, had nearly fallen off as he leant forward to embrace Lady Bubble.

Colonel and Mrs. King, who were also present on this joyous occasion, now chimed in with Mademoiselle, in assuring Lady Bubble that there was nothing so bad for the complexion as crying ; for, while it reddened the eyes and nose, it invariably whitened the cheeks. Mr. McPhin took this opportunity of whispering in Mademoiselle’s ear that he wished to speak to her in the next room. Too delighted at such an unexpected request, she gave him her hand, and he lead her, fat and fluttering, into the ‘salle à manger,’ where he said, with some hesitation,—

“ A-hem—a-hem !—not, mum, that you want ony thing of the sort, far from it ; but I hard of a most woonderful cosmetic to-day, which, if tacken three or four times a day, will make ony lady look as bright as Venus herself, when she first rose out of the waves of Cirego. So, pray, mum, let me recommend your taking a toombler

full before dinner?" Mr. McPhin, who, all the time he was speaking, had been uncorking one of the bottles of 'eau magnésienne,' now poured out a tumbler, which Mademoiselle, with confiding innocence, drank off, merely repeating beforehand, "Ah! le cher homme!" and making a wry face after, which caused Mr. McPhin to assure her, that he had never seen her look so well.

Shortly after, dinner was upon the table; every one seemed happy in their own way. Sir Romulus eat for six and talked for ten; Mademoiselle sat close, very close to Mr. McPhin, but soon felt so ill and uncomfortable that she was obliged to leave the room, upon which that gentleman silently but sincerely drank Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's health in a glass of champagne that was 'frappé' to a sparkle.

After dinner, Marmaduke proposed going to Franconi's; but Sir Romulus looked despatch-bags, and declined, saying that he must write that very night to Lord John, giving him a full and authentic statement of how the French government had behaved to him.

"Then at all events," said Marmaduke, "the rest of us can go."

"I think," cried Lady Bubble, waving her handkerchief majestically, "that it would be highly improper of any of Sir Romulus's family to stir out on the first night of his miraculous delivery."

"Miraculous delivery!—capital! capital!—that gives me an idea!" said Sir Romulus, making a pirouette as he took a triple pinch of snuff—"that gives me an idea!"

"Then it must be miraculous," muttered Marmaduke.

"Cosmo, bring me the pen and ink."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, have you a mind to go to Franconi's, Mr. McPhin? If not, I shall go alone," said Marmaduke.

"Stop—one moment," cried Sir Romulus, "just till I show you how I intend to begin my letter to Lord John, not to alarm him too much; besides there is nothing like throwing a little wit and pleasantry into everything." So saying, Sir Romulus hastily indited two lines, and then clearing his throat, read out three times over the following 'jeu d'esprit'—

"Dear Lord John,

"I was confined this morning, but have been safely delivered this evening!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Le moyen n'est pas neuf, je vous en avertis, et il a couru son monde dans toutes les comédies, depuis Aristophane jusqu'à Molière.”

SIR ROMULUS REJECTS THE ORDER OF THE BATH, AND IS PUNISHED FOR HIS INDEPENDENCE.—LADY BUBBLE, FOR THE SECOND TIME, EXPERIENCES AN ATTACK OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

ABOUT a fortnight had elapsed since the arrival of the Bubble family in Paris, and since Sir Romulus's release from Monsieur Guêpard's château at Boulogne; yet, wonderful to relate, England had not declared war against France, and more wonderful still, neither had Lord John replied to Sir Romulus's last important communication; and it was 'à propos' to this last oversight of his Lordship that he observed at breakfast, though apparently 'à propos de bottes,' "that it was evident those Algerines the Whigs were tottering to their fall, and no wonder, from their total incapacity for business, however urgent." Ever since the Baronet's arrival in Paris his unlucky star seemed in the ascendant; for from his uprisings to his down-lyings, from his out-goings to his in-comings, some disaster seemed still to wait upon his most trifling movements.

One day he had been guilty of a consummate piece of art—to imitate nature, and had gone into a 'salon épilatoire' in the Rue Vivienne, when lo! just as his head, or rather his wig, was between the hands of an excessively attractive demoiselle, Lady Bubble, who was on her way to a 'modiste's' who occupied the apartment over the salon épilatoire, beheld him in this apparently perfidious position through the half-open door; and the Doctors-Commons scream she gave on the occasion caused Sir Romulus to rush out, thereby leaving his wig in the young lady's hands, which Lady Bubble, naturally enough, considered as an additional proof of his guilt, and long and laboured were the arguments he had recourse to before he could convince her that it was the custom in France for elderly gentlemen to have those unsightly 'souvenirs' of time, gray hairs eradicated; to which she replied, with that obstinacy which none but wives, and donkeys hired by the hour, are capable of:

“Yes, Sir Romulus—out of their heads; but not out of their wigs, sir!”

“My dear—my dear,” replied he, in his most persuasive tone (telling her, 'par parenthèse' that he had never seen her look so handsome), “one must put a little poetry into what one does, and I don't want the whole world to know that I wear a wig.”

“And I, sir,” retorted Lady Bubble, in a paroxysm of tears, “don't want the whole world to know that I am a poor—neglected

—deserted—betrayed wife! So the next time you are guilty of that foolery, I beg you will allow me or Martin to do it for you at home.”

“Ce-ce-certainly, my dear,” stammered Sir Romulus, as Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit now came forward, and handed him his wig, which Lady Bubble snatched from her hand with a look of outraged dignity.

It was several days after this unlucky ‘contre-temps,’ before Sir Romulus could succeed in restoring peace by calming her Ladyship’s fears : to do him justice, never was man more innocent of any design, beyond the one he had confessed to her of wishing to have the ‘renommée’ of possessing a fine head of hair ; but unluckily, in objecting to the gray hairs being removed, she had put far worse things into his head ; for, from that hour, Sir Romulus was seized with the ambition to pass for ‘un homme à bonne fortune’ during the remainder of his ‘séjour’ at Paris : and not to lose time, he made his débüt by a tender pressure of Mademoiselle Pauline’s hand, as he placed a Napoléon within it, instead of the three francs usual on such occasions, and gave her a very telegraphic wink, as he gave Lady Bubble his arm, and conducted her to her carriage. It was about a week after Sir Romulus had been thus lancé as an ‘homme galant,’ that Marmaduke proposed at breakfast a party to Versailles by the ‘Chemin de Fer.’

“Oh dear! a very good thought, Marmaduke,” said Miss Prudence, “and we can lunch there, and come back and dine at the table d’hôte, at the Hôtel de Paris : where, do you know, I have found out that they have better dinners than any where else in Paris : and oh, dear! there is a stout elderly gentleman there that seems to enjoy his dinner beyond every thing! it quite does me good to see him : do you know, I went there one day, at four o’clock, to say I should dine there ; and I saw him already seated at table, before the two bottles of Champagne, that he always puts in ice himself ; and I thought it so sensible of him, that I sent away the carriage, and stay’d too, though they don’t dine till half-past five. He talked a good deal till dinner was ready, only I could not understand him ; but he never said a word from the moment dinner was on the table—oh, dear! I should like to know his name, for he appears the most sensible foreigner I’ve seen.”

“Well,” said Sir Romulus, regardless of Miss Prudence’s panegyric on the fat ‘frappeur de Champagne, at the Hôtel de Paris—“well, I must take an Algerine bath to-day, to see what they are like, for I have not yet done so ; and after that, I’m ready for anything.”

“And I,” said Lady Bubble, “want to go to a flower shop in the Rue Richelieu, so that will just do.”

“And I must go to the Hôtel de Paris, to say we’ll all dine there, or we shan’t get places ; and as it is in the Rue de Richelieu, you can take me, Lady B.”

“Betsy, my dear, as you are going up-stairs, ask Mademoiselle if she would like to go to Versailles? we are going at one by the railroad, and shall return in the carriage.”

“Yes, mamma,” said Miss Bubble, as she closed the door.

Mr. McPhin gave a groan, and pushed away an untasted pile of foie gras that remained on his plate. For ten days the eau magnésienne had done its duty—and by making Mademoiselle Perpignon ill and uncomfortable, had confined her almost entirely to her own room; but at length she turned restive, and vowed she would take no more of it, despite the energy of Mr. McPhin’s persuasions; but as she preferred him to his prescription, they were not likely to prevail. Another groan on the part of this unfortunate gentleman exciting Marmaduke’s compassion, he announced that he was going to take a turn in the Palais Royal, till one o’clock, when they were to rendezvous at the Chemin de Fer, if Mr. McPhin liked to accompany him.

“I shall be very hoppy, sir,” replied the latter, looking as miserable as it was possible for a man to look, as he rose and took his hat.”

“Remember—one!” cried Sir Romulus, as they left the room, “which is an improvement upon Belvidera’s “remember twelve! as it gives you an hour more!” and with this brilliant sally, he walked to the glass, placed his hat on one side, kissed his hand to Lady Bubble, and started for the Algerine baths.

Marmaduke and Mr. McPhin had twice made the tour of the Palais Royal, stopping like two school-boys before every shop window; when, suddenly, Mr. McPhin’s attention was unusually riveted, by seeing a razor in a cutler’s shop, revolving slowly round on its own axis, without the intervention of hands.

“Eh! what can that possibly be?” asked he.

“Why,” replied Marmaduke, looking in his turn at the phenomenon, “I suppose it is a self-acting razor, for cutting throats upon philosophical principles.”

“Eh! but that’s a capital invention, and quite does away with the sin of suicide,” said Mr. McPhin, “I’ll sartainly buy one.”

“You’ll certainly do no such thing,” said Marmaduke, dragging him on till they reached a magazine of Bohemian glass.

“Well now,” cried the latter, “these things really are beautiful, and look as if they had been brought from Aladdin’s garden; as Gertrude Howard is to be married in the spring, I don’t see why I should not order her a complete service of all these pretty things for her boudoir: poor Theresa!” sighed he, entering the shop, “I wish I had the same office to perform for you!”

By the time Marmaduke had ordered a complete dessert and toilet set, besides innumerable vases, and one large basin, of sapphire and ruby-coloured crystal, for perfumed water, in the shape

of the Florentine one, with several little musical birds of the most brilliant plumage hovering round it, the time had arrived, within half an hour, when they were to be at the Rue de Londres, whither we will leave them to find their way, while we look after Sir Romulus, who, indeed, appeared to require more looking after than our time will permit us to bestow upon him. In his way to the baths, as it threatened rain, he had purchased an umbrella of bright purple silk; somewhat similar to the one in the possession of Mr. Simpson, as described at the commencement of this interesting work. Much charmed with his new acquisition of property, he walked on to the baths, which having minutely examined in all their several departments, he dismissed the attendant, and, despite of remonstrances against such an imprudent step, insisted upon arranging everything for himself.

Now, though it is true, as we have before stated, that Sir Romulus had been in hot-water ever since his arrival in Paris, yet he was by no means prepared for the boiling he was about to give himself; for, having recklessly jumped into the bath, and turned the tubes of hot and cold water both at once, it was not till he was nearly scalded to death that he discovered that the tube containing the cold water was stiff and would not turn, and that the boiling flood was therefore mercilessly engulfing him. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed he, jumping out upon the floor, where he danced with pain. "Never again as long as I live will I eat lobsters; for now I know what the poor d—ls must suffer when boiled alive! Oh, the Algerines! they may well call these Algerine baths. I suppose they are what the Dey of Algiers had for making 'consommé' of Christian in—pooh—pooh—pooh! I'm positively done to rags!" and here Sir Romulus rang and roared alternately, till the bath man at length appeared with a

"Ciel! qu'avez-vous donc, Monsieur?"

And Sir Romulus informed him, in a 'Macedoine' of French and English oaths, of the misfortune that had befallen him. The phlegmatic water-sprite merely replied with a shrug of the shoulders and a protrusion of both hands, after the fashion of Orestes in Racine's tragedy of 'Andromaque,' when he announces to that very-hard-to-be-pleased lady, Hermione, that he has committed the murder, like a faithful servitor, as she desired him.

"Pardi, Monsieur, ne vous ai-je pas bien dit? On ne se fait pas pot-au-feu comme ça soi-même."

"Maim—yes, you Algerine, I believe I am maimed for life," said Sir Romulus, limping about in quest of his different garments, between minute-gun interjections of "Oh, my arm!—ah, my back!"

"Mais asseyez-vous donc, monsieur," said the bath-man, offering him a chair.

“Barbarian!” muttered Sir Romulus, looking angrily at the attendant and sorrowfully at the chair, “Barbarian! when I’m positively like King Clovis’s angel! It will be a mercy if I am ever able to sit down again.—Oh!” And here Sir Romulus, who kept a journal that he eventually intended publishing, sought for his pocket-book, and hastily wrote down—“Let all Englishmen coming to Paris beware how they go into any of the public baths, unless they wish to be boiled alive—which will be the infallible result; as these baths are evidently a deep-laid scheme of the French government to exterminate the English. (Mem.—To write to Lord John, and give him timely notice of this.)” “Um—um—um,” bumble-bee’d this great benefactor of the human race, looking handcuffs and condemned cells at the poor bath-man, who was quietly examining the workmanship of one of the top-boots, and who had come to the conclusion that the words “Hoby, maker, St. James’ Street,” printed and pasted inside, were the names of the owner. “Um—um—um, you Algerines—I’ll defeat your malice.”

“Pardon, monsieur, mais à propos (*de bottes*) vous avez un nom bien long, *Hobay Mackair Sam Jam Strait*.”

“It will be longer, you Algerine, before you catch me here again,” said the indignant baronet ordering the attendant instantly to quit the room; a command (which, like Potier in the “Sorrows of Werter,” when he desired the absence of Charlotte’s infantine relatives) he enforced by bringing the sole of his right foot in juxtaposition with the most defenceless portion of the retreating individual’s person.

As Sir Romulus progressed in his toilette, he heaved an expiatory sigh to the ‘artiste’ who had fabricated one portion of his dress, which, from their now inconvenient narrowness, reminded him of the scolding he had bestowed upon the tailor for not having made them tighter; but, without diving into the depths of philosophy, this was only an additional proof that in the view we take of things, from insurrections down to inexpressibles, we are always actuated by our own personal feelings; thus it is but natural that a man who had just barely escaped being boiled alive, should have narrower views than he who stands at ease before a mirror, the Alexander Selkirk of his dressing-room—“monarch of all the surveys.”

When Sir Romulus found his way into the street, every stone of which appeared like a red-hot gridiron, he determined to cast a last look of indignation on the scene of his sufferings, and raised his eyes therefore to the narrow door-way, and read in plain black letters, on one side of a ground glass lamp, the modest ‘affiche’ of “Bains.” “Bless me,” said he “after all, I don’t believe I have been to the Algerine baths. Pray, sir, said he, addressing an Englishman who was passing at the time, “do you know what street this is?”

“This, sir?—it is the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.”

“And the Algerine baths—are these they?”

“Oh, dear, no; they are in the Rue Neuve Vivienne.”

“For heaven’s sake, sir, if ever you take a bath, never venture into this infernal den, where I have come by mistake, and been most barbarously used—boiled alive, sir—boiled alive!—in the most cold-blooded manner; and then to find they are not the Algerine baths after all!—luckily I have not specified that they were in my journal, but merely give a general caution to my countrymen to avoid the trap laid for them by the French government! Um—um—um”—and here Sir Romulus lowered his voice to cabinet-secret pitch.

The Englishman, thinking that he had certainly become cracked in his late boiling, merely replied with a smile, “Oh, no, the Algerine baths are like the Russian ones: they first put you into a vapour bath, and when you are nearly suffocated they pour cold water upon you, which is very delightful.”

“Thank you, good sir—I owe you one—that has given me an idea. I’ll go back and take it out of these Algerines in cold water.”

So saying, Sir Romulus re-entered the house, and walked into a room opposite the one that had been the theatre of his late martyrdom. He rang the bell, and ordered the attendant to fill the bath with cold water, and bring some rough ice immediately. By the time the man had come back with the ice, the baronet had resumed his ‘costume de Paradis,’ and plunging into the bath, ordered the attendant not to return till he rang. For about a quarter of an hour he continued to enjoy this antidote to his late boiling, when, considering himself sufficiently ‘frappé,’ he recommenced his toilet, and felt himself so perfectly convalescent that instead of a sigh he bestowed a volley of Algerines upon his tailor, and returned to his former opinion of how widely he had erred.

Having given the last touch to his wig, he walked quietly out, leaving, instead of the price of his last bath, the following witty! reproof written on a slip of paper—

“An English baronet boiled,
Is a French bath-bill spoiled.”

being, as the classical reader will perceive, a parody, though not a close one, upon the celebrated distich relative to the prevailing dissimilarity of tastes with regard to the mode of dressing a leg of mutton.

Exulting in this dignified reproof, Sir Romulus walked on through several bye streets, till he completely lost his way; and as it just occurred to him that it would be as well to inquire the road to the Rue de Londres, a few large drops of rain began to fall. According to his usual plan of doing things out of the common, in order to

save his new umbrella, he beckoned to the driver of a very dilapidated-looking sylphide that was passing at the time, and as soon as it stopped jumped into it, ordering the man to drive as fast as possible to the Rue de Londres.

The dreadful jolting of the sylphide not only reminded Sir Romulus of his recent boiling, by making him feel every instant as though each fresh jerk were tearing off a blister, but it also caused him to compare himself, as he bumped from one side to another, to Taglioni balancing on the sun-flower, which he had always considered a most perilous and uncomfortable proceeding.

“Um—um—these Algerines of hackney-coaches are terribly ill arranged; there should be a total overthrow of the whole system”—soliloquized the baronet, who at the most extreme point of personal distress never forgot the public weal. Scarcely had he uttered these last words, when, turning suddenly into the Rue de Mont-Blanc, over went the sylphide, and out came Sir Romulus head-foremost.

Now it so happened, that among the crowd that such an accident invariably draws, was Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit; and it also happened that it was into her arms Sir Romulus fell as he gave the last kick, to extricate his right foot from the window of the sylphide; in his fall his hat had received a bulge on the left side, which pushed both it and his wig considerably over his right ear, which gave him a very knowing look, and no doubt caused the arch glance that lurked in the corner of Mad’elle Pauline’s eye, which, reminding Sir Romulus of his new role of ‘*homme galant*,’ made him, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, turn round and bestow sundry little caresses and ‘*coup de pattes*’ on that young lady’s cheeks and chin; which, to the great amusement of a numerous auditory, he accompanied with, “Um—um—um—Mong petit chat ça va mew!” and here Sir Romulus raised his voice, in imitation of that of a ‘*chat en bonne fortune*.’ As ill luck would have it, just as he was again bestowing a few little amiable attentions upon Mademoiselle Pauline’s chin, who should drive by, on their way to the Chemin de fer, but Lady Bubble and Miss Prudence.

“Dear me!” exclaimed the latter, “who can that young woman be that Romulus has got with him?”

“Stop!” screamed Lady Bubble, pulling the check-string so suddenly that the coachman’s finger was nearly amputated; “Alcibiade, Alcibiade—laissez-moi get out!”

And Alcibiade (Sir Romulus’s *chasseur*) jumped down from behind the carriage, and lowered the steps. Indignation gave an impetus to Lady Bubble’s movements that enabled her to squeeze herself through the door-way in less than a minute and a half; when rushing up to Sir Romulus, seizing his arm, and menacingly shaking a large green fan in his face, she exclaimed—

“Oh, Sir Romulus! Sir Romulus! this is pretty behaviour in the public streets, sir.”

“My dear, my dear, if you’d hear me.”—

“I won’t hear you, sir; seeing is believing.”

“Um—um—um—there is something in the Paris air that makes one’s calamity dreadfully jealous.” *solto voce’d* Sir Romulus.

“There is something in the air of Paris that makes husbands scandalously profligate—what is the cause of this, sir?”

“My new umbrella, my dear.”

“Your new fiddlestick—you may make a fool of yourself, Sir Romulus, but you sha’nt make one of me.”

“Fool! my dear, there is no folly in the case, but, on the contrary, great wisdom—you see this fine new purple silk umbrella—bought it only two hours ago, and naturally wishing to save it from the rain, I got into that Algerine of a sylphide, which overturned just before you drove up, and collected this mob; and this, I assure you, my dear, is the exact truth.”

“Really, sir!” fanned Lady Bubble, “you are enough to provoke a saint—who ever heard of any one saving an umbrella from the rain, when that is what they are made for!—but it never rains but it pours—and that is the reason, I suppose, you were taking such scandalous freedoms with that creature.” Here Lady Bubble turned indignantly round, but Mademoiselle Pauline had prudently shrunk back, and mingled with the crowd. “That was to save your umbrella, too, I suppose?—Oh! that I should live to be so treated!”

“Um—um—um—no; there I was making hay while the sun shines,” muttered Sir Romulus; “but” added he aloud, “Oh, my dear! as for the young person to whom you allude, she prevented my falling, when I was upset out of that infernal machine, and so I was obliged to be civil to her.”

“There is a great difference between being civil to young women, and being rude with them, Sir Romulus,” replied her ladyship indignantly, as, fanning herself violently, she returned to the carriage; while Sir Romulus, who began to find his situation somewhat unpleasant, and his position anything but advantageous, seeing that he had one foot in the mud, and one skirt of his coat (owing to the pressure from without) getting up a touching scene with the better half of an over-ripe melon, that was melting away on a stall beneath the rays of a meridian sun—now began to think seriously of how he should effect a retreat; when, just as he was deliberating (that dangerous crisis for man as well as woman), whom should he perceive in the crowd—like the “peerless Marcia”—inasmuch as, like that formidable lady, “he towered above his sex;” but Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, grinning from ear to ear—the sight of a shell coming towards him could not have given a greater impetus to the baronet’s

movements—for, pioneering his way with the point of his umbrella, he made straight for his wife's carriage,

Just as Alcibiade had lowered the steps (against Lady Bubble's express command), Sir Romulus was recognized by two men in the crowd, who had heard his eloquent harangue from the window of the Hôtel Meurice, on the first morning of his arrival; and bursting into a loud laugh, they exclaimed with one voice, pointing at him, 'Ah! c'est le Saltimbanque de l'Hôtel Meurice!'—which watchword, setting on some twenty or thirty little gamites, the uproar and rush towards the unfortunate baronet became tremendous.

"You shan't come into my carriage, sir," was Lady Bubble's first veto, as Alcibiade lowered the steps; but as the pursuit after Sir Romulus became hotter, and hotter, and the noise louder, and louder; her ladyship began to feel herself in the same predicament as those, who formerly rented ferries on the banks of the river Meander, in Ionia; who, Strabo tells us, were responsible for all the damage done by its overflowings; so that whenever the river was indicted—which by the Athenian law it could be—these unfortunate proprietors had to bear the brunt. Now, as Lady Bubble was unquestionably the proprietor of Sir Romulus (however much he might be inclined to divide and circulate so valuable a property), she felt herself called upon, at the increasing overflowings of popular tumult, to pay the tax entailed upon her, as possessor of the cause of it; and therefore relaxed, so far as to address to her sposo, who stood with one foot on the step of the carriage—not daring to advance farther—the interrogation of "What is the matter?" His wits being always whetted by the urgency of the moment, he lost no time in leaning forward, and saying, in a confidential whisper, as he put his hand to one side of his mouth,

"Um—um—my dear, don't be alarmed, but it is the first outbreak of a revolution."

"Good heavens!" almost screamed Lady Bubble, "get in directly, and don't stand there to be murdered."

Sir Romulus obeyed, without an instant's delay; but still the provoking Alcibiade stood with the door open in his hand, waiting for orders; and to his reiterated query of where he was to tell the coachman to drive, Lady Bubble, in her fright, replied, "Chemin d'Enfer."

"Well, my dear," said Sir Romulus, facetiously patting her cheek, for he had grown courageous with the first movement of the carriage; "well, my dear, that is as good a road as any other; for I have no objection any day to go to the d—I with a fine woman."

"So it appears, sir," frowned Lady Bubble, drawing herself up, and again having recourse to her fan; "for you seem to have come to a fine pass, since you have been in this horrid abandoned place!"

"Abandoned place, is it, my dear?—then it should turn Tory,

for no place ever was abandoned by them—ha! ha! ha!—turn Tory, no place ever abandoned by them! I must write that to Lord John, though the Algerine has not answered one of my letters since I left England, though they all contained the most important Government secrets! which I have no doubt, they will issue from the Cabinet next Session as their own!” and here Sir Romulus very dexterously made the conversation, or rather his harangue, so completely political, that before they had arrived at the Rue de Londres, he had quite succeeded in convincing Lady Bubble that the little ‘scena’ she had been witness to at the corner of the Rue de Montblanc, between himself and Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit, was only one of the hundred and fifty little dexterities and manœuvres he possessed, of managing and humouring a French mob! with whom oratory was sometimes dangerous for the orator—witness the late catastrophe at Meurice’s.

“Still, my dear,” said Laddy Bubble, with a last faint glimmer of scepticism; “I don’t see what that has to do with your being so familiar with young women in the streets?”

“Um—um—um—my dear”—but whatever Sir Romulus said, though no doubt as pithy and witty as usual, is unfortunately lost to posterity, as he whispered in Lady Bubble’s ear, who replied with a benignant smile—“Oh! Sir Romulus,” tapping his cheek with her fan, as the carriage stopped at the station in the Rue de Londres.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ — enfin quelle galère,
Et que c’est fatigant de se mettre en colère.”

L’École des Journalistes.

“My story will not be the worse,
If you’ll reflect with patience,
Upon the constant intercourse,
Between the neighb’ring nations.”

“THERE IS REASON IN THE ROASTING OF EGGS,” SAYS THE PROVERB, AND THERE IS ALSO REASON IN MISS PRUDENCE’S ADMIRATION OF PICTURES.—SOME BAD LANGUAGE PASSES BETWEEN HER AND A GARÇON DE CAFÉ AT VERSAILLES.—MR. MC PHIN SEEMS INCLINED TO MAKE A DECLARATION AT THE BARRIER.—THE BUBBLE FAMILY DINE AT THE HOTEL DE PARIS, WHERE MISTER SIMPSON RE-APPEARS WITH HIS BRIDE, ALSO MONSIEUR CATAPLAN, TO HIM HIS UNCLE.

THE tide of Sir Romulus’s affairs had certainly set in with a current of ill luck, for, when he arrived at the station, he had the satisfaction of hearing from Marmaduke, that the last train had been gone about ten minutes, and that consequently they must wait an hour for another! However distressing this might have been to the rest of the party, Sir Romulus bore it very philosophically, as he passed the time in narrating the providential escapes he had had,

and the plot of the French Government! for boiling all Englishmen alive! Miss Prudence, too, enlivened the conversation, by several original remarks, such as "Oh dear! do you know I have observed that there are two names remarkable common at Paris—'Bains,' now that's an Irish name, and 'Prix Fixe,' which is quite French, but very ugly."

Marmaduke endeavoured to set her right upon her wonderful discoveries; and, after much argument, she resigned 'Bains' to their fate; but 'Prix Fixe' was an 'idée fixe,' that there was no possible means of removing, as she insisted upon having seen it at so many totally different shops, and therefore it must be the people's name.

This dispute not being likely to end, and Sir Romulus hating to be bored, however he might like to bore, walked out to the train, and entered into a description with the engineer, of the plan and advantages of the Sub-marine Railroad. This description would have been most graphic, but that unfortunately there was an impervious incognito about Sir Romulus's French, that baffled the engineer's most strenuous attempts to recognise a single word;—perceiving which, the baronet became pantomimic, and seeing a pail of water standing near, he instantly tilted it on one side, performing a sort of booming sound with his lips as he did so, and passing his stick rapidly along the side of the bucket, by which means the engineer got considerably splashed. This did not, however, in the least damp Sir Romulus's ardour, any more than the alarmed looks of his companion, till he suddenly perceived on the wall the tall shadow of a man, the thumb of whose right hand touched his nose, while that of his left joined the little finger of his right: and the fingers of both hands were performing telegraphic evolutions to the engineer. Looking for about a second at this 'ombre Chinoise,' which seemed to produce an alarming effect upon the engineer, Sir Romulus turned abruptly round, and beheld the gaunt figure of Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald! measuring his own august person very significantly with one eye, and playing the flageolet with his fingers at the engineer.

We have before stated that Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's were firelocks—they were more, they were percussion locks; for no sooner did Sir Romulus behold them, than the noise in his ears became intolerable, and he darted off like a shot back to the waiting-room, overturning and dividing the contents of the pail equally between the seriously alarmed engineer and Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, who had been merely acquainting the former by all the eloquence of dumb-show, that Sir Romulus had been one of Monsieur Guêpard's incurable patients—a fact (!) which he put into words the moment the baronet had disappeared.

"What's the matter, Romulus? you look as if you had been

pursued by a mad bull," said Miss Prudence, as her brother flung himself on a bench, fanning himself vehemently with his hat.

"Mad bull!—um—um—um, my dear, worse than that—I have discovered," (but here Sir Romulus prudently lowered his voice, a precaution the intelligent reader must have observed this able politician always took when alluding to the French government), "I have discovered that the French police is composed almost entirely of those Algerines the mad-doctors, who dodge, haunt, pursue, and catch one at every turn—it must fill every honest man with indignation—as for me, '*servata fides cineri*' I am ready to burst! and there is one thing I am convinced of, my dear Marmaduke, respecting this country——" but whatever that was, unluckily for posterity, it never transpired, for at that moment the bell rang, and the crowd in the waiting-room rushed like a swarm of electrified ants to secure their places. Cosmo and Mr. McPhin were hurrying on with the rest, when they were suddenly pulled back by Sir Romulus.

"Stop!" said he, "in these critical times one cannot be too guarded in every movement one makes; and as at this moment I am evidently an object of political persecution! it behoves me for the honour of England, and my name, to baffle them. Um—um—um, my dear, take my arm. Prudence, you take my other arm. Mr. McPhin give Mademoiselle yours, and walk close behind me." (Mr. McPhin groaned assent; Mademoiselle simpered alacrity.) "Cosmo, you take your uncle's arm, and walk close before me; King, you take your calamity, and walk before them; and then we shall be enough to frighten the d—I."

"Ah! just so—just so—ah!"

With this '*garde-du-corps*,' Sir Romulus walked boldly out to the train, till, arriving at the carriage destined for his party, whom he whispered to surround him, he hastily poked the tickets into the man's hand; and ducking his head, like a hero making a low bow to a bullet, or a school-boy to a proffered box on the ear, he sprang into the carriage, all the time crouching down, holding his hat before his face, beckoning to the rest of the family to follow, and repeating the words '*quick! quick!*'

"Oh dear!" cried Miss Prudence, as soon as they had passed another train, "I wonder if the Sub-marine Rail-road trains will be like these, all fire?"

"No! to be sure, they'll be all water," replied Lady Bubble.

"Um—um—um, my dear, my celebrated '*bon mot*' to the mayor and corporation of Shrewsbury ought to have made you know that; but as I suppose you have been stupid enough to forget it I'll repea——"

"Oh, dear no!" interrupted Miss Prudence, "I've heard it too often to forget it, but I merely asked for information sake."

"Well, then," said Marmaduke, "having been answered, let us wave the subject."

"Wave the subject—very well—very well—egad! you are growing witty too, Marmaduke; but I must explain to these Algerines, for they don't seem to take—um—um—um—my dear, wave the subject—the subject being the Sub-marine Rail-road, and wave being in allusion to the waves of the sea."

"Oh! I see," said Lady Bubble.

"What a pity," remarked Sir Romulus, facetiously, "that there is no one here of the name of Anne, for then I might exclaim, 'Oh! see—Anne—which would give us the whole ocean! ha! ha! ha! there, Marmaduke, go beyond that if you can!'"

"I don't want to go beyond seas, I am very comfortable where I am," said Marmaduke, opening one eye, and leaning his head more towards the window. After which he drew an English newspaper from his pocket, and began to read.

"Um—um," said Sir Romulus, glancing at the paper, "What have you got there, Marmaduke, my friend the Examiner? eh!"

"No, indeed," replied Marmaduke, "I have long given up that paper; for its swear-black-is-white tone, both in literature and politics, is truly disgusting; and the ministerial toadyism of its leading articles completely neutralizes the otherwise good style in which they are written; as for its reviews, or rather boreas-like puffs, they are a disgrace to the very devil who prints them. No, I now take 'The Spectator,'—there is a good healthy honest tone about its political articles; and a fair spirit of criticism in the literary department, that makes one feel it is conducted by men of sense and probity, and not by a band of brigands of the press, ready to pillage and assassinate the community at large, for the sake of enriching and aggrandizing their own chosen few; but nearly all Periodical Literature, with very few exceptions, is on a most disgraceful footing, that of cliquism. So that when 'My Grandmother's Gazette,' ycleped the Literary, is ordered by some money-lending confrère to 'béchamelé' a book, and denounce resisted sin as the adultery of the mind! (sublime expression, worthy of those gentlemen celebrated for their addiction to the ordinary sort forbidden in the Decalogue), its continental correspondents, such as the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' for instance, is ordered to flounder out a similar attack, in which it displays much ingenious ignorance, in confounding the identity of Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline—infusing Belgium blood into Irish veins—and wasting a great deal of poor invective upon a very fertile subject of which it knows nothing.

"Then comes the plastering department, when contributions to annuals, written by diplomatic young gentlemen, who,—when not engaged in the honourable employment of a spy, or of furnishing

the newspapers with gross falsehoods, of a persecuted woman, or publishing slanders of an illustrious lady¹,—devote their valuable time to outraging English grammar, and maiming English style, by telling the “pensive public” that some old lady’s “verdant lawns were green!” and attempting the lives of great men (vide that of Lord Byron), in a manner so atrocious, that they deserved to be hanged, all of which enormities have to be puffed and be praised by the aforesaid periodicals.”

“Oh the Algerines!” cried Sir Romulus; “you give a pretty account of them.”

“A true one,” said Marmaduke, as the train stopped.

“Um—um—um,” bumble-bee’d the former, whispering in his brother’s ear, “you know that great tall Irish Algerine of a keeper, that was at the madhouse at Boulogne,—well, I saw the wretch before we set off, so just keep a look out for him, and I’ll sit here till you tell me he is out of sight.” Marmaduke did look in every direction, but no where could he see Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, who, indeed, had only been as far as the Rue de Londres with a parcel to forward to Versailles.

As soon as the crowd had quite disappeared, Sir Romulus ventured to alight, but took the precaution of marching to the hotel in the same order in which he had walked to the train. Half the party were for going at once to the château; but Miss Prudence declared that it would be too late for luncheon after they had been over it, and that for her part she was so faint for want of food, she should die if she did not get something; and Mr. McPhin having given a casting vote in her favour, it was decided that they should have luncheon first. Accordingly they repaired to the Hôtel de—— and selecting a table under a lime tree in its charming little garden, Sir Romulus busied himself about iceing the wine, while every one ordered a separate ‘plat’ to their own taste. Sir Romulus ordered a ‘mayonnaise,’ which he called a ‘Solomon Gundy’ of chicken and salad, and was very angry with the garçon for not understanding him.

Every one had chosen what they wished, except Miss Prudence and Mademoiselle; the former had been too busy looking for her bag, and the latter looking at Mr. McPhin. As Miss Prudence was still hunting under the table for her lost reticule (which she had left in the carriage), and shaking every one’s petticoats, much to their annoyance, the garçon finding it in vain to appeal to her, turned to Mademoiselle, who, sighing deeply as she bestowed a parting glance on Mr. McPhin, replied to his question of what she wished to have, by murmuring out, “Riz au lait.”

¹ See the infamous calumnies on the charming and still beautiful Madame Récamier, in a late ridiculous work on France, which calumnies were fabricated and furnished by the revengeful malice of the author’s mistress.

“Au gras,” repeated the garçon.

“Non, au lait,” corrected Mademoiselle.

“Pour vous ça serait toujours au gras,” muttered the waiter, as for the last time he turned to Miss Prudence, to know what she would like to have.

“Mong sack—avez-vous voo mong sack?” inquired she, sitting down at the table quite exhausted from her researches, and brandishing Mademoiselle’s bag in the man’s face, to make him understand what she meant. He replied that he had not, and suggested that she had probably left it on the seat of the railroad carriage, but that he would send and see, and then again inquired what she would choose for luncheon. This was the third and last time of asking; so Miss Prudence, placing her wrists on the edge of the table, elevating her hands, and twitching her fingers vehemently, began to consider, and at length decided upon a ‘coquille de volaille.’ Now it so happened that her face had got exceedingly red and angry looking, from the exertion of stooping to look for her bag, and it also happened, that not being very sure of her French, she always made up in loudness of tone and vehemence of action what she thought might be deficient in clearness of pronunciation. Accordingly, in reply to the garçon’s last query, she twitched her fingers more convulsively than usual, and looking him sternly in the face, replied, ‘à haute voix,’ twice running, “Coquin de voleur! coquin de voleur!”

The poor waiter, naturally considering this as an aspersion upon his honesty in reference to the lost bag, hastily flung down a yard of bread, a bottle of beaune, and a napkin, that he had hitherto held, as he indignantly exclaimed, clinching his hand in Miss Prudence’s face :

“Comment! coquin de voleur?—plutôt canaille d’Anglaise! c’est joli ça, par exemple!”

And here Monsieur Hector the waiter tore his hair, knocked his forehead with his clenched hand, and rushed out of the garden to bring the master and mistress of the hotel, Monsieur le Chef, and two or three other waiters, to bear witness to his unimpeachable honesty. As he was exiting, Mademoiselle explained to Miss Prudence what she had called him, when, by way of mending the matter, the latter followed him to the door, and with even a greater appearance of anger, inasmuch as it was uttered in a louder and shriller voice, accompanied with more violent gesticulation, she cried out :

“Eh bien, si vous n’êtes pas coquin de voleur, quelle autre chose êtes-vous?”

Now what the poor lady meant to say was, “Eh bien, si vous n’avez pas une coquille de volaille, quelle autre chose avez-vous?”

“Oh ciel!” exclaimed Monsieur Hector, again slapping his

forehead, as he darted into the passage, from whence in less than three minutes he returned with the chef, two waiters, and the master and mistress of the hotel—the latter an exceedingly pretty woman, of some four-and-twenty summers—her sposo a burly personage, labouring under the result of sixty years' good living, in the shape of a gouty foot and a large oak stick.

Sir Romulus undertook to explain, and therefore, as usual, made confusion worse confounded by interlarding the words "*coquin de voleur*," with sundry English expletives, all of which were perfectly incomprehensible to his audience.

"Ah, Monsieur," said the chef, doffing his nightcap, and twisting it energetically in his hands, as he shrugged his shoulders, "*pour Monsieur Hector, il est un charmant garçon.*"

"Bien sûr," chimed-in Monsieur Carmagnol, the master of the hotel, appealing to his wife as he hobbled three steps nearer to Sir Romulus, "*n'est-ce pas, Virginie? tu sais bien que je lui ai toujours confié mes intérêts les plus intimes.*"

"Ah, pour sa fidélité j'en répons," said Madame Carmagnol, looking unbounded confidence at Monsieur Hector, which that gentleman returned with suitable assurance, and then turned to the wall, which he thumped with his clenched fist, muttering rapidly, at short intervals, the words "*coquin de voleur! la vieille diablesse!*"

"Well, now, but do you know, young man," said Miss Prudence, approaching him, "it's exceedingly foolish of you to make such a piece of work, when I never meant to call you a thief; 'cause, of course, I know nothing of your moral character, and, as Dr. Damnemall says, one should never bear false witness against one's neighbour, and I was not even thinking of my bag,—I assure you, I mean what I say—but it's all the fault of the French language, which I call truly ridiculous, having names for things that no mortal can understand or remember."

This apologetic harangue, the substance of which Monsieur Hector was perfectly ignorant of, and the manner of which seemed to him anything but conciliatory, only seemed to add fuel to fire, for he turned round and demanded of Madame Carmagnol what *la vieille sorcière* had said? Here Mademoiselle Perpignon charitably came forward to explain the nature of Miss Prudence's offence and apology, which so far appeased Monsieur Hector, as to enable him to turn his face from the wall, run his fingers through his hair, and exclaim,—

"Est-elle donc bête, la vieille, d'appeler une coquille de volaille, *coquin de voleur*?"

"If you mean to see the Palace to-day, you had better make haste," said Marmaduke, looking at his watch, "for it is now a quarter past three."

"To be sure, it's ridiculous to have luncheon at this hour," said

Lady Bubble, who perceiving that Sir Romulus bestowed more looks upon the pretty face, and prettier cap of Madame Carmagnol than she thought absolutely necessary, considering she was not the heroine of the scene, became anxious to hurry him away.

"Oh, dear, how tiresome!" said Miss Prudence, seizing a long roll; "so we are to have no luncheon after all."

"Come!" cried Lady Bubble, majestically leading the way, and flinging a look over her shoulder at Sir Romulus, as much as to say, "linger behind at your peril!" The whole party had reached the street, when Sir Romulus bumbled out,—

"Um—um—in paying that Algerine of a waiter, I forgot my gloves; just wait here, my dear, and I'll be back in a moment;" accordingly into the house the baronet returned, to look in Madame Carmagnol's face for his gloves, which he knew to be all the time safely in his pocket. Monsieur Carmagnol, the chief, and the two other waiters had not stood upon the order of their going, but had gone at once, as soon as the Bubble family had quitted the Hotel; but Monsieur Hector still remained in the garden to rearrange the table, and Madame Carmagnol also remained, to offer to this much injured young man the surplus of that philosophy of which she had not occasion for her own immediate use; and, as her left hand rested on his right arm, while her right hand parted the raven hair on his angry brow, it was, no doubt, through the medium of magnetism that she meant to convey it.

"Um—um—um—mes gants, perdoo mes gants!" said Sir Romulus, and no sooner had he uttered these words, which seemed to act like electricity upon Madame Carmagnol and Monsieur Hector, who both started back, than the head of the latter was under the table, leading the forlorn hope of a search after Sir Romulus's gloves, who, not to lose ground, took Monsieur Hector's place, which brought him so close to Madame Carmagnol that it enabled him to discover that her eyes were dark blue, instead of black, as he had at first thought they were. There was a mysterious and unaccountable attraction between all female chins in France and Sir Romulus's true-born English fingers, that always at the end of a few seconds brought the latter intimately acquainted with the former; and it was just as his finger and thumb had been introduced to the pretty little dimpled chin of Madame Carmagnol, that Monsieur Hector became convinced that Sir Romulus's gloves were not under the table, nor even growing upon any of the trees; and this it was, no doubt, from a natural combination of thoughts, that caused him to exclaim, in no very dulcet voice, on looking up,—

"Ha! ha! coquin de voleur!"

Sir Romulus was at first slightly displeased at the construction of the sentence; but, upon reflection, thought it better to consider it as a quotation from Miss Prudence, and, therefore, to show that

he felt no resentment, was proceeding to renew his attentions to Madame Carmagnol's chin, when he heard Lady Bubble's voice angrily through the garden-paling, and, what was worse, saw her indignant look as she cried out,—

“So, Sir Romulus, I suppose this is another of your precautions to save your umbrella from the rain!”

“Um—um—um—my dear,” said Sir Romulus, abruptly quitting Madame Carmagnol, and looking as blue as his newly acquired umbrella. “There's no finding any thing in this Algerine of a country when once it is lost.”

“You appear lost yourself, sir, to all sense of propriety,” said Lady Bubble, indignantly rejecting his proffered arm.

“Um—um—my dear, our heads would very soon be lost, if I did not understand how to humour these Algerines, on the very brink of a revolution as they now are.”

These talismanic words never failed to produce the desired effect, and form an instantaneous Lethe for all Sir Romulus's peccadilloes; so, silently seizing his arm, Lady Bubble walked quietly on to the Château.

As the day was already advanced, they hurried through the palace, taking but a cursory view of the very great improvements that Louis Philippe has made in that, as in most other things in France. Sir Romulus, when he came to the picture of Louis Quatorze, as Apollo, surrounded by his court, in mythological costume, conceived the idea of having himself painted as Jupiter on Olympus, looking over a chevaux de frise of clouds and cupids, to replace the picture of Sir Cephalus Bubble, on the staircase at Bubble Hall, which he intended transferring to the music-gallery.

Arrived at length at the gallery of French victories, Miss Prudence stood riveted before the picture of the battle of Wagram, twitching her fingers as she exclaimed aloud—“oh dear! how I am interested in this!” Scarcely had she made the assertion, when she felt the butt end of a riding whip touch her shoulder, accompanied by a gruff voice, inquiring—

“Why! did you lose any friends or relations at that battle?”

The voice proceeded from Miss Tripe, in her packet costume; but before she turned round even to see who had accosted her—Miss Prudence replied—

“Oh dear, no! but being at the Hotel Wagram, of course I take an interest in the battle you know!”

“I don't know any such thing; for I can't conceive why you should,” said Miss Tripe; “but allow me to introduce my brother, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe to you—I forget your name: Miss—a—the old woman I met on board the packet, my dear, that was so frightened at Jupiter—my brother, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe.”

Dr. Epaminondas Tripe rejoiced in a tall thin figure, like two

deal boards fastened together by a blue coat, with gilt buttons, being buttoned over them; his complexion was ruddy, his nose snubby, his eyes light and small, and his head covered by a bay wig, of the scratch genus; which, from its long-trying fidelity to his head, in a civil war with his velvet coat collar, was beginning to turn up behind, after the fashion of a drake's tail. Having been bred and born near Dublin, the doctor had a rich and mellifluous brogue, which he imprisoned as closely as possible, by always speaking with his teeth shut; and in a low and lengthened drawl, which had a very pathetic effect, when he was wont to describe certain domestic wrongs that he had experienced and discovered, as he said, by the "marest accidint in life, that of happening to pape through a kay hole."

"Is this your first visit to Pawis (Paris) ma'am?" said the Doctor to Miss Prudence, as soon as the introduction had taken place.

"Yes, my first—queer place, isn't it?"

"Oh indade, ma'am, ther are some quare things in it, and I have a collection of the quarest—a perfect *ansaclopadia*, I may say, of curiosities, which I shall be happy to show you at any time you would like to take a pape at them."

"Oh, thank you! but they are not all like those great hedge-hogs, are they? 'cause do you know, I was particular frightened at that, and my arm is quite sore still."

"Why, ma'am! I have animate and inanimate objects, and I try curious ixpirimints on ache."

"Um—um—who's your friend?" whispered Sir Romulus; "very genteel man—introduce me to him."

"Oh, Dr. Epethelanium Tripe—my brother, Sir Romulus Bubble."

"I think my brother, Mr. Alonso Tripe, has the plisure of knowing you, sir," bowed Dr. Epaminondas Tripe.

"The celebrated poet? oh, to be sure—he's going to take a calamity from our part of the world—Miss Damnemall."

"Really, Sir Romulus," said Lady Bubble, "strangers never could imagine that by a calamity you mean a wife!"

"Ma'am," bowed the doctor, "I regret to say, that no one knows more of the avils attindant on marge (marriage) thin I do—it has been a rale calamity to me, as I'm sure you'll allow whin I tell you that Mrs. Tripe desaved, desarted; in short, played me false, ma'am, at the age of forty-two!"

"Oh, the Algerines!" said Sir Romulus, who, with great tact, gave the conversation a scientific turn, by sounding Dr. Epaminondas Tripe as to the feasibility of constructing a galvanic telegraph for the Sub-marine Railroad.

The Doctor expressed his conviction, that as soon as the Sub-

marine Railroad should be completed, he would have no difficulty in constructing the telegraph in question.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, Sir Romulus became the happy possessor of one of Dr. Epaminondas Tripe's gilt buttons; whereupon, the latter gentleman thought it high time to make his bow, saying, "that his scientific parties took place every Saturday, at which he should be most happy to see Sir Romulus and his party!"

"Very genteel, clever man!" said the latter, as the Doctor and Miss Tripe strode out of the gallery.

"As much the one as the other," muttered Marmaduke.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, drawing her town clock of a watch out of her pocket, "it's a quarter past four! the dinner is to be at half-past five, and I am quite famished—we had better be going."

"Um—um"—mumbled Sir Romulus, paying no other attention to Miss Prudence's wishes, than by mechanically moving on towards the door, "um—um—very odd Lord John don't answer my letters—but I must write to Town, and our fortunes will be made, if he can get the galvanic telegraph for the Sub-marine Railroad."

The train—not of the Sub-marine Railroad, but of thought—which Sir Romulus's soliloquy led to, continued till they reached the court-yard, where the carriages were waiting; when the sudden recollection of Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald caused him to retreat back into the entry, while the carriage was driving up, and order his family to surround him in his way to it in the same order they had done from the station in the Rue de Londres. Sir Romulus, Lady Bubble, Miss Prudence, and Mrs. King got into one carriage, while Marmaduke, Colonel King, Mademoiselle Perpignon, and Mr. McPhin filled the other—Cosmo going in the rumble.

Colonel King, who had never been of a loquacious turn, had become even more taciturn since his marriage; for having, since that event, been in the habit of being appealed to by his wife, to know if he did not think she would look exceedingly well in this or that article of dress; he had abstained from the use of the only words to which he had ever been much addicted, namely—"just so—just so—a;" being therefore now in a profound state of quiescence, Marmaduke followed his example, so that Mr. McPhin was obliged, in self defence, to go to sleep, in which happy state he continued till they arrived at the Barrière where the sudden stoppage of the carriage, and the "*avez-vous quelque chose à déclarer?*" of the gendarmes awoke him; but he was not thoroughly roused, till in answer to the above question—Mademoiselle murmured with a deep sigh in his ear:

"Rien, qu'une passion malheureuse pour vous!"

“Oh, by Jove, mum,” said Mr. McPhin, “the sooner you make that over to the police the better—shall I tell them of it?”

“Oh Ciel!” cried Mademoiselle, “l’amour n’est pas des comes-tibles!”

“Humph! it’s to be hoped not, mum; for on some occasions it is both unpalatable and indigestible; in short, there’s no swallowing it.”

Luckily for Mademoiselle’s peace of mind, this reply did not reach her ear, as Colonel King was busy telling the servant to set him down at his own house in the Rue Tronchet, as his wife had asked her sister Betsy to dine with them, Sir Romulus not thinking it proper that his daughter should dine at a ‘table-d’hôte.’ On arriving at the Hôtel de Paris, he had scarcely time to pay his devoirs to two magnificent Persian cats, with tails that beat Mr. O’Connell’s hollow, who were ambling about the court, when Miss Prudence pulled him by the sleeve, and pointed through a glass door to show him that the guests were already seated at table: he instantly offered his arm to Lady Bubble, who, in passing through a smaller room, where a very pretty and beautifully dressed girl was putting some verbenum leaves into finger-glasses, begged he would not waste his time looking at that over-dressed creature, but look straight forward and see how full the table was.

“Oh dear!” cried Miss Prudence, dodging looks through the camelias, heliotropes, and azalias of the plateau; “I’m so afraid he’s not here.”

“Who’s not here?” asked Marmaduke.

“Why that stout, sensible, elderly gentleman, that seems to enjoy his dinner so.”

“Fudge!” cried Marmaduke.

“Oh yes, there he is!” and Miss Prudence began nodding, like a mandarin, at an old gentleman, who marvellously resembled a large, fat, white, superannuated Angora cat stuffed into nankeen trousers, whose faults, whatever they might have been, were now nearly obliterated; his eyes were green, round, and shiney; his face was white and smooth, with a purring expression of innate complacency about the mouth; his head was round as an apple, bald, and shining, with some half-dozen feline whisker-looking hairs on each temple; round his neck was a half handkerchief of white cambric muslin, which looked as if it had undergone a course of camomile tea, and of which the little rabbits-ears, attenuated ends, fluttered from the undrawn-out bows like sign-posts, pointing the way they never went—namely, to the right; his coat was of grass-green, cut like a shooting-jacket; and his waistcoat was of rusty black satin, between which and the aforesaid pale and cowardly-looking nankeens there was evidently a hostile meeting, as they stood full twelve paces asunder; his coat-sleeves, also, fell far short

of what a gentleman's hands have a right to expect, even when those hands should be engaged like the stout gentleman's in question, forming a miniature North Pole round a bottle of champagne.

The rest of the party seemed composed chiefly of Americans and Germans. The former, as far as the female portion were concerned, might be known by their extreme beauty and ladylike appearance; and the latter, by their unexceptionable moustaches and their attention to their dinners. In spite of the good breeding rife among all foreigners, the 'entrée' of the Bubble family seemed to subject their risible muscles to a painful degree of temptation. Scarcely were they all seated, Miss Prudence securing a place on one side of the stout gentleman, before the door opened, and in tripped a young gentleman with his hat on, humming the "Cracovienne" and aiming the remains of a cigar from his mouth to the other end of the room, placing, as he did so, his right hand perpendicularly at the side of his mouth, according to the rule of that charming dance, but looking as unlike that lovely and graceful rival of Terpsichore, Fanny Elssler, as possible. These little preliminaries over, he gave his hat to a waiter, and glided into a vacant seat on the other side of the stout gentleman, first going through the ceremony of exclaiming—

"Comment ça va-t-il, mon vieux?"

And giving him a resounding slap on the back, that nearly choked the old gentleman with a turbot bone, and embroidered his waistcoat with a splash of 'sauce hollandaise,' that was anything but an improvement to it.

"Eugh—eugh—eugh! Ah, c'est toi mauvais sujet?" coughed the old gentleman.

"Oui, c'est moi, mon coqueret; et le vin de Champagne—c'est ta spécialité?" said this amiable youth, pointing to the solitary bottle before the old gentleman.

"Oui, bien sûr; tu n'en auras pas aujourd'hui, fripon."

"Les pauvres neveux! c'était pour les tourmenter que les oncles par la nature étaient inventés," said the young gentleman, making his head look like a porcupine by running his fingers through his hair.

"Oui, mon Nénuphar, justement," replied the old gentleman, helping himself to a glass of Champagne.

While Miss Prudence was in vain trying to understand all that the fat gentleman said, and making a point of helping herself to every dish that he did, having formed, from a fortnight's attentive observation, a just deference for his gastronomic talents, she was addressed by a nasal voice on her right-hand in the following words:—

"If you ever drink sherry, madam, this is proime."

"Oh dear, you are very good. I'm so glad I've got beside an Englishman, for now I shall understand what I'm eating."

"Under correction, madam, I am not English, but American.

My name is Simpson, madam. I have come to Paris on a little government business; and expence being no object to me, I am determined to see, and show Mrs. Simpson, everything. You may probably have seen my name, madam, in the public papers, as connected with a very valuable hydraulic privilege, a water-mill that I have upon an estate in Kentucky, that the American government wish to purchase; though, perhaps, it may not have got into the European papers yet. So I take the liberty of repeating my name, madam—Simpson—Walter Scott Byron Washington Simpson."

"Bless me!" said Miss Prudence, laying down her knife and fork, and staring Mr. Simpson full in the face, "Bless me! are you the American gentleman who was shot in a duel in Dublin, about two years ago?"

"No, Madam—I am the gentleman who narrowly escaped being shot about that period of time."

"Well, that's very droll. You know Howard—Cecil Howard, my cousin, that you used to correspond with—he told me all about you."

"Mr. Howard, madam, is my most intimate friend; I have been in constant correspondence with him ever since my first arrival in Europe, and I have written to America to say how he is rising in the world. I hope he enjoys his health, madam, and his high station?"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Prudence, twitching her fingers, without replying to Mr. Simpson's kind inquiries after the health of his most "intimate friend"—"Oh, dear—I'll tell you another person who used to talk of you, Mrs. Jinks. Now, do you know! I think it's a most remarkable circumstance!—that I—a person you never saw—should have been talking of you two years ago!—and that now I should be talking to you! and sitting beside you at dinner! Oh, dear! It is droll, to be sure!" concluded Miss Prudence, with a little short cackling laugh, as she helped herself to some filet de bœuf.

"Surely, madam," assented Mr. Simpson; and then added musingly, balancing a fork on his fore-finger—"At one time there was very near being a trip out to New York for Mr. Howard—and no Mrs. Simpson!" Here Mr. Simpson turned his right thumb back, so as to point over his shoulder at Mrs. S.—"Yes, madam—had I been shot in that duel—Mr. Howard, with his usual kindness (for I wrote to him about it), would have gone out to New York to look after Mrs. Simpson, then Miss Florida Wiggins."

"What, is that pretty young woman your wife?" said Miss Prudence.

"I am happy to say she is, madam," replied Mr. Simpson, "and I think I may say without vanity, that she considers herself happy in being so!"

"And is she American, too?"

"Only partly, madam—the raw material is English—that is, her

father and mother were natives of Derbyshire, who came to New York in 1806—where Miss Florida Wiggins, the present Mrs. Simpson, was born in 1814—an auspicious era, inasmuch as it cemented the peace of Europe, madam.”

“How de do?—do you like Paris?—been here long?” said Miss Prudence, nodding at Mrs. Simpson across her sposo.

“Not vary long; I came last fall, and shall probably go back the next—but I loike Europe extremely.”

“And what do you think of the marriage state,” said Miss Prudence; “I don’t ask out of idle curiosity, I assure you—I mean what I say; but because I don’t mean always to remain single myself.”

“Then, madam,” said Mr. Simpson, before his wife could reply, “I should advise you to lose no time; for I think happiness is like money, and the sooner one invests both the better.”

“Oh, that is your opinion, is it? Well, I quite agree with you. And how are the American funds just now?”

“Looking up, madam—looking up.”

“Oh indeed!—that is the reason there are so many American families in Paris just now, I suppose.”

“Possibly, madam. Are you acquainted with Colonel Thorn? I understand he lives quite like a lord!”

“Oh, dear, to be sure—that’s the rich American gentleman, isn’t it, that gives such fine balls, and that the English do such mean things to get to. I hear his daughters are very beautiful; and the Duke of Arlington told my brother that his balls were the most beautiful things he had ever seen.”

“So I have heard, madam; indeed I believe nothing in Europe comes up to his style of living, except, indeed, that on board the Great Western!”

“So the living on board the Great Western is good, is it?” said Miss Prudence.

“Superior to all others—even bangs Paris, madam.”

“Well, I have often heard Lord John Bubble say that America was daily and hourly getting the start of all other countries, and that it would be the greatest country in the world. Now, what you say confirms this.”

“I shall write out to America, madam, to inform them of his Lordship’s opinion. If you are fond of scenery, you would be delighted with our’s. Some of the environs of Paris are exceedingly pretty, too, madam, but not on the same great scale as our’s”

“Ah madame,” said an Italian, who sat next to Mrs. Simpson; “if you are fone of de fine scene, you mose come to Italy. Oh dere is nosing in zee worlds like Vesuve—he smoke—smoke—smoke, and burn—burn—burn, all zay and all nise.”

“Frizzle! Vesuvius, sir! we’ve a Niagara that would put it out

in five minutes," said Mr. Simpson, indignantly, who neither liked the Italian's praises of Italy, nor his attentions to his wife.

"Well now, that is most remarkable," said Miss Prudence; "but would it be possible to get the engine you speak of over to Italy?"

"I fear, not, madam," smiled Mr. Simpson; "for it belongs to the firm of Nature and Co."

"Oh I see, they've a patent for it then."

Mr. Simpson was about to reply, when he thought he heard the Italian telling his wife that there were no eyes in all Italy, so beautiful as her's; and that the flames of Vesuvius were nothing to those she had kindled in his heart.

"Sir," said Mr. Simpson, angrily; "American ladies are not accustomed to have nonsense talked to them; and as I am not an admirer of Italian scenery, I beg we may hear no more of your descriptions."

Plain as Mr. Simpson's English indisputably was, the Italian did not quite understand it, and therefore looked very much embarrassed, which three exceedingly gentlemen-like looking Americans at the opposite side of the table, perceiving, with great kindness and good-breeding, immediately entered into conversation with him;—for there is a degree of kindness and good-breeding among the best class of Americans, only to be equalled by the most polished of our own aristocracy. Nevertheless, Mr. Simpson did not seem comfortable, and turning to Miss Prudence, he said, 'sotto voce,' placing his hand 'à la cracovienne' at one side of his mouth—"Would it be a great inconvenience, madam, if I asked you to change places with Mrs. Simpson, and let her sit at this side of me?"

"Oh dear! not in the least," said Miss Prudence, darting like a hot pea out of her chair, and perceiving for the first time as she did so, that her left hand neighbour, was Monsieur Cataplan, the specimen of 'la Jeune France,' which she had met on board 'La Normandie;' and the only words of French that occurred to her at the moment, being those she had heard while last in his company, when embarking at Havre for Rouen—and at Rouen for Paris, she, by a natural concatenation of ideas, thought they were the most applicable to him, so accordingly she began nodding and bobbing to him, as she repeated—"Bon voyage—bon voyage!"

Monsieur Cataplan stared, as well he might, and at length with a look, as if awaking from a dream, recognised Miss Prudence with an exclamation of "Ah!—la vieille perruque perdue des Dorades! et le tour—comment ça va-t-il?"

"Oh! quite well," said Miss Prudence, pointing to a new set of capillary button mushrooms that adorned her forehead; "quite well, but on board ship, you know, one ought to nail on everything, if one means to keep it."

"Nail, nail—what ees nail?" asked Monsieur Cataplan.

“Clou,” responded Mr. Simpson, who was tired of waiting for Miss Prudence, to take his wife’s chair.

“Ah ça veut dire clou en anglais—alors c’est la Tour de Nesle que vous donnerez à l’avenir dans les bateaux à vapeur.”

“Oh dear no! I never have the vapours; or if I do, I take a little Hungary water,” said Miss Prudence, at length seating herself in Mrs. Simpson’s chair, much to the discomfort of the Italian, who did not at all like the transfer, and consequently talked no more of Italy, Vesuvius, flames, or fine eyes, but transferred his attentions to a ‘Charlotte Russe.’

Miss Prudence, however, had found Mr. Simpson what she called so chatty and knowledgable, that she continued to monopolize his conversation. “I should be extremely obliged to you,” said she, “if you’d ask that young man, the Frenchman next you, if that stout elderly gentleman next to him, who seems to order all the wine, is his father?—just find out his name, will you?”

Mr. Simpson propounded the desired query, and informed her that the stout gentleman’s name was also Cataplan.

“Dear, I wonder if he’s married, or a widower?—do be so good as to ask the young man?”

Now, all Yankee as he was, this appeared to Mr. Simpson rather an unwarrantable investigation at a public table. However, to use the language of his own thoughts, “there was nothing a man ought not to do for the ladies!” so he took courage and made the inquiry, by delicately saying to Monsieur Cataplan junior, as he looked towards the old gentleman; “Monsieur votre père, sans doute, Monsieur?”

“Au contraire, il est riche célibataire, et par là ma coqueluche.”

This intelligence Mr. Simpson also conveyed to Miss Prudence, who now eyed the stout gentleman with additional complacency, as she said to Mr. Simpson, “Now, I’ll tell you the reason I did not like to ask myself,—the French are so uncommon rude and spiteful if they don’t understand you: now, as a proof of what I say, we went to one of the inns at Versailles to-day, intending to have luncheon, and do you know, ’cause the waiter did not understand when I ordered a particklar sort of fricassee’d chicken, if he did not go and make out that I called him a thief! and there was such a row as never was known,—true as you’re there, I assure you. Oh! they’re a terrible set—I suppose on account of all the revolutions they have—my brother has stopped two or three since he’s been in Paris. There, what do you think of that?”

Mr. Simpson was about to express all the surprise he so naturally felt at this announcement, when a piece of ice Miss Prudence had helped herself to, to put into her wine, instead of her glass found its way into her lap, and her subsequent search for it, and Mr. Simpson’s remarks upon its brightness, and strong family likeness

to the lumps of diamonds found by Sinbad in the valley of brilliants, changed the subject of their conversation, and by so doing checked another revolution! Meanwhile, Sir Romulus, at the opposite side of the table, had been placed, perfectly to his satisfaction, and still more to Lady Bubble's, next a lady who for age and ugliness would have made the Gorgons hide their diminished heads, seeing that there was no particle of youth or beauty in disguise beneath her smart yellow crepe bonnet, pink dog-roses, gray hair, parrot's nose, and railroad of a mouth, ornamented with large discoloured teeth, placed—

“Like angels' visits, few and far between.—”

Her Ladyship allowed him to converse unmolestedly with his loquacious neighbour, who had known Napoleon intimately, consequently was a great Bonapartist—described very graphically the state of things ‘*sous l'empire*,’ and told Sir Romulus many pieces of the secret history of that time, which, with his usual patriotism, he determined upon writing to Lord John—thinking that the knowledge of Napoleon's covert intentions might be of “incalculable use!” to the British army, who had occupied France six-and-twenty years ago! No matter how delightful conversations may be, still they must come to an end; and as every one was now leaving the table, Sir Romulus was compelled to make his bow to his agreeable companion, telling her she little knew the service she had been of to the English nation!

The only person staunch to the dinner table was Monsieur Cataplan senior: as he was there the first, so he was there the last—and his similitude to a cat seemed to broaden and lengthen into that of a cow in the act of ruminating after an ample meal, except that cows don't wear nankeen trowsers, and have no thumbs to put in the pocket-holes of them if they did. This after dinner sedentary habit of Monsieur Cataplan enabled Miss Prudence to vent her admiration of his rational behaviour, by asking his nephew, through the medium of Mr. Simpson, to present him to her. This ceremony gone through, Monsieur Cataplan tried to rise, but soon relinquished the fruitless attempt, and contented himself by nodding his head with a purring accompaniment, which no doubt meant something very civil. Be that as it may, Miss Prudence replied to it by putting her hand on his shoulder to push him down in his seat, and saying!

“Oh dear! you are so much in the right of it!—nothing so bad for the digestion as moving directly after dinner—we've the wisdom of our ancestors for that, you know; for ever since Adam and Eve's time it has been—

“After dinner rest awhile,
After supper walk a mile.”

There is my card—shall be happy to see you if ever you come my

way," said Miss Prudence, thrusting her autograph into his hand, which Mr. Cataplan, who had a confused knowledge of English, thought was the 'affiche' of some dinner pills manufactured by herself, as from her 'savoir' about digestion, he concluded her to be some diplomaless female Esculapius: so that, in placing the card in his pocket, he drew from it a five franc piece, which Miss Prudence having at the moment turned to shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and express a hope that they would come and see her, prevented his offering to her.

Sir Romulus, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, informed Marmaduke that he had sat next a most agreeable well-informed woman. "Um—um—um—I have mountains—positively mountains of information for that Algerine, Lord John—and yet he won't answer my letters. The lady I was talking to said she knew Napoleon intimately, and that he was a very genteel clever man—very genteel clever man¹!"

"After that," said Marmaduke, "shall we go and see 'Les Pilules du Diable?'"

"Um—um—um—you may do as you please," said Sir Romulus; "but I shall go to bed; for somehow or other I have had a most arduous day of it, and feel quite dead beat, just as I used to do after one of Lord John's elections."

"Well Mr. McPhin, are you for the 'Pilules du Diable?'"

"I thank you, sir," groaned Mr. McPhin, whose hand the minute before had undergone a tender pressure from Mademoiselle's, "but I've had one."

Finding no one inclined to go to the play, Marmaduke drove quietly home, where Miss Prudence passed the evening, and insisted upon having some toasted cheese for supper. As Sir Romulus imprudently partook of this delicacy, introducing it during the evening to several tumblers of bottled porter, it is our painful duty to state that the night he passed was not more tranquil than the day. His nightmare came in the form of a sea-horse (far different was its action from the soft ambling paces of his waking hobby) on which he was furiously galloping à la Mazeppa on the Submarine Railroad, pursued alternately by Lord John Bubble and Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald. But love that

"Rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,"

extends his empire even over toasted cheese, and therefore exerted his influence over Sir Romulus's midnight plungings, in the forms of Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit and Madame Carmagnol; the dimple in the latter lady's chin no doubt caused the night mare to

¹ Poor Napoleon! that he should have lived and died to be called genteel! Ridiculous and far-fetched as this may appear, the original of Sir Romulus Bubble made use of these very words in speaking to the author about Napoleon.

stumble—for in another minute, both ladies were rolled over into the briny flood, into which Sir Romulus, with his usual gallantry, plunged—but lo! instead of the

“Cool waves, that play with summer air,—”

he found himself boiling in the bath of the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, with the heads of the fair syrens now courting, now illuding his grasp. But, heroic even in his dreams, he pursued them till he seized them by their flowing locks, and bore them safely to the shore;—but oh! horror of horrors!—in turning to bestow on them a look of mingled love and triumph, he perceived they had been boiled into mermaids!—not those fabled ones of more than mortal beauty, but into a pair of shrivelled ‘*lusus naturæ*,’ resembling the composition of an ancient monkey sewn into a fish’s tail, exhibited under the name of mermaid some years ago in Piccadilly! Just as he was about to give vent to his wild despair, he heard the engine of the Submarine Railroad running after him, and felt his head macadamizing into a thousand pieces! He awoke—and Lady Bubble was standing by his bed side, shaking him violently by the shoulder, as she exclaimed,

“Sir Romulus! you have no idaya how you are snoring!—it’s impossible to get a wink of sleep!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Seccare is a word of fun;
It means to dry as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the sun,
But like a cold unpleasant wind.”
Not from BYRON.

“Therefore, I have no one notion,
That is not form’d like the designing
Of the peristaltic motion;
Vermicular, twisting, and twining;
Going to work,
Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork.”
Not from BYRON, but from whom he stole.

A FANCY BALL, AT WHICH SEVERAL OLD ACQUAINTANCE APPEAR.—MR. HOWARD IS GUILTY OF A GOOD-NATURED ACT TOWARDS MRS. DAMNEMALL, WHICH INVOLVES A RESULT TO A PRIVATE AND PUBLIC-HOUSE.

WE will now for a short time leave Sir Romulus to all the pleasures and perils of Paris: the first consisting of what he intended to do, the second of what befel him in the shape of political plots against his personal comfort, and that ‘*otium cum dignitate*’ which gentlemen of his age and fortune are in most parts of the world entitled to enjoy—while we return to London and see how Mr. Howard is getting on.

In the common acceptation of those two last words, nothing could progress more rapidly; and, while, every day, he was considered

more promising, his friend Carlton was performing nightly to overflowing houses. Still, notwithstanding the most brilliant success, both in politics and society, no one laboured so much under that worst of maladies, the 'tædium vitæ,' as Cecil Howard—the envied of the men—the admired of the women—the respected of the good—the appreciated of the clever. Alas! it is with the heart that we hear, see, and think, as well as feel! and when once these faculties have become deadened within it, from the one great blow of fate, which must in some shape or other come to the hearts of all, the remaining pleasures or prosperities of life are but as colours to the blind—music to the deaf—and sunshine to the dead. So it was with Cecil; he felt that his one great fault—a morbid jealousy and tenacity of temper—had wrecked the argosy of happiness that might have been his. True, there was much still left; but he was as a prodigal banished to a beautiful and fertile country, without having left himself the means of existing in it. He had reached that pinnacle of worldly success which always attracts a vile herd of imitators.

Cecil Howard, with every thing to make life not only agreeable, but enviable, always looked melancholy and discontented. Consequently, it was the fashion for most of the young men of his acquaintance to appear 'blasé sur tout,' a circumstance which often made him remark to his friend Carlton, that he longed, like Alexander, to box the ears of the abject copiers of his stiff-necked misanthropy.

He had only been able to obtain unauthentic and garbled accounts of Theresa.—One was, that she was married to a man of enormous wealth, an old, unattractive, sun-burnt nabob;—the other, that she had been only going to be married, but was not married. And this latter account his sister Gertrude always endeavoured to impress upon him, was the correct one; but this was of little import to him. The offence towards his self-love, was equally great in going to be married, as in being married. Yet, in spite of all his efforts to despise her, he could not; for, in his minute and constant researches for materials wherewith to do so, he found nothing but those calculated for self-condemnation.

It was now January, and, early as it was, town was filling. A new star had risen in the hemisphere of fashion, in the person of a Miss Delville, a millionaire of great reputed beauty. She had recently purchased a fine house in Whitehall, which she had considerably added to, and improved in splendour. She had already acquired the renommée of giving the most recherché dinner in London; and, while the men were naturally anxious to form the acquaintance of so desirable a partie, the women were equally anxious to have the entrée of so agreeable a house.

Gertrude Howard had contracted an intimacy with this charming person, and was always importuning her brother to be introduced

to her; while Lord Mornington declared that, if he was not already in love with Gertrude, he soon should be with Miss Delville, were it only for her exquisite taste in dress: and that, as it was, he was not sure, if he thought he'd be accepted, that he should not jilt her for the beautiful millionaire; but nothing could pique Cecil's curiosity into a wish to know her, or even a consent to see her.

"But she is so charming!" urged Gertrude,

"I hate charming women," was Cecil's ungallant reply.

"And she dresses comme un ange!—"

"Or a French woman which is an ange de toilette!" interposed Lord Mornington.

"You know those charming women may dress themselves just as they please!" laughed Cecil; "at least for me;" and then he would turn off into the most opposite subject he could think of.

One morning, after a conversation like the foregoing between the trio, Howard exclaimed, à propos to any thing but the beautiful heiress,—

"By Jove! I'm sadly afraid that fellow Town will be the ruin of all the poor gulls whom he has got to advance money for his quicksand chimera, the Sub-marine Railroad."

"What a bore you are, Ces, with your Sub-marine Railroad; Sir Romulus himself is a rational being compared to you," said Gertrude; spoiling a whole packet of pens, by tapping her brother's head with the ends of them, as she and Lord Mornington were as usual idling away his and their own time in Cecil's study: "but the real meaning of my honouring you with a visit this morning," continued she, "is to know whether it is to-night or to-morrow night, that the Claverings are going with us to see Carlton act: I hope it's not to-night, on account of the fancy ball for the Poles, at the Mansion-house; because I'm dying to be there early; having met Mrs. Damnemall at the bazaar this morning, who told me that she had come to town for Anna Martha's *truss-up*, and that they were to be at the ball to-night, as the Doctor had given Anna Martha a dress, that was so foine, it would quoitte put all the others in the back ground; and Mester Troipe, he was going as Alonzo the Brave, which was something or other belonging to the dress Anna Martha was to wear."

As soon as Cecil had done laughing at Gertrude's very accurate imitation of Mrs. Damnemall, he replied:

"No! considering I've been nearly a year trying to get Sir Headworth Clavering to go, I was determined to choose a night when we had nothing else to do."

"Oh, that is right," said Gertrude, "for I would not for the world miss the entrée of Alonzo the Brave, the Fair Imogene, and Mrs. Damnemall!"

“It will certainly be worth seeing,” smiled Cecil; “does—a—your friend Miss Delville go?” added he.

“Now really,” said Gertrude, kissing his forehead, “if your hair was not so abominably black, you should be my white-headed boy from this out; for it is the first time I ever heard you evince a particle of human curiosity about that unfortunate young lady.”

“Nay, most fortunate of young ladies! but does she go?”

“No! I am sorry to say she is laid up with a bad cold, and has sent 300*l.* as her deputy.”

“Then she does know how to spend her money,” said Howard.

“She does that as well as she does everything else—and better she could not do it.”

“Well, that is a comfort,” yawned Cecil, “for it is a talent so few of those Cræsus’s are possessed of.”

“Dear me! it is five o’clock, and we dine at six, on account of this charity ball—so ‘adieu et au revoir’ brother mine,” said Gertrude, as Lord Mornington helped her on with her burnous; and in another minute they had reached the carriage.

“I do believe those two are happy, if any one is,” soliloquized Cecil aloud, as they closed the door: and then ensued a train of silent reflections, that might have led him on into midnight, had not Girouette put into his head, at a quarter to seven, with “*Pardon, mais Monsieur has sans doute forget he is to conduire Madame la Duchesse au bal ce soir, et par conséquent de dinner he is early!*”

At ten o’clock the Duchess of Arlington and her party arrived at the Mansion-house, and found some difficulty in making their way through whole cities of Greeks, Romans, Turks, Albanians, Poles, Russians, Hungarians, Spaniards, Bohemians, Sylphs, Sylphides, Devils, Dairy-maids, Angels, Africans, Wizards, Witches, Nymphs, Neptunes, Sailors, Susans, Monks, Mandarins, Pachas, Peris, Circassians, Capucines, Postillions and Philosophers—to say nothing of Alps upon Alps of Savoyards and Shepherdesses.

“Dear me,” said Gertrude, as she had finished a quadrille with Lord Mornington, “I don’t see the least vestige of my only inducements to come to the ball.”

“Nor I!” replied her companion, “but I see a green baize bench over there; and as it is most likely that at some time to night

“Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene,
Conversed as they sat on the green,”

if you take my advice, you will hover near this spot, as my prophetic spirit tells me they will pass this way.”

Here a troop of Polish lancers came charging in a galope, and for a short time impeded their progress towards the green bench; this retrograde movement brought Gertrude beside her brother—

“ Really, Cecil,” said she, “ if you persist in looking so dismal, I shall apply to the gas company to light up your face.”

“ Then I fear it would be more ghastly than ever ! ” smiled Cecil.

“ I can’t box your ears before all these people, or else I certainly would,” said Gertrude, “ for that is the second accès of Sir Romulus you have had to day ; however, anything is better than the Sub-marine Railroad.”

“ I am sure, Miss Howard, ma’am, I feel proud and honoured, indeed I may say, highly distinguished, ma’am, at such a lady evincing such a deep interest in the prosperity of the country as to speak of the Sub-marine Railroad,” said, or rather suddenly whispered Mr. Town, with his mouth close to her ear. His costume was that of a merman, which he contrived to represent by having stuffed both his feet into the solitary opening of a one-legged, flesh-coloured, web pantaloons, the said feet coming out at the other end, but so closely kept together as to be scarcely visible ; while from their heels an artificial, but substantial tail, curved upwards ; and over his shoulders fell thick clusters of green worsted, from a wig made of that material ; in his right hand he held the frame of a mirror, which, instead of glass, contained a prospectus of the Sub-Marine Railroad, that he brandished in every body’s face.

“ ’Pon my word, Mr. Howard, sir,” whispered he, mercifully releasing Gertrude, “ I think I may say, indeed I’m sure I may, as he has at length said, he’ll think about it ; therefore, I may with truth, sir, say, that I have got Sir Headworth Clavering to invest a small portion, sir, of his enormous wealth in the Sub-marine Railroad ; and if I might hope, Mr. Howard, sir, to get your powerful influence enlisted on my side, I should not despair of adding the Duke of Arlington’s name to my list, sir.”

“ Considering what a thorough going Whig you are, Mr. Town,” smiled Cecil, “ I should have thought you would not in so great a national improvement have allowed any Tory to enter the lists with you.”

“ Oh ! indeed, Mr. Howard, sir, as far as the Sub-marine Railroad is concerned, I wish all politics were at the bottom of the sea.”

“ Then I suppose,” laughed Howard, “ you’d allow the bishops only one sea (see), to which you’d translate them all.”

“ Precisely, Mr. Howard, sir,” whispered, more confidentially than before, Mr. Town, who never liked to be thought in the rear of any one’s ideas or plans, “ precisely, it is an idea, sir, that has often suggested itself to me, and which I have had serious thoughts of communicating to Lord John.”

“ What is that ? ” inquired his lordship, who now advanced in plain clothes, to match his face, “ that you thought of consulting me about ? ”

“Oh! a little matter of business, my lord, that we will discuss another time, when your lordship is more at leisure.”

“How do you do, Major Whabble, delighted to see you,” said Lord John to that gentleman, his looks all the while insulting his words by giving them the lie.

Neither did the Major seem one iota more pleased at the rencontre than his lordship; but for this there were certain private and pertinent reasons. In the first place, no dissolution had taken place since the time they had met in Shropshire, therefore, the Major had had no opportunity of giving his votes to Lord John; and what he thought infinitely more distressing, and more injurious to the country, neither had the then confidently talked of brevet ever taken place, consequently the major was still a major! What his present costume was intended to represent was by no means palpable, as it merely consisted of a fur cap, fustian jacket, and leather apron. So finding his address rather cool, Lord John thought he would do the popular and affable by rallying him upon the warmth of his dress. “You must find that cap and apron very hot,” remarked he, “what costume may it be intended to represent?”

This was the consummation Major Whabble had so devoutly wished; so drawing himself up to his full height, and giving what his wife called one of his Talavera looks, which cut the looker to pieces, he replied with great dignity, “My lord, I am tired of being a major, and seeing no hope of advancement, I have thought anything better than standing still, and so have gone back, and again become a miner!” (minor).

“Ha! ha! ha!” struggled Lord John, “very good.”

“I think it very bad, my lord,” said Major Whabble, in a dignity key pitched at zero, as he swept past Lord John, who got a headache, at the sudden recollection of all the noise made over his head by the young Whabbles, on the morning after the night he had, for the good of the nation, ventured to “lie” at Gorget Cottage.

“How do you do?” said Gertrude, “have you heard from Sir Romulus since he went abroad? and have they all been turned into vaudevilles yet?”

“Yes,” replied Lord John, “I have had two or three most extraordinary communications from him: to judge by his letters I should say he was quite mad, indeed they put him into a mad-house the morning after he arrived at Paris, he says by accident, but I should say they knew very well what they were about.”

“Yes,” acquiesced Lady John, who now came to claim the arm that was legally hers, “yes, that is putty plain; by the bye, Gertrude, I hear that your friend, Miss Delville, is going to give a magnificent fancy ball in March: I wish you could get me an invitation to it, as I am told it will be the puttiest thing that has been

given a long time ; besides, I want to see if she herself is as putty as they say."

Gertrude was about to reply, when up rushed Mrs. Damnemall, dressed as a Cherokee queen, with rampant strips of scarlet and green feathers round her forehead as a crown. "Oh! Miss Howard," exclaimed she, laying both her hands on Gertrude's arm, "ave you seen the coptain?"

"What captain?" re-interrogated Gertrude.

"Whoy Aye" (for so Mrs. Damnemall invariably pronounced the pronoun I)—"Aye know he is a coptain by his manner! but Aye moost tell you all about it first. You moost know, the doctor, as indeed you may suppose from his woy of thinking, don't approve of balls at all, specially the fancy; so he was decoidedly against our coming to-noight, and threw all sorts of cold water upon it. Among other things, that as Anna Martha had as good as got a husband, there was no manner of use in her going to such places. But Mr. Troipe, he seemed as much for it as Anna Martha; and the doctor and Aye, we happened to meet his lordship" (the lord mayor sous-entendu) "at Birch's, and he was so pressing, and affable, and condescending about our coming, that the doctor, he was quoit over-persuaded; and so off we came, and the doctor, he is, poor man, left to himself, as he says of sinners. Now, on coming into the room, and seeing so much of what the doctor calls 'the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' Aye says to Anna Martha: 'Now, my dear, aving chosen a partner for loife, Aye think he may do for you for the whole evening; so moind if any one else asks you to dance, that you say, 'Thank you, sir; but Ay've got a partner quoit to my moind, and have no intention of changing him.'" Well, poor choild, she had gone through two cod-drills with Mester Troipe, when up comes the coptain"—

"But what captain, Mrs. Damnemall?" interrupted Gertrude.

"How should Aye know, my dear, when I never laid eyes on the man till to-noight? but as I told you before, Aye know he's a captain by his manner, though he's dressed loike a Choinese. Well, up comes the coptain, and asks Anna Martha to dance; she answered him as Aye told her, when—would you believe it?—he turns round like a dragon, and nearly knocking off Mr. Troipe's helmet, says to him—now in the rudest and most ungenteel manner possible—"You be d—d!" At this, of course, Anna Martha faints away in the arms of two pages of Frederick the Great's; for Mr. Troipe, he was busy saying to the coptain, 'No, sir, that Aye never can be! for Aye am writing a tragedy which will never even be acted, as it is intended wholly and solely for the closet.' Whether or no the captain was frightened at Mr. Troipe's determined manner, Aye can't tell; but he was off like a shot, and returned with a great tankard full of iced water, which he soused all over Anna

Martha; when, as you may suppose, Aye ran up as fast as Aye could, to try and save her beautiful spangled dress, which the doctor had given ten guineas for last ninth of November, for her ladyship's ball; but it was too late: Aye only got terribly splashed myself, and am sadly afraid Ay've got my death of cold too; and the worst of it is, the doctor will say it is a judgment on us for coming to the ball."

"But what became of the captain?" asked Gertrude, making a great effort to suppress her laughter.

"Oh, Aye was going to tell you: when he'd done all the mischief, he bolted, and soon after a gentleman came and said he was so tipsy that he had fallen over a bench, and was lying at full length on the floor. Now, says Aye to Mester Troipe, is your toime to be after him; but he made answer something or other about keeping his temper if Choina fell; but as Aye told him, he should consider he was not a real Choinese. However he did not move, which shows he is of a quiet forbearing disposition, and will make a good husband: and we soaked up Anna Martha as well as we could. Oh dear!" concluded Mrs. Damnemall, "for my part I feel quite shivery and goose-skinny."

"No wonder," said Miss Howard, in reply to Mrs. Damnemall's last assertion.

"Here is Mester Troipe and Anna Martha," said Mrs. Damnemall; "dear me, her dress is quoit spoiled."

Mr. Tripe advanced, supporting Miss Damnemall. He had hired the armour belonging to the Ghost in Hamlet, in order to personate Alonzo the Brave, and consequently looked more dismal and moth-eaten than usual.

"I do believe, my dear," said Mrs. Damnemall to her daughter, "you are wringing wet still."

"'Tis but the dew-drop on the rose," said Mr. Tripe, with a solemn wave of his hand.

"More loikely to turn into an ague, Aye fancy," said the tender mother.

"Fancy! 'Tell me where is fancy bred!'" spouted Mr. Tripe.

"Whoy, the best fancy bread in all London," said Mrs. Damnemall, "is in Bridge Street, roight opposite Alderman Fippet's. Dear me, this cold wind from that door will give you your death, child—stand more on this side—and, unfortunately, Aye have not ordered the carriage till two o'clock, and it's not twelve yet."

"Mine is at your service," said Howard, who really pitied both mother and daughter for the drenching they had got.

"Oh, Aye'm sure we're greatly obloiged to you, Mr. Howard, and will accept your offer. Aye do hope the doctor's a-bed and asleep, or else he'll think we've joined the Anabaptists."

Cecil, who never thought vulgarity, especially in a woman, a sufficient reason for being ill-natured or ill-bred, now offered

Mrs. Damnemall his arm to escort her to the carriage, while Alonzo the Brave ran every risk of rusting his armour by a contact with the damp Imogene—but he was above all such paltry and personal considerations; and, as an outward and visible sign of his internal philosophy, he quitted what he and the newspapers called “the festive scene,” murmuring something about the “light fantastic toe,” which, however, he gave no practical illustrations of, as he nearly overturned the carriage on getting into it, as the Bishop of Rochester describes Lord Bath to have done the ministry—“chiefly by his own personal weight;” for long, lanky, boney mortals are always heavier on hand, and on foot, than any others.

No sooner were the trio seated—Alonzo the Brave rattling and clattering as Bodkin—than Mrs. Damnemall told the servant to drive to her house, No.—, Southampton Street, Covent-garden, “and not to knock, as the doctor he’d be a-bed.”

“And now, my dear,” said she, turning to her daughter, “don’t you say anything to your father about the drenching we have got, or else, Aye’m very sure, it’s the last ball we should get to; as the doctor he’s a decoided objection to parties of all koinds.”

“Even water parties,” epigrammatized Mr. Tripe.

“Oh yes; it don’t signify what sort of party it is,” matter-of-factly Mrs. Damnemall.

On arriving in Southampton Street, Mrs. Damnemall, we regret to state, considerably increased her cold by the time she occupied in rummaging in her pocket for half-a-crown to give the footman, who was no other than Harding, the ‘*ci-devant*’ lacquey of Sir Romulus Bubble, who had “left to better himself,” and was now in the service of Mr. Howard.

Having pocketed this king-consort pittance, Mr. Harding thought he might as well convert it into brandy and water at his old familiar friend’s, Archy Dunn’s, new “public,” the Bear and Bee-hive in Drury Lane. So, accordingly, he begged his colleague, Mr. Jenkins the coachman, to drive there.

As the snow was drifting fast, and the cold intense, Mr. Jenkins had no objection, and accordingly turned his horses’ heads in the direction of old Drury.

The same bright pots and pans that had adorned the kitchen of the Pug and Primrose now graced that of the Bear and Bee-hive, the ceiling of which being protected with thick bars of white painted wood, through which appeared innumerable hams and sundry sides of bacon, while from the rafters were suspended boughs of holly and strings of birds’-eggs, that gave the Bear and Bee-hive a ‘*rus in urbe*’ appearance that must have been truly refreshing to its cockney ‘*habituées*.’

Mrs. Dunn was to the full as active and as thrifty as Mrs. Fine had been, and had the same turn for managing she had ever had,

with far better success as regarded her present spouse ; who, to do him justice, was the most dutiful and obedient of husbands, never, by any chance, appropriating to his own use a single drop of the choice spirits of their establishment, unless given to him by his wife ; never receiving a doit that he did not instantly transfer to her ; never “fetching a walk” of a Sunday without asking her leave ; and never making the slightest reduction in any reckoning without the bill having first received the royal assent of Mrs. Dunn. Yet, notwithstanding all this marital perfection, Mrs. Dunn thought, with regard to husbands, what Hamlet thought with regard to death—there is no knowing “what change may come.” So, upon the Vicar of Wakefield’s plan of arranging his wife’s epitaph so as that it might always stare her in the face, Mrs. Margery Dunn placed the square wooden collar, that Mr. Fine had been wont to wear after his throat had been cut, hatchment-ways over the kitchen chimney-piece of the Bear and Bee-hive, under which it was Archy’s habit to sit and meditate, or, peradventure, to smoke ; and it must be confessed (as we pique ourselves on the veracity of this history), that there were times, notwithstanding the generally speaking halcyon atmosphere of their ‘menage,’ when that great financier, Mr. Joseph Hume, might have recommended Mr. Dunn to put the said square collar in his pipe and smoke it !

Just as Messieurs Harding and Jenkins entered the kitchen, Mr. Dunn was sitting with his eyes mournfully fixed on the aforesaid collar, while the ashes fell listlessly from a pipe that he held in his right hand ; Mrs. Dunn was engaged in the useful, if not ornamental, occupation of frying beef-steaks for the supper of Mr. John Brough, who was drinking, swearing, and playing draughts at a small table with Fogey McSnips ; while, on a bench beside him, with a bundle tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief in her lap, and an old, torn, black straw bonnet on her head, which leant languidly against the wall, looking very tired and very cold, sat Sally Tomlins, who followed Mr. Brough through all his fortunes, in the hope of being made Mrs. Brough “present-ly.”

“Why, you here, John Brough !” said Harding, as soon as he had finished his salutations to Mr. and Mrs. Dunn ; “I thought you’d been down yonder in Shropshire.”

“Um—” grunted Mr. Brough ; “if I’m here—shows I’m not there.”

“And Sally, too !—how is this ?” continued Harding, eyeing the girl’s pale altered face. “Why, you used to look like a cherry-orchard, and now you look like a turnip-field.”

“That’s neither here nor there,” growled Mr. Brough. “Sixes !—my eye ! don’t be so bounceable ! While mother Fine’s a holding the stakes (steaks,) there, and I’m a holding my tongue, your’e a fleecing the loining out of my pockets. That remoids

me, Archy, my man, that ere vescu't of moine, as I give you this arter-noon; I wants it particlar herly to-morrow, as oi've a job as will carry me out o' town to-morrow arternoon."

"Ye need na fear; I'll be ready for ye," said Archy, in a tone of voice that seemed to imply more than met the ear.

"I'll trooble ye, Meester Brough, to gi' me eighteen pence ha'pney," said Fogey MacSnips, leaning back in his chair and pushing away the board.

"I wool, present-ly," replied Mr. Brough, "if so be as I can't vin it back ater anoother bout."

"Hoot, mon! enoo's os gude os a feast, ond I'm na for venturing ony mair to-night, beyand the speculations my night-cap may lead me into."

"Vell, I'm blow'd if that aint one way of getting off Scot-free," growled Mr. Brough, as he reluctantly doled out the sum he had lost in half-pence and farthings.

Mrs. Dunn now placed the supper on the table, before which Mr. Brough squared himself, at the imminent risk of knocking out Sally Tomlins' right eye with his left elbow, as he made these gastronomic preparations. "Umph!" grunted he, sticking his fork into the viands before him; "a collop off old Tony himself could not be harder. I'm sadly afeared I'll have a tough job of it here."

"I dinna doot but ye'll soon have a tougher elsewhere," muttered Archy, who was, in vain, thanks to his peculiar obliquity of vision, trying to catch Harding's eye, as he stood at another table, acting as master of the ceremonies between Mr. Jenkins and a bowl of punch.

"Shall I make you a cup of tea, Sally," asked Mrs. Dunn, who really pitied the starved and dejected appearance of the girl, who silently shook her head as Mr. Brough replied, through a well filled mouth, while his wrists rested on the table, and his knife and fork pointed upwards towards the ceiling,—

"Set her up—tea, indeed! she'll be wanting a coach and a lady's maid next, I s'pose;—vot I leaves she may have, and if she don't like it, she may lump it; but, on t'other hand, if as I leaves nothink, vy, her supper vont disagree with her, that's all. Vomen and vater is two plaguy things to deal with, as the devil said, ven he found his wife wouldn't drown. But I say, Missus Foine,—I beg your pardon, I always forget as you're Missus Tailor, now,—I'll trouble you for another tumbler, or I'll never get to my journey's end to-morrow."

"I suppose you're off for Shrewsbury," said Harding, as he walked to the fire to light a pipe.

"You're out there, as the extinguisher said to the wick," replied Mr. Brough; "but it's no consarn of nobody's where I goes, or where I stops."

“Hoot, mon! dinna fash yersel; avry ain kens full weel where ye’ll gang to, and, os for stopping, ye stop at nothing, just.”

“I’ll trouble you to keep a civil tongne in your head; a pedlar’s pack don’t fit every back,” growled Mr. Brough.

“A-hem — a-hem — I’ve got a’ yer things ready, Maister Harding,” said Archy, as the former was about to withdraw from the fire. Harding was on the point of inquiring what things? as he was not aware of having any in Mr. Dunn’s custody, when the violent blinking of that gentleman’s eyes, and nervous quivering of his nether lip, did not fail to convince a lackey whose intelligence had been whetted in the diplomatic atmosphere of Arlington-house, that a secret of importance was in the wind. So, instead of his first query, he answered, with considerable dignity, “that he was ready to take them.”

“Very well,” said Archy, rising with alacrity; “come into the next room with me and I’ll gi’ them to you.”

Mr. Harding followed the landlord of the “Bear and Bee-hive” into the opposite apartment, which was his bed-room, into which he had no sooner entered than Archy set his back against the door, and, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, spoke as follows:

“Ye’ll obsarve, Maister Harding, that what I’m ganging to say to you, is in the stractest confidence; but this bit o’ writen that I hold in my hand has given me unco’ trouble, as ye may suppose, whan I tell ye thot I’ve nae e’en named it to Margery; but it confirms me in the opinion I have always hod, that John Brough is a scoondrel, ond ne’er-do-weel.”

“Of that there is very little doubt,” replied Harding; “but what has that to do with you, Archy, in your line of life? A scoundrel’s money is as good as a saint’s! and thirst, do you see, is like a Radical Member; so, as it gets what it wants, it’s all one to it, whether the measure is carried through the mouth of an honest man or a rogue.”

“Preceesely, Maister Harding, ond there’s mickle sense in thot same; but it’s nae what John Brough does in this hoose that I wad discoorse ye aboot, but what I fear he scans doing in ither hooses. Read that bit paper, which I foond crinkled up in the carner of a waistcoat pocket that he gave me to mend this vary afternune.”

Harding took the proffered paper, which was the fragment of a letter, and read as follows:

“——it should not be later; but there is no use in your being there before two in the morning on Saturday next, as he may not be back. The great thing is to secure him. I’ll have the chaise ready. Any papers you can get, do. The child must also be secured; and for plate and that sort of thing, you need not fear an equal division from
“J. G.”

“Why, dang it!” said Harding, pushing his hat more over his forehead by scratching the back of his head, as he turned the letter in various directions with his other hand, “this seems like a plot to break into a house and kidnap some one.”

“Preceesely,” responded Archy: “just what I said—ond they must be sarcumvented.”

“Yes, but who are they? for, beyond John Brough, we don’t know who they be; and Sir Romulus being abroad, you see there’s no magistrate in the family—and so I don’t know how to get John Brough taken up private and cautious like; besides, if he was taken up, we’d never get at the plot in that way.”

“To be sure not,” said Archy, “thot’s not the way; but we must gi’ noltice of their proceedings, ond dog thim just avery step o’ the way.”

“Mighty fine!” objected Harding; “but give notice to who? and dodge them where?”

“Why, I’ve my suspecions, do ye see,” rejoined Mr. Dunn, placing the forefinger of his right hand mysteriously at one side of his nose.

“Well, and what if you have?—suspicious neither twist ropes nor catch thieves.”

“Na, na—but they’re the first stage on the journey towards doing so;—and noo I’ll axplain—but on the promising, Maister Harding, that ye tell nae living mortal of it but yer master, Mr. Hooard.”

“Well, out with it; but I don’t see what he has to do with it.”

“Why, you must ken that he’s a particklar friend of the undividual wha I suspact is to be made awa wi’: ye must ken that about twa years ago on the very night on which pure Maister McPhin was drooned and brought in dead to the Pug and Primrose, on ill-favoured fellow, with a’ kind of writens ond papers, like a walking prenting-prass, left ain o’ those awfu’ storms thot are to be hod for looking oot for on Dunderhead Common, for a gude fire and a gude dinner, (noo this Margery hos since told me, for I did nae ken the chap); but for the last fortnight a gibbet-faced looking scoondrel has been running a score here for brondy and boccy;—ond seeing there was naething to be hopped frae his looks beyand the treadmill or the stocks, I did nae like looking to them for payment. So I asked Margery just to pop in and tak a look at him, ain night os he sot guzzling in the bar. She hod nae sooner seen him, than she said thot he was the same that hod stopped at the Pug and Primrose twa years before, ond thot he hod wanted to scrape on acquaintance with Maister Marmaduke, but thot he hod said he was a penny-a-liner, whatever thot meant, ond wad have naething to say to him. ‘Are ye sure it’s the same?’ said I. ‘Ye’ll soon see whether it is or

nae,' said she; and wi' that she walks up to him, and says: 'I see ye've nae money for water, sir; for yer duck trowsers are a deal dingier than when I saw them twa years ago;—but, you know, brandy is dearer than water, for which reason I canna afford to let you hove mine for nothing—and sae I'll trooble ye for the rackoning, which is just saxteen shillings and sevenpence halfpenny.' Upon which, he went through the sarimony of putting his hands in his pockets, but there was nothing in them; he then scotched his head, but there was naething in that either: for he said something about to-morrow, and very sorry—but he had called at the office, and not been paid himself. Weel, to mak a long story short, John Brough arrived this vary day, and the chap with the dingy ducks come in soon after; and after they had drank and smoked enough for an election, they went out together. This was about seven o'clock. Thinks I, I'll follow you; for John Brough had put on his Sunday clothes and left me the waistcoat he had taken off to mend. In turning out the pockets, I found the piece of paper I hove just shown ye, which raised all my suspensions: so accordingly I followed them, till they came to Drury Lane theatre, where they turned in, and I after them. I paid my money unobserved by either of them, and followed them into the pit. The play was a gentleman in black, ca'd Hamlet, which pte was performed by Maister Carlton; and no sooner did he come on the stage, with his fine eyes and hot and feather turned up, and his considerable black cloak, which I'm sure had nae less than sax yards round—than the chap in the Russia ducks nudged John Brough and said, 'That's he—do you think ye'd know him again?' 'Ond nae mistake,' answered John Brough. 'Gude,' said the other, though the rascal knew a' the time that it was bod; and then he went on scrabbling on slips of paper. I let him scrabble on in the de'il's books or whatever he was writing, and I slipped oot and cam' hame, where my first notion was to gang off in quest of Maister Hooard, and gi' him up that infernal piece of paper, telling him a' I had heard and seen between the twa; but on second thoughts I thought it wad be better, as this is ainly Thursday, to wait till after the play, and see if the mescreants wad come here. Accordingly, at about half past elaven John Brough arrived with Sally Tomlins,—wherever he picked the jade up, and after he'd been seated some time, he asked for the waistcoat he had left me to mend. I gave it to him, when he began rummaging in the pockets, apparently in a great fright at missing something, and asked me if I had found anything. Thinking he understood lies better than truth, I answered nae, and lit my pipe, which I sot smoking till ye came, Maister Harding. Ond noo, dinna ye think that I've put a brace of rogues and couple of rascals on the right road to the gallows? There is the map of it," concluded Archy, pointing to

the fragment of the letter in Harding's hand, "ond mind ye dinna sleep till ye hove delivered it safely into Mr. Hooard's custody."

Harding deposited the paper in his pocket, drew up with conscious dignity, and promised all things with the aid of a prime minister; then opening the door, and calling to Mr. Jenkins, who was still not filling, but emptying the genial bowl; he quitted the Bear and Beehive, shaking Archy cordially with one hand, while he doubled the other pantomimically behind Mr. Brough; a movement which (not being literally a Janus, although a double-faced knave) was totally lost upon that great man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Toutes les passions sont exagératrices, et elles ne sont des passions que parce qu'elles exagèrent."—CHAMFORT.

"Un cœur souffrant, comme une santé faible s'affecte de mille nuances, que le bonheur et la force n'apercevraient pas."

Persuaseratque nonnullis invidis meis se in me emissarium semper fore."—CICERO.

A TRAGEDY, A SUPPER, A DENOUEMENT, CONTAINED IN A LONG CHAPTER.

MR. HARDING was now lancé as a diplomat, and the most arduous part of his mission he found was in endeavouring to obtain an audience with his master, through the medium of his colleague, Monsieur Girouette. That gentleman could not at all comprehend what matter a mere footman, nay more—an out-door footman!—could possibly have to communicate to Mr. Howard, beyond a budget-like demand for an increase of salary, or an anti-ministerial intention of resigning; both of which points, he very naturally thought, could be more orthodoxly arranged through him, than by so unprecedented a step as a personal interview; accordingly, Monsieur Girouette flatly refused to negotiate it, unless previously made acquainted with the business to be discussed: this stipulation Mr. Harding as flatly refusing to comply with, and adding to his refusal a considerable degree of very exciting and unpardonable mystery and importance, infinitely more calculated to exasperate than to conciliate, the parties separated in mutual disgust, respectively slamming the opposite doors of the servants' hall, in which their cabinet council had taken place; Monsieur Girouette, to sip his coffee in the housekeeper's room, and 'disencanailler' himself from so long a parley with an under footman, and Mr. Harding to stand at the hall-door, and await the arrival of an idea how to achieve the wished-for tête-à-tête with his master. He did not wait long before a twopenny postman passed, and supplied him with the desired idea, accompanied by a wonder that it had not presented itself before. "A letter to be sure!—that's the thing;"

and Mr. Harding twitched the gold garter on his right leg, with a violence that would have cowed any calf in the world, as he retreated into the hall on his way to the pantry to execute his great design. Many were the sheets of paper spoilt ere the caligraphy of the "Honoured Sir" at the top satisfied his fastidious eye, but those two important words once achieved, the rest was easy, and the task soon completed, for he had read the debates that morning, and had been particularly struck (as all men must be, whether lackeys, lovers, liars, or lords), with the truth of Lord Melbourne's assertion, that "no man should ever write a line that was not absolutely necessary," a truth no doubt arrived at, not only by his Lordship, but by many of his colleagues and jackalls, through the thorny road of experience!

The letter concluded, the next dilemma was how to seal it. Wafers he knew were never used except in bills, and he wished his communication to receive immediate attention, and not be thrown aside unopened, therefore a wafer was out of the question, but unfortunately he possessed but one seal in the world, and that bordered on the amatory, as he had purchased it from a Jew boy for sixpence, on the top of a German-silver pencil-case, to seal his letters to Bridget Bond, having laid his love and livery at her feet. The device of this seal was an open pair of large scissors, very like those which hung at Bridget's side, and between the mimic 'forfex' was inscribed—"We part to meet again," though, as Mr. Harding had often facetiously remarked, "Cut and come again" would have been a more appropriate "motter." The signing and sealing over, he himself conveyed his letter to the nearest receptacle for two-penny literature; and most mysteriously triumphant was his air, when, three hours afterwards, having taken in his own letter, which he thought looked remarkably well, and like other letters with the post-mark on it, he tossed it on a salver, and handed it over to Monsieur Girouette to take up stairs, where, ten minutes after its arrival, he himself was summoned. As may be supposed, he had some difficulty in opening his mission, but the necessary delay occasioned by the search in his pocket for the slip of paper Archy Dunn had entrusted to him, was of considerable use, as it enabled his master to put the leading question of—"What might be the reason of his wishing to see him?" whereupon he waxed eloquent as Isocrates, detailed the information Archy had imparted to him on Thursday night, and ended by placing the fragment of the letter found in Mr. Brough's waistcoat pocket in Cecil's hand, who, as soon as he had read it, said "Thank you, Harding, you and Dunn have acted extremely well and sensibly. Say nothing to any one till we see farther into this business. And now order my horses round immediately."

Justly proud of such an eulogium, Mr. Harding bowed himself

out of the room, with vague notions of the probability, but quite sure of his capability, of one day filling the position his master then occupied,—an idea which was confirmed by the dignified manner in which he ordered George the groom to bring round Mr. Howard's horses immediately; and the mysterious tone in which he added, with the wave of the hand, worthy of Mr. McEverpuff: "and mind, saddle them yourself, and say nothing to nobody!" Moreover, scarcely had he uttered this fiat, when he met Girouette, whose curiosity getting the better of his other aristocratic faiblesse, accosted him with:

"Vell! so you have see Meestair Howard? what he say ehm?"

"I have seen him, Mr. Jerry-ette, but as I'm an Englishman, I'm happy to say that I know as the truth is not to be spoke at all times; and that silence and sense is one and the same thing in England, whatever the fashion may be in France;" and so saying, he abruptly turned upon his heel, and ascended the stairs to display his importance at his favourite station, the hall door; leaving Monsieur Girouette to shrug his shoulders in bustling ignorance and exclaim—"Crénon! ces canailles de laquais!"

It was a clear bright morning, the air was crisp and exhilarating, and Cecil entered briskly on till he came to Notting-hill, when he slackened his pace, and drew bridle: as he was walking his horse leisurely, he turned his eyes towards the green-house of a nursery-garden; as he did so, a loose stone caused his horse to stumble—"Good God!" he exclaimed; but it was not at the false step the horse had made, but at a vision that greeted him: among the plants in the green-house, appeared a fair young face, which, from being mirrored in his heart, was often reflected upon passing objects; and, for an instant, so strong was the power of imagination, that it appeared palpable to his external senses; but now, if ever he had seen her, he saw Theresa Manners! her eyes had met his; and the cheek which love had made so pale, now glowed at the tyranny of his sudden approach—Cecil looked again, but she was gone! "Pshaw!" said he, tightly pressing his hand across his eyes, "it is only one of those day dreams, that come to mock and to taunt me; he looked round—a plain dark chariot, ribbed with invisible-blue, the wheels picked out with crimson and white, the lining of purple velvet, and the blinds of white silk, with purple and crimson fringe and tassels, was waiting at the door; the horses were thorough-bred grays, and the harness of massive silver; but no arms were on the carriage, merely a small cypher in silver on the upper pannel: in another moment Howard had reined in his horse, and sprung to the ground: he entered the nursery garden—and from it, the green-house, which he walked rapidly through, looking breathlessly to the right and to the left, and unceremoniously decapitating sundry crysanthimums with the end of his whip, as he

passed along, till he was suddenly remonstrated with, by a gardener on an upper shelf, who was nailing a vine :

“ I say, sir, I beg your pardon, but you’re a ruining on them there crysanthimums—what may you please to want ? and I’ll call somebody to you ! ” said the man, taking a tack out of his mouth, and tucking a strip of Dutch matting into his girdle, as he prepared to descend, in order to save the poor crysanthimums from so strange a customer.

“ Oh—why thank you—nothing—that is, was there not a lady here just now ? ”

“ Yes, sir, I believe there was ; I heard some one a choosing bulbs, and telling master to get ’em poned agin February.”

“ But don’t you know who it was ? ” asked Cecil.

“ Can’t say as I do, sir, for I don’t work reglar here, only on jobs like.”

The master of the nursery now entered, and, hat in hand, begged to know what the gentleman wanted ? Thus recalled to himself, Cecil, with a little embarrassment, first ordered home the plants he had mutilated, and then boldly enquired the name of the lady whom he had seen there some minutes before.

“ I really don’t know, sir,” replied the man, “ I have never seen her but once before, as she comes to see a sick woman who lodges in my house, and to-day she ordered some plants and bulbs, which she said she’d send for, so I don’t know where she lives ; but I believe she’s gone now.”

Cecil did not believe any such thing, and thinking it most likely that she had only gone into the house to see the invalid, determined to walk about the garden till she came out, first inquiring of the servants to whom the carriage belonged that was waiting.

“ To Miss Delville, sir,” was the reply.

“ Is that the lady who is gone into the nursery garden ? ” re-interrogated Cecil.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Very strange ; but she has another lady with her, has she not ? ”

“ No, sir, she’s alone ; master did not come out.”

“ Master !—oh—ah—yes—her father, I suppose ? ”

“ No, sir, her huncle.”

But perceiving that the servants began to exchange looks, Cecil coloured, bit his lips, and, ashamed of displaying so much apparently idle curiosity, stammered out—

“ Oh ! thank you, I beg your pardon, I thought it had been a lady I knew,” and re-entered the garden. Feeling how ridiculous it would be to pace up and down before the house, he made the tour of the not very extensive grounds, turning every moment to see that the lady did not make her exit unknown to him. He had gone round for the third time, and was stopping at the other extremity of

the garden to rescue a kitten that a mischievous boy had put into a bucket, and was about, in spite of its cries and struggles, to lower into a well, when, upon raising his eyes, after the performance of this benevolent act, he had the satisfaction of seeing the lady get into the dark blue chariot and drive off!

"The deuce take you, you little wretch," said he to the poor kitten as he threw it angrily from him, while it was gratefully licking his hand, "I wish I had let you be drowned before I lost so much time over you;" and so saying, he hurried on to the gate at which he had entered, and looked wistfully at the track of the carriage wheels for a few seconds. "It's no use," he murmured, "and yet it's very strange—such a likeness—I—I—yes I will know that Miss Delville that Gertrude has been teasing me about." Having come to this resolution, Cecil remounted his horse, and galloped on to Shepherds Bush. When he entered Carlton's library he was so pre-occupied with the vision he had seen at the nursery garden that he forgot the purport of his visit.

"You are better than good," said Carlton, laying down a pen with which he had been writing, and extending his hand to Howard as he entered, "for you gave me no hope of seeing you to-day as we were to meet to-night."

"Nor did I intend coming to you this morning," replied Cecil, "but for a very mysterious thing that has happened."

"Mysterious!" repeated Carlton.

"Very!" said Cecil, abstractedly, as he switched the carpet with the end of his whip, still thinking of the lady he had seen in the garden.

"What sort of mystery?" re-interrogated Carlton.

"The most extraordinary likeness I ever saw in my life," replied Howard, in answer to his own thoughts, instead of his friend's question.

"Like who—or what?" asked Carlton.

"Oh! true—I forgot—I was thinking of something else, of a person I met to-day," hesitated Cecil, taking the piece of paper Harding had given him from his waistcoat pocket, and holding it in his hand, till he had related to Carlton the whole of the scene that had taken place at the Bear and Bee-hive; and all Archy Dunn's suspicions as to the intentions of the writer of the letter.

"Just let me look at it:" said Carlton, extending his hand for the bit of paper, which he had no sooner looked at than, knitting his brows and biting his lip, he exclaimed, "Why this is that reptile John Nugent's writing, so—after having played the honourable part of spy so long—I suppose he is going to enter upon the nobler and more arduous 'rôle' of house-breaking."

"The wretch!" said Cecil, "then if he does we must be ready

for him ; and you had better not act to-night, I can easily put off the Claverings."

"Not act to-night?" exclaimed Carlton, convulsively crushing the paper he held in his clinched hand, "that will I, if it is the last night I have to live—and it may be—but as to being prepared for the villain that I can be too ; and be the crisis of my fate what it may, you shall witness it. So remember, Howard, I hold you engaged to sup with me here after the play, and I promise you it shall be 'full of honours.'"

"Nay, but seriously, my dear fellow," remonstrated Cecil, who saw that Carlton was labouring under one of his paroxysms of mental agony, "would it not be better to remain at home and wait the arrival of this wretch?"

"No, it would not," said Carlton, sternly, as he paced up and down the room with his arms tightly folded. Knowing that when the mood was strong upon him, it was worse than fruitless to attempt to reason with him, Cecil, in order to divert his thoughts into a different channel, carelessly took up a newspaper, and asked what play he had decided upon for that night?

"The Iron Chest," was the brief reply.

"I thought it was to have been Macbeth."

"So it was at first intended, but I thought," added Carlton, stopping suddenly with a short bitter husky laugh, "that the audience I was likely to have would better appreciate the sublime hypocrisy and subtile villainy of Sir Edward Mortimer, and I like to play up to my audience."

Cecil did not exactly see the drift of this sarcasm, but considering it merely as one of the random arrows of his friend's misanthropy, did not attempt to remove it by question or reply, but silently let it lay where it had fallen.

"Well, I'll take care to have a good reinforcement of police here to-night, ready to receive these accomplished scoundrels, Messrs. Brough and Nugent, alias Guzzlecat," said Howard.

"As you please about that," said Carlton, ringing the bell, "and I have also my preparations to make for their reception." "Stephens," added he, as soon as the servant appeared, "I shall have three or four people to supper to-night, let the supper be good, and let all the gold cups, vases, and other pieces of plate I have been given, within the year, be upon the table."

"Very well, sir."

"I really think," said Cecil, smiling, "that it would be rather more 'germane to the matter,' if you had ordered him to load your pistols instead of the table."

"L'une n'empêche pas l'autre," replied Carlton.

"True," said Cecil, putting on his gloves and preparing to depart; "au revoir then—oh by the bye, I knew there was one

thing I wanted to ask you. You must know, my dear fellow, that old Dragglesfar is a tremendous lion-hunter, and therefore after he has seen you act, or rather after he has seen the effect your acting produces upon others, it is most likely he will ask to be introduced to you ; and I know the Duke has long wanted to be so ; so if they express any wish of the kind, have I your leave to bring them to your dressing-room ? ”

“ Decidedly not,” thundered Carlton, his eye kindling and his lip quivering ; “ if the poor actor is worth knowing,” added he, with a sneer, “ he is worth knowing in his own way and on his own terms.—‘ Le véritable Amphitryon est l’Amphitryon où l’on dîne,’—let the veritable Roscius be, ‘ le Roscius où l’on soupe.’ They may come here after the play if they like, but on no other terms will I see them.”

“ Well, but my dear fellow, the usages of the world—”

“ The world ! has dealt with me after it’s own fashion, but it has never made me succumb to it, nor will I begin now. If it wants anything from me, let it’s members cringe, and truckle to me as they do to it, and for the same reason—self-interest.”

Knowing that it was useless to remonstrate, Cecil again wished his friend good-bye, and returned to town, promising to be at Drury Lane in good time, and thinking as he rode along, what a pity it was that so fine a nature should be so warped upon some points ; but after all, thought he, what wonder, when one remembers all he has suffered ; for the poison which fate infuses into the cup of life, when it fails to kill, at least destroys the healthy tone of the mind. Alas ! how few can see the causes of effects—and how should they ? when half of our happiness, and certainly more than half of our misery arises out of a thousand little circumstances that we cannot tell to our best friends—perhaps a look—a tone—a movement, which are hieroglyphics to every one but ourselves.

* * * * *

That night Drury Lane was crowded to excess, and the Duchess of Arlington’s box was occupied by herself and the Duke, Lady Annette Clavering, Gertrude Howard, and her brother, Lord Mornington and Colonel Dragglesfar, who, setting aside his fears of Mr. McEverpuff, and his barrel organ, Guzzlecat, had braved Drury Lane for a dinner at Arlington House ; and, acting on that most profound piece of local wisdom, which consists in the geographical policy of —when you are at Rome, doing as Rome does, *alias* of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, or selling one’s friends when it is the fashion to do so, he was now as loud and exclusive in Carlton’s praise, when he heard the unpacked plaudits of the House, as he had ever been in Mr. McEverpuff’s, and declared that his Sir Edward Mortimer was the finest piece of acting he had ever witnessed in his wool (whole) life.

“What! finer than McEverpuff’s?” smiled Cecil.

“Oh they are quite in a different style, and therefore not to be compared,” *‘sotto voce’* Dragglesfar; but this being a Vicar of Wakefield assertion, that might be interpreted either way, Cecil was determined he should not have the benefit of it, and therefore maliciously rejoined, “What! you think Carlton is not to be compared to Mr. McEverpuff?”

“No—no,” said the gallant Colonel and impartial critic, thus pushed; “quite the reverse, for upon the wool, I think your friend superior.”

“Indeed!” replied his tormentor; “I thought I had heard you express a very different opinion one night at the Garrick, but I cannot agree with you, for upon the wool, Mr. McEverpuff is superior, as he certainly fleeces the public more than Carlton has ever done.”

Gertrude’s ill-suppressed laugh following this speech, made the poor Colonel look very sheepish, and he would doubtless have felt still more uncomfortable, had not the box door at that moment been opened to admit Sir Headworth Clavering, which was a great relief to him; and his greeting was even more cordial and devoted than usual, though, to do him justice, to any one and every one upon whom fortune and the sun smiled, Colonel Dragglesfar was always ready to sacrifice himself or any body else, to the fullest extent the most sublime friendship was capable of.

Sir Headworth who had been dining out, came in at the last act, where Sir Edward Mortimer is sitting at the table giving his false evidence, and leaving nothing undone through the medium of the most bland voice and manner, and apparently benevolent words and angelic sentiments, to hang his poor victim, Wilford, who stands lost in amazement, not so much at his own misfortune, as at the stupendous hypocrisy and philosophical villainy of his destroyer, all of which made a fine tableau—the confusion and embarrassment of the innocent man tending to his own condemnation—the calm, deliberate, seemingly reluctant, nay, almost extorted testimony of the ruthless and guilty murderer, produced an electrical effect upon the audience. The masterly bye-play of Carlton, who was abstractedly playing with the corner of the table-cover, while snaring his victim, had all the calm absent manner of sorrow in it, but not a particle of the nervous agitation of fear, while his subtle and penetrating eye, which seemed to command rather than to watch fate, produced a breathless attention in the audience, which heightened, to a painful degree, the excitement of the scene. It was at this moment that Sir Headworth Clavering entered; he seemed fearfully affected and taken out of himself: had he been the guilty party, he could not have appeared more convulsively agitated, or more nervously excited. A damp dew stood upon his forehead, his teeth

chattered, his limbs quivered, and his hands opened and shut as with a muscular spasm, wherein free will bore no part. Cecil looked at him with amazement. "Well, this is the triumph of art over nature!" thought he, as he attributed the powerful effect produced upon the iron-minded baronet to Carlton's inimitable acting.

"Is he not wonderful?" whispered Cecil, but a hushing motion of Sir Headworth's hand was the only reply.

"That voice!—it is most extraordinary," muttered the latter; and then passing his hand quickly over his eyes, he again relapsed into silence.

"How handsome your friend must have been," giggled Lady Annette; "do you know I think he's not unlike you about the eyes, Mr. Howard, when you put on one of your terrible looks."

But Cecil's cold bow and contemptuous smile, followed as it was by an angry frown from her sposo—reduced her ladyship to silence. When at length the dagger drops out of the parchment, and neither hypocrisy nor plausibility any longer avail, but Sir Edward Mortimer stands a detected and unmasked villain, Sir Headworth Clavering actually groaned, and burying his face in his hands, remained silent for some moments after the curtain had fallen.

"Powerfully acted—was it not?" said Cecil to the duke.

"Wonderfully so, indeed; I should very much like to know him; do you think that"—

But here the calls for Carlton became so vociferous, that nothing could be heard but his name; at length he re-appeared, pale and exhausted from his recent exertions: the house rose—the stage was covered with flowers and wreaths—and though he bowed mechanically to the audience, his eyes were fixed on the Duchess of Arlington's box, or rather upon Sir Headworth Clavering, whose face was buried in his hands, apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him.

"What do you think of his acting, Sir Headworth?" asked Lady Annette, as soon as the curtain had again fallen, and the plaudits had ceased.

"Strange!—very strange!" muttered he, seemingly in answer to his own thoughts, rather than his wife's question.

"No—now do you know I think it is very good," giggled Lady Annette; "but you people of the old school think nothing good but what you saw and heard in your own day."

The gentleman of the old school was too busy with his own thoughts to make any reply to this well-bred speech; and the duke, that it might not be repeated, turned to Cecil, and said—

"I was going to say, Howard, just as the noise began, that I should very much like to be introduced to your friend; do you think he would allow me to go round and pay him a visit?"

"It is decidedly his place to come and be presented to your grace,"

interposed Colonel Dragglesfar, energetically thumping his stick upon the ground.

“Why,” replied Cecil, not paying any attention to the gallant colonel’s orthodox parenthesis, and wishing to generalise the apparent rudeness of Carlton’s misanthropy as much as possible, “he is an exceedingly odd person, and from a long series of misfortunes and reverses, he has engendered a morose sort of pride, that amounts to a perfect monomania; and never having received any assistance from the great in his distress, he makes a sort of merit to himself of treating them ‘haut en bas’ now, whenever they seek his acquaintance; for which reason he never receives visitors in his dressing-room; but gives them the trouble of coming home to his house to sup after the play, if they wish to see the wild beast, as he calls it.”

“Sir! a man so distinguished as an Arlington!” exclaimed Colonel Dragglesfar, again flagellating the floor, “should not be subject to the rules of any humourist! Go, sir, and tell your friend, that much as I admire histrionic talent—and upon the wool no man admires it more (here the stick and the ground had another set-to)—that as a British soldier and a British gentleman! I cannot see historical fame like an Arlington’s! succumb to mimic greatness!—and therefore you will do him the honor of bringing him to his grace, who has condescended to express a wish to converse with him.”

“No, no—not for the world,” smiled the duke, as he exchanged looks with Cecil; “but find out whether he will allow me to join his supper party.”

“Recollect, my dear Colonel,” said Cecil, laying his hand on Dragglesfar’s shoulder, as he was leaving the box, and looking with provoking archness in his face, “recollect that Carlton is a rising man.”

“Granted—granted; but egad, sir, there is McEverpuff, who has risen, and he is but too happy to be brought round to much less great people than the Duke of Arlington, after the play. McEverpuff! who commands the wool of the press, with very few exceptions, thinks nothing beneath him to gain public applause.”

“I allow,” laughed Cecil, “that it is impolitic to aim too high.”

Non supra modum elatus Tullius.

“Egad, the boy foils me at my own weapons; for, whatever he knows, I’m proud to say I taught him,” chuckled the gallant Colonel, as soon as Howard had closed the door, and was safely out of hearing.

“What a load you have done for him then,” smiled the Duke.

“Not more than I ought to have done for his father’s son!” replied Dragglesfar, with benevolent terseness, and another coup de balon.

When Cecil reached Carlton's dressing-room, instead of finding his servant helping him to undress, and preparing for a bath, as was his wont after acting, he found him alone, pacing up and down the narrow room with folded arms.

"Ha! so you are come at last," said he, turning suddenly round and standing still, as Howard closed the door, and then added, or rather gasped, as he laid his right hand on Cecil's arm, "They are not gone, are they?"

"Who?"

"The—the people in your box."

"Oh! dear, no—on the contrary, the Duke is most anxious to make your acquaintance; but——"

"Only the Duke!" interrupted Carlton.

"Why, you have so completely electrified Sir Headworth Clavering, that he seems to be still quite paralysed from the effect of your last scene."

"Eh—eh—it is well," said Carlton, with a short husky laugh, setting his teeth, and convulsively interlacing his fingers, as he clasped his hands together; "but does he not wish to know me too?"

"Most likely he does," said Cecil, taking up Sir Edward Mortimer's granite velvet hat, and examining the diamond loop and button that secured the plume; "but, hearing me tell the Duke that that was only to be achieved by supping with you, I suppose he thought it useless to proffer a separate request for an introduction."

"Howard," said Carlton solemnly, "get them all to come—mind *all*—and do with me what you will for the rest of my life."

"What, women and all?" asked Cecil, surprised at the earnestness of his manner.

"I have said it, all."

"Well, but they wish to see this new afterpiece, and I'm afraid it will be so late before"—

"So much the better; I have business which will prevent my being home till half-past twelve at the earliest."

"In that case, had I not better go out to your house now, for fear those villains should break in before you return?"

"No, no, go back to your party, and never mind me; only should I not be at home when they arrive, make all due apologies for me, and keep them till I come; you know, according to the formula of that bit of paper you showed me, my other guests are not to come before two in the morning."

"True," said Cecil; at all events, he knew there was not the slightest use in combating any preconcerted plan of Carlton's; so he quietly opened the door, merely saying as he closed it, "Well then, at half-past twelve we shall see you?"

"Certainly."

“What news?” said the Duke with a smile, as Howard re-entered the box.

“Of course he will be delighted to have the honour of seeing your grace; but on the terms I before stated.”

“And I shall be delighted to accede to them,” replied the Duke.

“Mr. Howard,” said Sir Headworth Clavering, who appeared to be just rousing from the reverie in which Cecil had left him, “I feel a singular, nay to myself an unaccountable interest in your friend, Mr. Carlton. I wonder if he would allow me to make his acquaintance?”

“I’m sure he will,” replied Cecil; “for he has just commissioned me to invite our whole party to sup at his house.”

“Oh, thank you!” said Sir Headworth, abstractedly, yet emphatically, as though he had unexpectedly obtained something he had much wished for; and then suddenly relapsed into silence.

“What, the whole party—ladies and all?” asked Lady Annette.

“Yes, ladies and all.”

“Oh, how very charming! Of course, my dear Duchess, you will go: it will be something so new—and so nice—and so funny, to go home and sup with an actor!—and besides, I should so much like to see if he keeps on his terrible eyes off the stage.”

“I admire his acting so much,” said the Duchess, “that I should very much like to know him. But my tiresome health won’t allow me to brave the night air, as he lives at some little distance from town. However, notwithstanding his eccentricities, which Mr. Howard has been telling us of, I hope the Duke will be able to prevail upon him to come to Arlington House: at all events, my not going need be no preventative to your doing so, as, I dare say, Gertrude would like to go.”

“Yes, I should like it exceedingly,” said Gertrude; “for I want to see Cecil’s romantic friend, that I have heard so much of.”

“Romantic!—is he? dear—how nice!” giggled Lady Annette. “Well, he has a dear—loveable—amiable—high-minded—virtuous brigand sort of look about him. But how do you know that he is romantic?”

“Cecil says his history is a perfect romance.”

“Dear—dear—how very—very nice! I hope he is starving in a garret—and all that sort of thing.”

“Not exactly,” laughed Cecil; “for it would be rather presumptuous of him to invite your Ladyship to supper if he was.”

“Oh, but I don’t mind poverty at all, when it is with geniuses and romantic people, or kings out of crowns and all that; but I confess I have no nerves for ugly women, squalling children, typhus fevers, footmen’s wives, and destitute females. I suppose he’d be offended if one gave him money? I’ll give him—let me see—this

diamond ring—shall I?” concluded the truly feminine Lady Annette, turning to her husband.

“Nonsense!” frowned Sir Headworth; “your Ladyship surely don’t mean to come!”

“Why not, pray?”

“I should have thought your son would want you at home.”

“’Pon my word, ‘Caro Paterno,’ you are greatly mistaken if you think all the Claverings in the world will ever convert me into a nursery maid!—much less when that dear, delightful, charming, handsome, terrible-looking man has invited me to supper.”

Again Sir Headworth frowned, and this time he sighed; but not having been accustomed lately to have his own way in anything, he once more prudently took refuge in silence; while Colonel Dragglesfar, who thought nothing of the Duke’s praises of Carlton, inasmuch as that he was a Mæcenas, and Arlington House a focus for talent in any and every possible form and shape—but when Sir Headworth Clavering—the stiffest, coldest, most haughty, and least admiring man in England—had condescended to express a wish to know him, he thought he might safely launch out into his praise, without incurring any danger from the absent Mr. McEverpuff, the clique at the Garrick, Guzzlecat, or his literary inquisition the Press. The prospect of a supper, too, at his house, with people whom he could talk about for the next six months, considerably enhanced Carlton’s genius in his estimation;—for, after all, greatness is more topographical than anything else. How often does it happen that the cynosure of one hemisphere is undreamt of in another—and that the ‘*primum mobile*’ of the east is unknown in the west, and vice versa; for, if Europe has its Napoleons and its Wellingtons, little Peddlington has its Nixes and its Rimmins’s, more important and more celebrated to it than either of the European heroes. A strong proof of this occurs in a charming and very important work, entitled ‘*Le Manuel des Amphitrycons*,’ the preface of which, speaking somewhat reproachfully of the ‘Grand Monarque’s encouragement of those minor blessings to mankind, arts, sciences, and letters, has the following passage: ‘*La cuisine eut aussi les siens; et si la postérité ne nous a conservé que le nom de Vatel et celui du Marquis de Béchamel, dont l’un s’est immortalisé par sa mort, et l’autre (the marquis) par le procédé qu’il trouva pour apprêter à la crème le turbot et la morue, il ne faut pas en conclure qu’il n’y a pas eu de grands cuisiniers dans le siècle de Louis-le-Grand!*’ What follows too is also a striking instance of the injustice of Fate with regard to fame: ‘*Mais il n’en est pas de cet art comme de tous les autres; ceux qui s’y distinguent le plus sont à peine connus, même de leurs contemporains! On jouit avec délices du résultat de leurs travaux, sans leur tenir compte des jouissances ineffables qu’ils nous procurent.*’

After the first act of the afterpiece, the Duchess felt tired, and expressed a wish to go home; Cecil put on her cloak, and offered his arm, to take her to the carriage; just as he was handing her in, the sounds of "Miss Delville's carriage stops the way!" broke upon his ear. The Duchess said something—but she might as well have talked to the winds, for Cecil's eyes and ears were strained to see who got into Miss Delville's carriage; it was a lady, but so muffled up, that he could not distinguish a single feature, as the hood of her burnouse was over her face; the lady was followed by a gentleman, equally invisible as to features, from ramparts of fur in the collar of his coat; he got in after the lady, the door was closed, and the carriage drove off: just as Cecil had darted forward, to try and catch a glimpse of its inmates, one of the Duchess's footmen followed him, and broke in upon his disappointment with:

"If you please, sir, the Duchess says, will you tell the Duke, that her grace will send the carriage back."

To which Cecil's very appropriate answer was:

"This is the second time to-day that she has eluded me!"

But luckily, London footmen never stand upon the order of their going; and the Duchess of Arlington's was up behind the carriage, standing beside his colleague in an instant, and out of sight the next.

"Gertrude! who is that Miss Delville?" asked Cecil abruptly, on getting back to the box.

"She is Miss Delville! and the most charming person in London," replied Gertrude, "and that is all I'll tell you about her, as you have never thought fit to come with me to call upon her, often as I have asked you."

"I'll go to-morrow!"

"Indeed you won't, for to-morrow she is going out of town."

"Pshaw! it's really too bad!" exclaimed Cecil, pettishly tossing his head, and slapping the palm of his left hand sharply with his right hand glove.

"What is too bad?" asked Gertrude, with a provoking smile, "surely there is nothing very desolating in not being able to go and see a person whom you have never seen."

"Nonsense! you talk like a fool!"

"Thank you for the compliment," laughed Gertrude, "for as you appear to me the very antipodes of common sense just now, no doubt you mean it as such?"

Her brother made no reply, but seemed lost in thought, till the afterpiece was ended, and the curtain fell; when Colonel Draggles's extreme fussiness to cloak Lady Annette—and Lord Mornington's anxiety that Gertrude should not get cold, aroused Howard sufficiently from his reverie, to enable him to ask the Duke with whom he would like to go?

“Oh, you and I, Mr. Howard, and Gertrude, and Lord Mornington can go in my carriage; and the Duke and Sir Headworth will do very well together.”

“Upon the ‘wool,’ said Dragglesfar, “that is a very pretty arrangement, but I don’t see what is to become of me!”

The ludicrously nettled look and tone of the gallant Colonel, as he made this speech, brought a smile to every face.

“Oh! I quite forgot you!” laughed Lady Annette, “but there is Lord Mornington’s carriage, and you can have it all to yourself!”

As no one proposed an amendment to this arrangement, Colonel Dragglesfar was fain to accept it in solemn silence, and silent displeasure, resolving, that when Guzzlecat reviewed the next “Book of Beauty,” in which her ladyship’s picture was to be, that he should, in an analysis of her features, make sundry unpalatable remarks about dissipation anticipating the march of time.

When the party arrived at Carlton’s, it was nearly half-past twelve: the supper was laid in the library, which was brilliantly illuminated; at one side of the room were folding doors, with a violet velvet curtain before them, which was partially drawn aside by a massive gold cord; the dining-room was utterly dark—but the two brilliant fires of Kendal coal that blazed in the library, besides the innumerable lamps, diffused an air of extreme comfort over the large and richly-furnished room.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Lady Annette, pressing one of her pretty little feet down into the soft Axminster carpet, after she had run about like a child, looking at the books and busts—“he must be very rich; I thought actors and authors, and geniuses, and those sort of people, were always poor?”

“It appears not,” smiled Cecil, looking round the room—“but Carlton, through his own exertions, has realized a very large fortune.”

“Has he no relations?” asked Sir Headworth Clavering.

“Plenty, I believe, but they have all behaved shamefully to him.”

“What a shame!” cried Lady Annette, who was making the tour of the table, examining the ornaments—“what a shame, to behave ill to such a nice man, with such a nice house!”

“But he had not always this nice house,” said Cecil, “and, perhaps voilà pourquoi.”

“Oh, what loves of salt-cellars!” exclaimed Lady Annette, trying to lift one of them, the design of which was a Venus rising from the sea. The shells were of gold, and over them were waves of clear crystal, on the edges of which, in the lower shell, the salt rested, looking like white sea-foam, while the gold, under the glass, had all the effect of golden sand. “I wonder what we are to have for supper?” added she taking a bill of fare off of one of the napkins; “a genius’s supper must be so unlike other people’s. Yet no, I

declare ! it is just like the dinner one has every day !—“ Potage au consommé au gratin—polage de purée de gibier—veau à la crème—bœuf en chevreuil mariné—une mayonnaise de cabillaud—turban de filets de lapereaux—salmi de bécasses—filets de mouton à la belle vue—carbonade à la choisy—poulets à la reine—macédoine en chartreuse—pain d’une financière aux truffes—gelée de citron renversée—nougat prasliné—des lazagnes d’Italie à la crème—génoise aux pistaches—croquignoles à la chartres—choux-fleurs à la Condé—purée de pommes de terre au lait d’amandes—miroton de poires soufflé à la jannot—des gauffres à l’allemande—des petites jalousies.—I am quite disappointed ; I was in hopes we should have had all sorts of things one had never heard of before.”

“ I dont know,” said the Duke ; “ I think it is better to venture on the bills of fare we have, than fly to others that we know not of.”

“ I quite agree with your grace,” laughed Lord Mornington ; “ but I suppose Lady Annette expected that, supping with Hamlet, she should get the chamelion’s dish, the air.”

“ That is a very fine picture of Shakspear !” said Dragglesfar, placing his hand over his eyes, as he lifted a candle to look at the picture that hung over the mantel-piece ; , “ but, really,” added he, in a mysteriously important whisper to Cecil, as he put down the light, “ it is very wrong of your friend to keep such a man as the Duke waiting in this unceremonious way !”

“ I’m sure, he must be unavoidably detained,” was Cecil’s reply, though, in reality, he was growing alarmed lest one of Carlton’s misanthropical fits had come over him, and that he would not make his appearance at all ; or, if he did, that he would give his guests anything but a courteous reception. The time-piece pointed to a quarter-past one. The whole party had talked and walked, and examined every thing, till nothing remained to be done, but to sit down and play at patience. Just as Cecil was beginning to despair, the curtain over the dining-room door was pushed more back, and Carlton appeared, but in the same dress in which he had acted, even to the long-haired wig. From this circumstance, added to his more than usual paleness, Cecil began to think his worst fears would be verified, when, to his infinite surprise, Carlton advanced up the room, not only with a perfectly easy and disembarrassed manner, but almost with an air of gaiety. Nothing could be more polished and well-bred than his mode of receiving the strangers assembled before him, and, without the slightest freedom or forwardness, which none but the vulgar are ever guilty of, he contrived to place himself upon a perfect equality with his guests ; and, if there was any apparent condescension of manner on either side, it was certainly on his. He began by apologising for appearing before them in his theatrical dress, stating, that business of importance, which admitted of no delay, had prevented his having time to change

it ; but, the apology once made, he instantly dismissed the subject, and, soon after supper was served as if by magic ; there was a profusion of attendance, and every thing was excellent, from the bread up to the malvoisie. Cecil thought he had seen his friend in every character ; but on this night, he appeared in a new one—the witty, brilliant, fascinating, agreeable, off-hand man of the world—possessing that peculiar tact which makes each individual think that they are exclusively attended to and addressed. He had general information for the Duke, politics for Sir Headworth Clavering, tales of yachts and regattas for Lord Mornington, her brother's praises for Gertrude, 'l'esprit des cliques' for Dragglesfar, and even nonsense in perfection for Lady Annette. In short, from first to last, he was the Yorick

“Who kept the table in a roar.”

Sir Headworth Clavering, who never took his eyes off Carlton, at length said, during a short pause that intervened,—

“I think, Mr. Carlton, I must have had the pleasure of meeting you before ; your voice seems very familiar to me ; and I am certain I could have met no second person so agreeable.”

Carlton bowed coldly—somewhat superciliously—as he replied, “I have met you before ; and at one time of my life I was exceedingly intimate with some Mr. Claverings—your sons, I believe ; two of them were fine, high-minded, noble-hearted creatures ; but—”

“And—and Henry the youngest—did you know him?” interrupted Sir Headworth Clavering.

“Some Chambertin,” said Carlton to a servant, without replying to Sir Headworth's question till he had drunk it.

“Did you?” repeated the latter, with his hands clasped, and his eyes riveted on Carlton's face.

“Why, not exactly—no body knew him—he was in no sort of society, from, as I understood, having behaved exceedingly ill to you.”

“No—no—no—it's false—damnably false,” groaned Sir Headworth, covering his face with his hands, while Carlton leant his elbows on the table, placed his chin in his hands, and kept his eyes deliberately fixed on his suffering guest. An awkward silence ensued, during which Dragglesfar pulled Carlton's sleeve, and whispered—

“My dear sir, you have made a sad mistake ; that was a cruel speech of yours ; for my friend Sir Headworth was the kindest father in the wool world, especially to his younger son, who ran away from home and behaved shamefully. This I have from the best authority, a literary friend of mine, Mr. Guzzlecat, whom Sir Headworth employed to find out his prodigal son, and who devoted a great part of his valuable time to a fruitless search after this ‘vaurien.’”

“Indeed!” said Carlton, turning suddenly round and measuring Dragglesfar from head to foot, with a look beneath which, all hero as he was, he appeared to quail; till Carlton added, in a tone of such fine irony that it completely baffled the intellectual fog of the colonel’s apprehension, “This was, indeed, noble on the part of Mr. Guzzlecat; but it is only men who aspire to a great name that will ever execute great things: those who creep on slowly and cautiously in the beaten track suffer all the pains and penalties of their calling, but never reap its honours or its rewards.”

“Very true,” said the unsuspecting Dragglesfar; “and after passing such an eulogium upon Guzzlecat’s character, I shall be happy to introduce him to you some night at the Garrick—be the making of you, my dear sir, if you could get a man like him to take you up: he has great influence, either directly or indirectly, with nearly the ‘wool’ of the press; and thinks nothing of swearing black is white to serve a friend; but, unfortunately for you, he is a staunch McEverpuffite. However, a few such suppers as this might do wonders.”

“He must, indeed, be a valuable acquaintance—so convenient,” said Carlton. “But what if I should take him up instead? don’t you think that would do as well?”

“Why really,” replied Dragglesfar, elevating his eyebrows like a Denmark owl, “if you go on as you appear to be doing, I should not wonder if you were soon in a position to do so.”

“I hope so,” was Carlton’s brief answer.

“Good heavens! what was that?” said Lady Annette.

“Nothing but a noise in the next room,” said Carlton, exchanging looks with Cecil, who half rose from his chair; but another look from Carlton re-seated him.

“Dear me,” resumed Lady Annette, “I do hope this dear charming house is haunted. I am so fond of ghosts.”

“What kind of ghost do you prefer?” smiled Carlton, “‘à la Dame Blanche,’ or ‘Bête Noire?’”

“Oh, ‘à la Dame Blanche,’ to be sure; for I hate black devils as well as blue.” But here the sound of something heavy clanking on the floor of the next room, as though the iron bar of a window-shutter had suddenly fallen, caused Lady Annette to finish her speech with a loud scream.

Carlton seized a branch from the table, and rushed to the door opening into the dining-room, followed by the rest of his guests. The ‘tableau’ that awaited them was more appalling than beautiful. At one side of the room stood two policemen with dark lanterns, holding Mr. John Brough by the collar of his coat, while Archy Dunn tugged manfully at the skirts. On the window-sill sat Mr. John Nugent, alias Guzzlecat, with slouched beaver, folded arms, and one leg tightly embraced by two policemen, while a third

turned his small dark-lantern full upon Guzzlecat's still darker face. Carlton placed the lights he held on the sideboard, and then, advancing slowly to the window with a drawn sword in his hand, said to Nugent, in a measured voice and with an ironical laugh—

“My dear sir, it was most kind and friendly of you to take me thus unawares; but fortune has mixed in your schemes, for here are several of your friends,” added he, looking round, and bowing with mock courtesy to Sir Headworth Clavering and Colonel Dragglefar. “Will you not join them at supper?—for you must be fatigued after your exertions.”

“Villain!” exclaimed Sir Headworth Clavering, trembling with rage, while his white hair waved in the cold night air, “what brings you here?”

“Your business, old boy,” said Guzzlecat doggedly.

“My business! liar!—is it by housebreaking, and for aught I know, midnight assassination, that you search for my lost son? Where is my son?—my son, villain!” screamed the old man, tearing off his neck-cloth with his trembling hands as he spoke, as if to prevent the words choking him.

“Here!” shouted Carlton, “to ask your blessing! ha! ha! ha! and thank you with filial homage for all your tender mercies, through long unchanging years!” As he spoke, he flung to the ground the long-haired wig that had disguised his features. The old man opened his arms and rushed forward, faltering out.

“Harry—forget—forgive!”

But Henry Clavering retreated to the wall, turning away his head, and extending his hands to prevent his father's approach.

“Then I have no son after all!” groaned the old man, clasping his hands.

“Nay, not so,” said Clavering, tauntingly—“you have a son—a young son—the child of your love!—and what's so sacred as paternal love?—but not the heir of all your wealth—of all your greatness—no, that is me!—the starving author—the poor player—the tutor's son-in-law—the blot on the House of Clavering!”

“Harry! in mercy hear me!” and the old man tried to kneel, which Clavering prevented, by pushing the hilt of his sword against his shoulder.

“Mercy!” echoed he, “what know you of mercy? I never had the millionth part of a grain from you—and so have none to give you now! what! though you knelt till crack of doom, it could not bring those back whom you have sent to Heaven before their time—mercy! seek it of God! for man knows it not!” and Clavering turned his face to the wall, and leant his head against it.

“Villain!” said Sir Headworth Clavering, advancing with clinched hands towards Nugent, and looking at his son—“did you mean to murder him?”

“Not I,” said that worthy individual, “for that would have been so many hundreds a-year out of my pocket—and in your’s : I merely meant to convey him safely to a private madhouse, which I take to be the fittest place for Henry Clavering ; and then, by a pretended search after him for the next three or four years, I should have kept you in play, and myself in cash, that’s all : and now you have my whole plan, for the knowledge of which you ought to give me something handsome—but I suppose you won’t, as the devil’s in my luck lately.”

“He han’t told you half on it,” growled Mr. Brough, from his retirement at the other side of the room, “for the little Miss was to be kidnapped too ; but if so be as you’ll let I off scot free, I’ll tell ee all about it present-ly.”

“Wheedling ! treacherous ! smooth-tongued ! foul-faced villain !” said Sir Headworth Clavering, grinding his teeth, and advancing with a clinched hand, which he shook menacingly at Nugent ; who, however, before he reached him, and before the policeman could arrest his arm, had drawn a small hair-trigger pistol from his breast, which, aiming at Sir Headworth, he fired, and the ball penetrating his heart, the old man fell, weltering in his blood, in the arms of his son, who had instinctively rushed forward to rescue him.

Again the miserable old man tried to murmur the words—“forget !—forgive !”—but life was ebbing fast ; and though his lips moved they scarcely made a sound ; but Clavering read their purport, as he replied in a solemn voice, “I do forgive, and will try to forget ; may God do likewise.”

Lady Annette had screamed and fainted at the sound of the pistol, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, accompanied by Gertrude and Lord Mornington. Cecil and the duke remained to minister what assistance they could to the unhappy father and son ; and Colonel Dragglesfar, who foresaw that an exalted station must now inevitably be the termination of his friend Mr. Guzzlecat’s career, remained to give him sundry sound and valuable fragments of moral advice, relative to honesty being the best policy, and virtue being its own reward, which had Mr. John Nugent Guzzlecat been about to take a new lease of his life, instead of, on the contrary, going to cancel his proprietorship in the one he already held, might (if acted upon) have no doubt been of considerable use to his future salvation and security. However, with such a chivalric and philanthropic spirit, Dragglesfar was not the man to withhold straws from his drowning friends, even at the last. So, accordingly, the next day, when all the papers teemed with garbled and exaggerated accounts of Sir Headworth Clavering’s fate, and, flaming panegyrics on the transcendent talents, and well-merited honours of his successor, there also appeared a modest letter, of simple words, and simpler ideas, written by Colonel Dragglesfar, but signed “Kidney,” warn-

ing the public not to believe all the evil they heard of that once celebrated literary character, Mr. John Nugent Guzzlecat, as he was ready to pledge the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, that all that gentleman's conduct would be made clear as noonday, after the next edition of the Newgate Calendar had appeared. Nor did his friendship end here ; for, six weeks after, he accompanied his friend to that bourne where fate had drawn for Mr. Nugent Guzzlecat a ' cordon sanitaire,' between this world and the next, sending an orderly to see that Mr. John Brough and Miss Tomlins did not lack any creature-comforts on board the Government yacht that was to convey them out to Australia.

* * * * *

Henry Clavering watched by his father unremittingly for ten hours, at the end of which time the old man expired in his arms, looking the blessing he could not speak, while his son emphatically spoke the blessing he could not look, as the tears gathered thick and fast in his eyes ; for when death, with his one miracle, has expelled the power to do evil—that foulest demon that ever possessed mankind—who can feel resentment towards the senseless clay that harboured it?

“ Dear papa,” said Blanche, gently opening the door of the still chamber of death, “ I have brought you some coffee.”

“ Put it down, my child ; raise a little of that window-curtain, and come here. Here, Blanche,” continued he, “ is what was your grandfather ; he can never harm you more, so it is right you should kiss him, for the first and last time.”

The child obeyed, but it was with a shudder, as she looked at the stern, rigid features of the corpse, where an expression of agony had remained after death had removed the feeling.

“ You may go,” said Clavering, and the little girl noiselessly departed.

“ Poor human nature ! ” soliloquised Clavering, looking on the lifeless mass that had been the author of his being, and of all his misery, “ it is ever thus : the ebbs and flows of the heart are more frequent than those of the sea, and they roll on into eternity, carrying our passions in their depths, and their consequences on their surface.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“Rien n'est indifférent dans la vie d'un grand homme ; le génie se révèle dans ses moindres actions.”—*La vie de l'illustre Monsieur Gogo—Tribulations, Désappointemens, Gaucherie, Credulités, Brioches et Cornichonneries.*

AN EVENTFUL CHAPTER —ALL THINGS MUST HAVE AN END, AND BUBBLES SOONER THAN MOST THINGS.—IN SEARCHING FOR PIGS SIR ROMULUS STUMBLES ON A BORE.—SAPONACEOUS HINTS TO BE DERIVED FROM THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

IT was now the middle of March, that month so fatal to the sanity of hares, and the complexions of human beings. Many and great were the events which had befallen the Bubble family, since their arrival in Paris in the foregoing autumn. Colonel King had been left a fortune, for which he had taken the name of Lightbody ; Miss Prudence's purse had made a conquest both of Messieurs Cataplan senior and junior : the former had discarded his nankeens for top-boots, and wore his hat at the back of his head—‘pour se donner un faux air Anglais’—to get into her good graces ; while the latter adopted the wiser plan (had it succeeded) of hunting Paris in order to obtain a roasting pig ; but Miss Prudence's affections were equally balanced. She admired Monsieur Cataplan senior, for what he did eat, and his nephew for what he tried to get her to eat ; meanwhile, her intentions had proceeded so far, as to consult Marmaduke as to which of the gentlemen he thought cared for her the most, to which he returned the following, not very refined, poetical answer :—

“My dear sister Prue,
Don't be ridiculous ;
They don't care for you,
No,—not a pediculus ;
Would you know what this means,
Should you have the least *nouse*,
As you're not in your teens,
You'll try rhyme for house ;”

notwithstanding which, Miss Prudence wavered. She neither liked the French funds, nor the French fricassées ; she knew she did not like French habits, but she did not know whether she should like a French husband, and it was to give the Cataplans—uncle or nephew—the benefit of this doubt that she deliberated. The winter had been unusually gay ; the balls at the Tuileries unusually brilliant ; the Bubble family had attended them all ; and, notwithstanding their different humours and tastes, had been, individually and collectively, equally charmed with the dignified amiability of the queen, the natural grace and winning naiveté of the Duchesse D'Orléans¹,

¹ The beautiful Duchesse de Nemours had not at that time formed one of the galaxy of the French court.

and the sweet voice, sweet face, and sweet manners of the *Princesse Clementine*; while, like *Napoléon*, *Sir Romulus* had found *Louis-Philippe* to be a very genteel, clever man, which arose, no doubt, from his kingly bearing, when *Sir Romulus*, with his usual tact, on one occasion, repeated to him *Mr. Simpson's* hospitable wish, that they should see his majesty back amongst them in *America* again.

Amid all this mirth *Lady Bubble* alone was miserable, from labouring under frequent and increased paroxysms of the green-eyed monster. In every gooseberry bush she saw a *grisette*; in every bunch of violets, that *Sir Romulus* approached, to her distempered vision, was a pair of blue eyes; in every truffle that he eat (and they were many), lurked a pair of black ones; if he sneezed she fancied it was nothing more than a sort of rail-road for his amatory sighs; if he slept, she knew he was dreaming of those he should not; if he woke it was to think of them; if he walked out by himself it was to an assignation; if he went in the carriage with her it was only to hoodwink her. Miserable woman! that she was—why was she ever born? I'm sure I don't know, and if the reader don't, I can't inform him. Yet never had wife less cause for jealousy; for, sooth to say, *Sir Romulus* on his first arrival at *Paris* had had his heart so deeply lacerated by the perfidy of the '*beau sexe*,' that he had resolved to devote the energies of his powerful mind to nobler objects, and had, therefore, transferred his attention from sentiment to science, attending regularly (with his daughter, *Mrs. Lightbody*), *Doctor Epaminondas Tripe's* lectures on galvanism, and sea-bathing; two things which the doctor had been practising for hydrophobia lately with great success, as all the patients had died immediately after being perfectly cured! Indeed galvanism and sea-bathing were fast superseding the *Sub-marine Rail-road* in the baronet's good graces; for the accounts which he continued to receive from *England* of the monetary part of that scheme were anything but satisfactory; whereas, there was but one drawback to the pleasures of *Dr. Epaminondas Tripe's* lectures, which was that he had lately taken *Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald* into his service, who officiated as candle-snuffer and water-carrier on these occasions, much to *Sir Romulus's* discomfort, who always seemed to labour under a slight touch of hydrophobia himself, inasmuch as that he foamed at the mouth during the time, were it long or short, that the *ci-devant* keeper remained in the room. *Marmaduke* passed his time pleasantly enough, for he had contrived at the *hôtel Castellane* to become acquainted with all the best of the *French literati*. *Cosmo* passed his also perfectly to his own satisfaction, for he had during his '*séjour*' in *France* devoured an incredible quantity of chesnuts and '*marrons glacés*,' which had not at all cleared his intellect for mathematics. *Miss Betsy* was still *Miss Betsy*, and likely to remain so. Made-

moiselle Perpignon was in a high state of health and affection; consequently Mr. McPhin was alive, and that was all. Things were in this state, when one morning, as the Messieurs Cataplan were breakfasting with the Bubble Family at Meurice's, their letters and papers were brought in, and an eventful post was it to them all, more or less. Marmaduke's letters were from Cecil and Gertrude, announcing the fate of Sir Headworth Clavering, Guzzlecat's capture with John Brough, and the clearing up of the mystery in Carlton's history. Sir Romulus's despatches were from Lord John; but the triumphant and important air with which he broke the seal, was soon exchanged for a lachrymose one, when he had perused the contents, which informed him that Mr. Town had absconded, leaving him (Sir Romulus) among the other Sub-marine Rail-road victims, liable for thirty thousand pounds!

"That letter appears to have agitated you greatly, Sir Romulus; you should not have those sort of letters given to you publicly; I wonder the ladies don't take care of that," said Lady Bubble, tartly.

"Ladies, my dear! um—um—um," bumblebee'd Sir Romulus, thrusting the letter into his pocket, "it is some bad political news from Lord John."

"In that case I think you might let me see it, Sir Romulus."

"Oh, my dear! womenkind know nothing about politics."

"Politics, indeed!" said Lady Bubble, tossing her head as she looked at the caricature in the 'Charivari' that was on the table beside her, "No—no, Sir Romulus, unfortunately I am not a fool—these are the politics you are dabbling in 'politique des femmes!' shameful! scandalous! for a man of your age—a grandfather positively—only Mrs. Lightbody has never had any children."

Whenever Lady Bubble was Xantippeally inclined, Sir Romulus as in duty bound, out Socrates'd Socrates, but the news in Lord John's letter had so far rippled the current of his philosophy, that its surface was not quite so smooth as usual. Indeed, when a man loses thirty thousand pounds, he may be allowed to lose a little of his temper with it, which was the cause of this most perfect of husbands, and profound of thinkers, exchanging his usual B flat for an F sharp tone, as he replied:

"Well, my dear, I know you are old enough to be a grandmother, and therefore, ought to be old enough to know better."

The toughness of this speech was too much for Lady Bubble's delicate, and already over-excited nerves. She burst into tears (it is by far the best and shortest way of ending all disputes with the opposite sex), and left the room.

"Um—um—um—my calamity is again in the hydraulics," said Sir Romulus, helping himself to the wing of a 'poularde en demi-deuil,' as Lady Bubble closed the door.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, pushing away

the huge English newspaper she had been reading, leaning back in her chair, shutting her eyes, and clasping her hands, "Oh, dear! I am surprised beyond every thing!"

"At what?" asked Marmaduke.

"Shows what a dangerous thing cold is, and I've always said so. Most remarkable circumstance, when the doctor used to say he was trying to get rid of his cold, I used to reply—oh! now—times and often, take care your cold don't get rid of you,—it's not so bad as that either, but still it's bad enough."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Marmaduke.

"Oh, you shall hear if you'll have patience, and give me time to read it;" and here Miss Prudence rattled about the paper, and rummaged for her magnifying glass, which was set in mother of pearl, about the size of a large oyster; which having found, she read out the following paragraph in a firm and decided voice:

"On the fourth instant, at Bubbleton Rectory, near Dunderhead, Shropshire, Anna Martha, the beloved wife of the Reverend Dr. Demetrius Damnemall, many years Rector of that Parish. This lamented lady died of a cold caught last January: her loss will be felt among the poor as long as water gruel and tracts are remembered, and their absence missed; as Mrs. Damnemall used to distribute both with a truly evangelical spirit—indeed it may be said of her as of Madam Blaze:

"The naked every day she clad,
When she put on her clothes."

The Doctor, we are happy to state, is doing well—for the affliction of the husband is supported by the resignation of the Christian."

"Fudge!" cried Marmaduke, as he left the room.

"Bless me! so Damnemall has lost his calamity!—oh! the luck of some people!" said Sir Romulus, scrambling up his letters and papers, and following his brother out of the room.

"Oh, dear! I must write to the Doctor—yes, and to young Anna Martha—and to George James, and give him a little good advice; 'cause I've heard of extravagant grief—and as he's young, and gay, and giddy, that's the sort he might choose; which, I'm sure, would sadly vex his poor mother: oh, dear! I must be a mother to them!"

This last idea seemed to make Miss Prudence quite childish; for she cried—yet giggled—then walked up and down—then sat still, oh-dearing, and twitching her fingers as if for a wager.

"Was ever woman in such humour woo'd?"

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

But woe betide the man, who does not seize upon the proper moment. That very morning, both the Messieurs Cataplan,—uncle and nephew—"jadis et aujourd'hui!"—at the very same instant—in

the very same place—nay, in the very same breath—and on the very same knee (the left)—proposed for Miss Prudence; and were formally and finally refused. The elder Cataplan withdrew, murmuring, as he limped out of the room in his tight boots—“*Alors je remettrai mes souliers!*” while his nephew, with less resignation, exclaimed, as he flipped the dust from his knee with his pocket-handkerchief—

“*Diablo! si j’avais su ça, je n’aurais pas abîmé mon pantalon!*”

Like all great minds, Sir Romulus’s philosophy increased with his misfortunes; he had that morning become acquainted with the loss of thirty-thousand pounds; but there was not the least reason why his family should know anything of the matter; and in order to prevent their doing so, the best way was to go on precisely as usual, and not deviate an iota from his ordinary routine: Marmaduke’s reproaches, or rather, “*I told you so’s,*” he especially dreaded; as he had from first to last warned him against Mr. Town and the Sub-marine Railroad.

Now, it so happened, that though it was only March, the weather was exceedingly warm, and Sir Romulus had been compelled to take refuge in Russia ducks; but his blanchisseuse did not at all please him, in the colour she had sent them home; he might have shown her fifty brilliant examples perambulating under the colonnade in the Rue de Rivoli, of what they ought to be: but with his usual love of doing things “*out of the common,*” he resolved upon taking her to the Chamber of Deputies, to show her the picture of Louis Philippe, ratifying the Charte, of July, 1830: as in that picture, his majesty had evidently just been home to put on a clean pair of trousers, of which the painter has made him look justly proud: and Sir Romulus naturally thought, that if he could show his blanchisseuse this picture, his trousers would for the future be—“*fait à peindre.*” Accordingly, placing his hands as calmly in his pockets, as if his thirty-thousand pounds had still been in them, he trudged along, followed by the blanchisseuse, till he came to the Place de la concorde; where he suddenly remembered, that he had left the tickets of admission at home: but, having heard Lady Bubble order the close carriage—and dreading, that if he reappeared, he should be taken in for a drive; he prudently resolved to send the laundress back for the tickets, and remain where he was till she returned; telling her, however, if anything should occur to take him away, to walk on to the Chamber of Deputies, and wait till he arrived. He had been for about five minutes gazing upon the scaffolding and tarpauling that enveloped the fountains, and remarking how beautiful the sculpture (which was perfectly invisible) was: when he saw Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, and his daughter, Mrs. Lightbody, approaching from the bridge—the latter coloured slightly, as she said—

“ Oh papa, Dr. Tripe has been good enough to take me to the swimming-school they are to open next month on the Quai Voltaire.”

“ Um—um—indeed, my dear! Then I suppose you have been over head and ears—over head and ears. Do you approve of that, doctor?”

“ Oh indade I do, particularly when it is with the ladies. It's a favourite expirimint of mine, but I shall have the honour of seeing you to-morrow evening, Sir Romulus, whin I think I'll do something that will surprise you. But what terrible news this is in the papers of my frind, Guzzlecat. Hang me, if I can make it out.”

“ Oh no, they won't hang you, but they'll undoubtably hang him,” chuckled Sir Romulus.

“ Well, I'll wish you good morning, as I am now going to escort Mrs. Lightbody to the Gymnase in the Rue Jean Goujeon,” said the doctor.

“ I'll walk a little part of the way with you,” replied Sir Romulus.

“ Oh why would you give yourself any such trouble?”

“ The trouble is a pleasure, my dear doctor.”

“ A mighty troublesome plisure, to us,” said the doctor, aside.

For some yards after they had turned into the Champs Élysées, Sir Romulus had all the conversation to himself, till coming up to a round-about where there were several ships in full sail, going round as fast as they could, Dr. Epaminondas Tripe was startled by hearing his sister's voice screaming out—“ plus vite—plus vite.” Upon looking up, he beheld her seated in one of the ships in her bottle-green habit, giving sundry kicks, by way of impetus, with her Wellington boot to the vessel, to the great danger of the next, which contained two little boys.

“ De—lightful!” exclaimed Sir Romulus, rubbing his hands, and placing his umbrella against a tree; “ I'm your man,” and bellowing to the showman to stop the round-about, much to their discomfort he placed the little boys on two wooden ponies, and himself scrambled into the ship next Miss Tripe, which groaned and creaked, and swung again, at its unusually heavy freight, but nevertheless pitched forward at a miraculous rate.

“ Bon voyage, you ould fools,” muttered Dr. Epaminondas Tripe, as he walked on with Mrs. Lightbody, not waiting, scientific as he was, to watch the subversion of the laws of gravitation.

Now, it so happened that some neighbouring urchins were trying rockets at a very little distance from the round-about, while some thirsty souls were regaling themselves with ‘bonne bière de Mars’ immediately under it, so that while Sir Romulus was assailed with smoke and gunpowder from above, he was attacked with froth and foam from below,—so true is it—‘que les contrastes forment plus de liaisons intimes que les rapports d'humeur;’ for Miss Tripe's as well as Sir Romulus's inclinations were both decidedly against

the 'pétards' and the beer—indeed, the former was so irate at this accumulation of evils, that she gave a push with her parasol to the vessel that bore Sir Romulus and his fortunes, which destroyed the equilibrium of the round-about, and caused every pony and ship (his own included), to disembarass itself of its contents.

"Oh the Algerines!" exclaimed Sir Romulus, as he fell on his back with his heels in the air.

"Hold on, old boy," cried Miss Tripe, as she fell over him, which she preferred doing to trusting to the reception she should meet from the ground.

"Um—um—I shall be suffocated," groaned Sir Romulus, making a great but ineffectual struggle to rise.

"Gee-up!" said the lady, seizing his hands, and pulling him into a perpendicular position by sheer superiority of muscular strength—which position the baronet had no sooner attained, than, wishing to feel that he had something substantial to lean against, he flung his arms tightly round Miss Tripe's waist, indulging in the ejaculation of an "O!" as round, as large, and as deep, as the basin in Hyde Park.

Blind mortals that we are! too often do we rejoice in our security, when, in fact, the crisis of our peril has only arrived, in the treacherous guise of protection and redress; and so it was with Sir Romulus, for, while he and Miss Tripe were still in their Cupid and Psyche attitude, who should drive by on her way to pay a visit in 'l'Allée des Veuves,' but Lady Bubble! The check was instantly pulled.—Alcibiade in a moment was at the carriage door, and the next, Lady Bubble and her large green fan were moving slowly and with great dignity towards the unconscious pair. Sir Romulus having ascertained to his perfect satisfaction, that he had incurred no breakage in the fall, was beginning, with great benevolence to think of the safety of his companion, which he evinced by the following question—"Well, my dear, and how do you feel?"

"As every wife must, sir, at so scandalous and immoral a scene!" exclaimed Lady Bubble, advancing with the air of a tragedy queen, flourishing her closed fan, as the ghost does his baton in Hamlet; and then suddenly placing it as a barrier between the hay-coloured moustache of Miss Tripe, and the "celestial rosy red" of Sir Romulus's ample and glowing cheeks; which, from his recent unwonted exertions, now blazed and shone, like the jewel of the Philippine Isles, which Camilla gave Gil Blas.

"My dear, my dear," said the baronet, with his usual presence of mind, "you have no idea of the danger we have been in; you should have seen us just after our fall."

"I have, sir," replied Lady Bubble, with a look containing the whole of the third chapter of Genesis.

"Um—um—um"—bumble-bee'd Sir Romulus, with that dread-

nought courage which desperation always inspires; placing his hat with an 'air galant' on one side, as he spoke—"I must now leave you both, for I have a petticoat waiting for me at the Chamber of Deputies, and she'll wonder what has become of me!"

"And I wonder what will become of you—you unfortunate, misguided man! lost as you are, even to the external part of decency—appearance:—as for you!" continued her Ladyship, with apoplectic calmness, involuntarily raising her fan close to Miss Tripe's face—"your conduct is as disgraceful to the female sex, as your appearance."

"Come—come—my dear Lady Bubble, don't make a fool of yourself," said Miss Tripe, energetically brushing the dust off of her left elbow, with her right wrist—"I never cared one straw for any man in the whole course of my life; and as I'm not fond of trying experiments in natural philosophy, like my brother Epaminondas; neither have I a poetical imagination like my brother Alonzo; I certainly shall not begin with Sir Romulus—ha! ha! ha!"

"Horrible creature!" muttered Lady Bubble, as she made her way back to the carriage.

"Par exemple!" thought Alcibiade, lowering the steps, after having silently looked on, much amused at the whole scene—

"Voilà un scandale qui fera époque!"

"I do believe, if I was to go to the d—I, I should meet my calamity there," soliloquized Sir Romulus.

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Miss Tripe, now curry-combing her right elbow.

"I don't know what has come to her of late, she's a heterogeneous compound of credulity and incredulity, for she believes everything she thinks, and won't believe one word I say; I, that used to enjoy boundless liberty in Shropshire—provided I did not go beyond Dunderhead Common, or Shrewsbury, and was home by six—am now watched, as a cat would watch a mouse; and she looks with an eye of suspicion upon every man, woman, and child, who comes to see me upon business—even the very barber who comes to shave my head is quite afraid of her, he—

"Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft hast taken,"

takes to his heels when he sees her; as indeed I do to mine, when I can."

"Ha! ha! ha! well, that is putting matters on a proper conjugal footing, and must naturally remove the cause of dispute," said Miss Tripe, with her usual loud laugh.

"Bless me! I have been here half an hour, if this Algerine of a watch tells the truth. I must make the best of my way to the Deputies. I think it's going to rain—can my umbrella be of any use to you?"

“Pooh!—no; I never carry a spout, and as for water, I don’t mind it as long as I am not made to drink it—ha! ha! ha! Good bye—see you to-morrow night, I suppose—good bye!” and so saying, Miss Tripe tucked up the skirt of her habit, and strode on towards the Barrière de l’Étoile, while Sir Romulus pursued his way to the Chamber of Deputies without further disasters. There he found poor Madame Déchireuse the laundress, blown and broiled into anything but an amiable mood, as she sat rocking herself on one of the steps.

“Ah, dame! à la fin vous voilà, Monsieur!”

“I suppose you had quite washed your hands of me—quite washed your hands of me!” said Sir Romulus, facetiously; but as this ‘bon mot’ was in plain English, it was quite lost upon Madame Déchireuse, as she trudged after the distinguished individual who had uttered it, up the stairs leading to the gallery. The ‘huissier’ who unlocked the door to admit them stared at the dress and station of Sir Romulus’s companion; but ‘égalité’ having arrived at ‘cette égalité’ about all things in France, he did not stare long, but quietly closed the door upon them. At the moment of their ‘entrée,’ Berryer was electrifying the house with one of his peculiar and Apollo-like bursts of eloquence in which the god speaks out, and with a flood of light, as it were, barbs all his arrows to the destruction of the Python arguments of his adversary,—thus gaining the day he has created. Virgil makes the manes of his departed heroes hover round the sepulchres that contain their ashes¹. The manes of Cicero and Demosthenes seem to have gone beyond the heroes of Virgil; for while their “ashes glow with their wonted fires,” in Berryer, their spirits appear to animate and hover round his words. Even Sir Romulus caught the infection, and gave a breathless attention to what he did not clearly hear, and what, if he had heard, he certainly would not have understood. At length, the orator descended from the ‘tribune’ amid a universal murmur of applause; and while partizans and even opponents crowded round him to pour forth their tribute of admiration, Sir Romulus took advantage of the pause to point to the portrait of Louis Philippe with one hand, while with the other he traced the flowing if not symmetrical outline of his own figure, saying as he did so to Madame Déchireuse:

“Um—um—c’est comme ça qu’il faut me faire.”

But Madame Déchireuse, who had her head still full of Berryer, to the total oblivion of Sir Romulus’ Russia ducks, replied:

“Comment donc! il faut que je vous fasse parler comme ça? ma foi! toute l’eau de la Seine et tout le savon de Paris n’en viendraient pas à bout!”

“Boue, boue—yes that is what I complain of—that the mud or

¹ *Id cinerem et manes credis curare sepultos.*—Æneid.

'boue', as you call it, is never half got out of them," said Sir Romulus, again pointing to the immaculate purity of the royal inexpressibles, as handed down to posterity. The people in the gallery were beginning to be exceedingly amused at the colloquy between Sir Romulus and Madame Déchireuse, and at the manner in which the former suited the action to the word, which made him appear as though he was putting his person up to auction, and calling the attention of the spectators to all its peculiarities—when suddenly his eye was attracted by some one or some thing in the body of the chamber, or rather standing by one of its doors—when all the energy that had been so lately 'vouée au blanc,' now turned into another channel, and rubbing his hands, and beckoning the 'blanchisseuse' to follow him, he left the box exclaiming :

"The very thing! the very thing!—Prudence's fortune is now made! If there is a pig to be had in all Paris, he'll get it for me!"

Now the fact is, Sir Romulus's intellect was almost feminine in the manner in which it jumped to conclusions; and with his usual 'vivida vis animi,' he had descried a man, whom from his physiognomy he naturally enough supposed to be a pork butcher: his small sinister cruel looking green eyes, low shelving eyebrows, high cheek-bones, peculiarly vulgar-shaped face, and streaky complexion, surmounted as it was by his light bristly harsh hair, and universally plebeian appearance, convinced Sir Romulus that nothing so hoggish could have appeared in a human form, but from a constant intercourse with the swinish multitude. For, as Lord Bacon truly observes (and he is a good authority on the present subject), "a man's calling, by moulding him to certain ways of thinking, is often wont to manifest itself in his appearance, the outward man being frequently but a transparency over the inward soul." So not reflecting, that even since the 'charte,' 'charcutiers,' at least in the exercise of their profession (!) do not at the same time officiate as senators, Sir Romulus hurried down stairs, and in spite of the remonstrances of the 'huissiers,' made his way, hat in hand, panting and puffing, into the 'tribune,' never stopping till he had placed his hands on the shoulder of the individual he had resolved to gammon! Madame Déchireuse having wisely remained in the passage, he was thrown completely on his own resources as to French. Accordingly, as soon as he had acquired sufficient breath, he began :

"Um—um—mong bon homme—tu cochon—tu cochon—moi un un enfant cochon pour roast—roast—you know—roast pig."

"Comment!—monsieur!" thundered the 'charcutier malgré lui,' with a frown like an embodied thumb-screw, and a voice that was the consolidated grunt of a whole forest of wild boars, "pour qui me prenez-vous?"

"Tu cochon, tu cochon!" reiterated Sir Romulus.

The veins in the individual's face so apostrophised began to

blacken and swell like a cordage of young serpents. He moved outside the door, pushing Sir Romulus into the passage, and was about to inflict condign punishment on the ill-fated baronet, when Mr. Simpson, who had witnessed the scene from a box in the gallery, and who knew that French was not Sir Romulus's forte, good-naturedly hurried down to the rescue, foreseeing that his assistance would be wanting in some shape or other, but not dreaming to what extent.

"Good heavens! my dear sir—what have you done?" panted Mr. Simpson, intercepting the clenched hand that was just about to make acquaintance with Sir Romulus's face.

"Done!—nothing. I was trying to make the Algerine understand that I wanted a roasting pig, and he immediately flew into a rage."

"My dear sir, you are not perhaps aware whom you are speaking to."

"Perfectly; he is a pork butcher, evidently, and therefore the very person to get me a pig."

"Of lead, I guess, if you don't make him a genteel apology," said Mr. Simpson. "Why, sir, that is Mr. Odilon Barrot."

"Well, how should I know that Barrow was French for butcher?" cried Sir Romulus.

But Mr. Simpson was busy bowing and apologising to Monsieur Odilon Barrot, and, adding, 'sotto voce,' that "he must excuse the gentleman, as he was rather touched in the upper story."

Mr. Simpson next made Sir Romulus bow and scrape for about three minutes, and repeat the words, 'Mille pardons, Monsieur,' after which he hurried him away as fast as possible, while Monsieur Odilon Barrot, having grunted out an ungracious 'du tout, Monsieur,' returned to the tribune.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Simpson, as he champoo'd Sir Romulus into a citadine, "you made a terrible mistake in accosting such a celebrated character as Mr. Odilon Barrot as a charcutier."

"Why the d—l does he look so like a pig-sticker, then?" growled Sir Romulus.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“ Un peu moins de galanterie ;
 Je sais qu’après un cotillon,
 Vous courez comme un postillon ;
 Ce qui n’est pas des plus honnêtes
 Pour un monsieur tel que vous êtes.”

La Henriade travestie.

*Non te unguentorum odor, non frons calamistri notata
 vestigiis in eam cogitationem adducebat?—CICERO.*

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT PRODUCED BY FANNY ELSSLER’S FEET ON SIR ROMULUS’S HEAD.—LADY BUBBLE IS MORE DECEIVED THAN EVER IN SIR ROMULUS.—DR. EPAMINONDAS TRIPE TRIES A NEW EXPERIMENT ON SOLID BODIES.—
 ‘ LA SUITE D’UN BAL MASQUÉ.’

IT was only by continual excitement, and that useful occupation, which the reader must by this time have perceived that Sir Romulus was in the habit of giving himself, that he contrived so sufficiently to banish the remembrance of his recent loss of thirty thousand pounds, as not to let it appear to his family that any thing of the kind had occurred. It is true that Mr. McPhin had also had due intelligence of the elopement of his two hundred pounds, and had made Marmaduke acquainted with the whole transaction ; but a fellow-feeling made the former monstrous kind, and kept him silent, while Marmaduke was too merciful to taunt his brother upon his folly when he had suffered so severely by it ; on the contrary, he did every thing indirectly to promote his amusement and help him to forget it. Moreover, he seemed latterly to have some secret cause for gladness, which put him in good humour with every one, and every thing, and only left him fidgetty on the score of returning to England. This Sir Romulus promised to do in April, a month from the first day onwards, which he always considered as most propitious to his undertakings and proceedings. “ Let me see,” said he, taking up the *Galignani* the day after his fracas in the Chamber of Deputies, “ what is to be done this evening ? Oh, to-night at the *Académie Royale* it is the ‘ *Vendetta*,’ and afterwards Fanny Elssler, in the ‘ *Tarentule*,’—the very thing !—as we shall have time after for Tripe’s midnight lecture.”

“ You may have what midnight lectures you please, Sir Romulus, but I certainly shall not go near those abominable people ; if there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is science and shuffling, galvanism and gallevanting ! ” and here the green fan was to “ double duty bound.”

“ —Um—um—my dear ! those are four things, and you may make them a dozen, if you like ; but you’ll find it impossible to put a stop to the progress of knowledge.”

“ Yes, I know,” said her ladyship, leaving the room, “ that it is

impossible to put a stop to villainy of any kind; but one need not countenance it."

"Well, Prudence, are you for the opera to-night, and your friend Miss Tripe's afterwards?"

"Oh dear! I wonder how you can think of such a thing! and Mrs. Damnemall so recently dead!—the Doctor would be shocked beyond every thing, if he heard it!—as to Miss Tripe, I've nothing to say against the woman, but she's no particklar friend of mine—oh dear, far from it! indeed, there's a many things she says and does, that I'm sure the Doctor would highly disapprove of; for, he'd look to a prudent, sensible woman, who could be an example to his young people. I shall go to Miss Tripe's 'cause that's private, you know."

"Why, surely," said Marmaduke, "you don't wan't to marry the man the moment his wife is dead!"

"Oh, dear! I'm confident I never said any such thing!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, turning up her eyes, twitching her fingers, and hurrying out of the room.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" said Sir Romulus, as Miss Prudence closed the door, "it would take all the miracles St. Anthony was in the habit of carrying about in his portmanteau for the benefit of the ladies, to make our womenkind reasonable."

From the ultra movement of the green fan, during the whole of the day, Sir Romulus naturally concluded that Lady Bubble's box at the grand opera would be too hot for him in the evening, so he repaired with Mr. Simpson and Monsieur Cataplan senior to a 'stalle,' of which, however, his wife's box commanded a full view. Next to him sat two couturières of no very extraordinary personal attractions; but, as is always the case with that class in France, extremely well dressed. Now, as the chief part of the valuable journal Sir Romulus was compiling for publication, was gleaned from the remnants of conversations he overheard and misconstrued in public places, he was always exceedingly attentive to every word that was uttered by those who happened to be next to him. The young ladies in question were discussing the subject upon which they were most conversant—dress. Mademoiselle Mélanie was complaining of the extreme luxury at which the toilette had arrived, and the costliness of every thing, adding with a sigh,—

"Même les chemises."

"Ah, dame! Si vous portez des chemises!" replied Mademoiselle Hortense, shocked at her friend's invisible extravagance.

Sir Romulus, who had been attentively examining their faces during this colloquy, now drew forth his tablets, and wrote down—

"The French couturières are so extravagant that they wear six chemises at a time."

He had scarcely booked this piece of information, when the ve-

hement agitation of the green fan just above him recalled him to a sense of his perilous situation. So, asking Mr. Simpson to change places with him, he immediately seated himself between that gentleman and Monsieur Cataplan, devoting his attention exclusively to the latter, which kept his head turned in a contrary direction from Mesdemoiselles Mélanie and Hortense; this caused an almost instantaneous cessation to the movements of the green fan.

“Um—um” said Sir Romulus to Monsieur Cataplan; “I did not understand what you were ordering for dinner yesterday. Cards!—cards! were they playing cards, or visiting cards? or what? I know the French can make ‘sautés’ out of old shoes; but I did not think they could make ‘salmis’ of cards.”

“Non—non, ce sont des légumes, on ne citait autrefois que deux cuisiniers à Paris pour les cardes : celui de Monsieur le comte de Tessé, premier écuyer de la Reine, et le grand Morillon, qui vit encore, mais ignoré, dans l’indigence, dans l’obscurité! malheureux enfin sous tous les rapports, quoique très en état encore de travailler. Telle est, hélas! la destinée, que, grâce à la Révolution, ont éprouvée presque tous les grands hommes de bouche de la fin du dix-huitième siècle!” replied Monsieur Cataplan.

“Um—um—the reason is, that the Algerines don’t yet understand the philosophy of revolution, nor the revolution of philosophy.”

But here Sir Romulus’s attention was withdrawn from ‘les grands hommes de bouche,’ by ‘les grandes bouches des hommes,’ who scream through that ear-splitting din, yeled a French opera, and who were now excoriating every tympanum in the house in the last scene of the “Vendetta.” In self-defence he stopped his ears and remained silent till that most graceful and charming of dancers, Fanny Elssler, had enchanted the whole house, and nearly worried the old doctor to death in the second act of the “Tarentule.” There is certainly less of the opera dancer, and more embodied poetry about her, than any ‘danseuse’ I ever saw, excepting Taglioni; but the charming Fanny has this advantage over her fascinating rival; her witchery extends to her face; and while her fairy feet come twinkling to the earth like falling stars, and leading hearts astray like ‘ignes fatui,’ her beautiful eyes are a firmament, containing fates far deeper and more fixed. There is a bee-like flutter in her delicate limbs that seems to extract honey from motion; and where reality intervenes, which is in her repose, it leaves imagination nothing to desire or to suggest. Beautiful Fanny! thou art one of memory’s cameos, which time hallows but cannot efface.

The house had echoed with re-iterated rounds of applause—chaplet after chaplet, and bouquet after bouquet had been showered down on the charming ‘artiste,’ which so excited Sir Romulus, and

¹ This is, verbatim, the account given of ‘le grand Morillon,’ and the other ‘grands hommes de Bouche,’ in “Le Manuel des Amphitryons.”

wrought him to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that, forgetting every thing, except that he had no floral offering to lay on the shrine of Terpsichore, he mechanically raised his hands to his head, and, in a paroxysm of admiration, flung the better half of it, namely, his wig, on the stage; but, as usual, his views being too extensive, he missed his aim, and it fell, singeing and smoking on the foot-lamps, amid the uproarious laughter of the spectators.

“Um—um—um—my wig!” exclaimed the unfortunate baronet, putting on his hat, which, from the want of its usual accompaniments, was a world too large, and came down over his eyes and ears, as he followed close in the wake of Mademoiselle Mélanie and Hortense, who were leaving the house. As they did so, the words, “*bal masqué*” fell from one of them, and the sound ascended to Lady Bubble’s box. Now it was all very well for Sir Romulus to tell her that he was going to Dr. Epaminondas Tripe’s, but, being as quick as lightning, it was only for one spark of suspicion to drop on the tinder of her imagination, and lo! her whole brain ignited in a moment. She had seen it! had heard it all! What had she seen?—what had she heard? Why, Sir Romulus leaving the house with two women, who whispered each other about going to the ‘*bal masqué*’ with him! But she would show them that she was not such a fool as they thought, notwithstanding his slouching his hat over his eyes that she might not see him. “Oh the art of that man!”

Scarcely had Lady Bubble reached Meurice’s and deposited her youngest daughter, than she wished her good-night and pretended to go to bed, but, in reality, descending to her carriage, and, with a trembling voice and palpitating heart, ordering Alcibiade to drive to a masquerade warehouse on the Boulevards de Gand. Before she had got half way a fear came over her—if Sir Romulus should really be gone to Dr. Epaminondas Tripe’s? She had better, at all events, try. The check was instantly pulled—Alcibiade, in another moment, was at the door.

“Au numéro quatre-vingt-dix, rue Basse-du-Rempart,” said Lady Bubble, and then leant back, with a groan, to wait the event.

Arrived at No. 90, the concierge was interrogated. Sir Romulus was not there!

“Was he expected?”

The porter did not know.

It was all as plain as noon day. Lady Bubble was a miserable woman! and with another groan Alcibiade was again told to order the coachman to drive to the masquerade warehouse. Now, if Lady Bubble had but taken time to reflect, she must have perceived that it was impossible for Sir Romulus to appear at a *soirée*, even a scientific one, without his wig, and that he had, in all probability, repaired to a *coiffeur*’s to replace his recent loss; but jealousy, which has a thousand self-created eyes to see what does not exist—

never has one to see what really does. On arriving at the masquerade warehouse, Lady Bubble found it difficult to get a domino large enough to cover herself and her suspicions. Having at length selected the nearest approach to it, she again set off for the Académie Royale, where, ordering Alcibiade and the carriage to wait, as she did not know how long she should remain, she proceeded up stairs 'au premier,' to a box over the stage, justly concluding that she should have a better chance of detecting Sir Romulus, by looking down upon the crowd, than by mingling with it.

If great bodies move slowly, they at all events move safely, for notwithstanding the concourse of people that thronged the lobbies and salon, Lady Bubble reached her box in a perfect state of preservation'. "Good heavens! what a crowd!—how shall I ever discover him and those two wretches?" exclaimed she, as she looked down upon innumerable Greeks, Turks, Monks, Nuns, Postillons de Longjumeau, and naked shoulders, that were 'gigottering' (for no other word will express it), through a galope; "but yet I see that none of the men wear masks; so at all events if he is here, I shall have no difficulty in finding him out." Nevertheless, dance after dance, and couple after couple passed beneath Lady Bubble's eager eyes, without affording her any clue to the demeanour and misdemeanour of her liege lord. An hour had nearly elapsed, and she was almost beginning to despair, when the idea struck her that Sir Romulus might be preserving a perfidious incognito at some other part of the house; so first taking the precaution to make the tour of all the boxes, upper and lower, and peep into each, without success, she descended and mingled with the crowd, without any other escort or protection than her faithful green fan, which she brandished ever and anon, so as to strike terror into the heart of the guilty baronet, should it encounter his view, but in vain! She had carefully perused every unmasked face that passed her, but no Sir Romulus appeared—could he have come disguised as a woman?—horrible idea! but no—as she looked at the female figures by which she was surrounded, she could not think so little of her husband, as to mistake any of them for him. Her eyes had been fixed for a few minutes upon a scene that was going on in two boxes, attracted no doubt by sympathy. In one sat a gentleman, who, though by no

¹ Luckily, Lady Bubble had not to be tried by the liberal, enlightened, and truly manly judge, who officiated in a late case of marital tyranny, who so equitably and morally decided that a woman capable of the enormity of going to see a 'bal masqué,' after being turned out of her home by a brute of a husband, ought for the sake of morality! to be subject to every pain and penalty the aforesaid husband should think fit to inflict. However, men are quite right to twaddle amain about that one-sided virtue which they truly consider exclusively feminine, as it certainly does not exist among their own sex. Moreover, this rigour with regard to ours not only rivets masculine tyranny, but by enforcing the lock and key system for women, puts every vice with impunity 'à la portée des hommes'; and as long as women as a sex continue to be as foolish, as ignorant, and as selfish as they are, men show their wisdom in exercising their meanness, tyranny, and brutality to their uttermost extent.

means young, had a 'faux air de jeunesse,' which gave him the appearance of a sucking Bacchus: not apparently being able to make way with his companion, the blue domino, who sat next to him, he began making away with his rings, which he pressed into her hand, while beneath her mask sparkled a very handsome pair of dark 'espiègle' Spanish eyes, which seemed more willing to receive the gentleman's generosity than his love. While all this was passing in one box, the gentleman's bigger half, an unwieldy lady of some fifty years, labouring under as much ugliness as flesh, and as much ill nature and gratuitous malice, as both put together, sat in the next, enjoying the satisfaction of overhearing the whole scene. Beside her sat her daughter, a well educated young lady, bearing a striking resemblance to a wasp, both in body and mind, and who was constantly employed by her amiable and judicious mother to mystify her father in his 'affaires de cœur.'

"Jessy," said the fat lady to her daughter, with a bitter smile, which displayed at the end of her mask a set of teeth, which the venom of her tongue had evidently turned black; "we'll pay him off for this. You shall write him a letter as if from Madame——, giving him a rendezvous at the end of the 'allée Matignon.' and he will be in such a rage when he finds it is you!"

"Yes," replied the 'guêpe de seize ans,' "that will be capital fun; but I must get him to go to Manourit's first, or I shall not get my new dress for Colonel Thorn's ball, and that will be too bad, after we have worked so hard to get there."

"Hush, my dear Jessy, I have told every one that it was the Duke of D——introduced us to the Thorns. You are much too frank and open."

"Open! mamma," said the young lady, with a congestive sigh; "why, I'm laced as tight as ever I can be!"

"Dear Jessy, you are so witty! I thought I should have died with laughter at the manner in which you affronted all the Americans at General Casse's the other night, saying, whenever they spoke to you—'Monsieur, je ne comprends pas l'américain.' It was so very clever, for none of them ever suspected it was witty, but took it quite 'au pied de la lettre.'"

Lady Bubble knew the parties, and, in common with all who did, disliked them much and despised them more, and although she thought every wife was right to watch her husband as closely as possible, she did not approve of their daughters being employed to do so. Accordingly she passed on, saying—"Thank heaven, my girls are at home and in bed." Poor Lady Bubble! but we must not anticipate—in the midst of her soliloquy she was nearly run over by the rapid approach of a postillon de Longjumeau driving with rose-coloured ribbons four ladies abreast, as the man at Francini's does the six Arabians.

"Heavens upon earth! could it be! impossible!—yes, it was—

the perfidious baronet! who notwithstanding the disguise of the white wig, and a very large false nose, could not deceive his wife's penetration. No, no—the face was indeed altered in all but the colour, but in the figure she could not be deceived, for Sir Romulus's was of that peculiar kind to which Nature has been so lavish on all sides, that she can seldom afford to furnish one city with two similar; but the women, who were they?—their masks baffled detection, so she instantly decided that two of them were Madame Carmagnol, and Mademoiselle Pauline Manourit, and the other two, the anonymous grisettes, she had seen her 'marito' with at the Opera in the early part of the evening. Crack went the whips in the postillon galope, and on rushed Sir Romulus with his four jades, as Lady Bubble called them, but as they returned with the same rapidity with which they had passed her, Lady Bubble seized the postilion's arm, exclaiming, with suppressed rage—"Oh Sir Romulus! is not this pretty conduct, to tell your family that you were going to Dr. Epaminondas Tripe's, and then to come here and make such an exhibition of yourself!"

"Eh—eh—Trip—Tripe—plaît-il?" said the postillon de Longjumeau, vainly trying to extricate his arm from the Doctors'-Commons sort of grasp by which Lady Bubble was retaining it.

"Oh! yes, it is very well to resort to the mean subterfuge of disguising your voice, and pretending to be French—but that cannot deceive me, Sir Romulus."

"—Sacre—? excusez—mais je ne vous comprends pas."

"You comprehend me perfectly, sir," retorted the lady fiatilically, bringing her green fan in contact with the postilion's shoulder—"and home you must and shall come."

Here the four ladies, laughing exceedingly at the dilemma in which they saw their fat 'cavaliero,' set off with other partners, and left him to his fate.

"Côme—côme—most côme, parbleu! comme de raison je suis confondu—moi! ah—ça, mais qui êtes-vous donc?"

"You may well ask who I am, after having made me the most miserable woman in the world—you barbarous, unfeeling, incorrigible man! But this is no place for reproaches, sir."

"Sacre! sacre!—connais pas."

"Really, it is too abominable," said Lady Bubble, now dragging her victim forcibly forward, "to continue this jargon, and get up such a good French accent merely to torment me, and screen yourself! you—who cannot speak two words of French when I or the girls want you to ask for any thing—but now I've got you, you shall not again escape me."

The postilion, who was a 'bon bourgeois,' from the Porte Saint-Antoine, but who had no more objection to an adventure than if he had been a Marquis de Belair, now quietly resigned himself to his fate, and, as the black domino seemed resolved upon carrying him off,

without giving him a vote in the proceeding, he suffered himself to be led away without further resistance, exclaiming, philosophically, to the great amusement of the by-standers, as he waved his hat in the air, and its pink and blue streamers floated in all directions,—

“Ma foi ! la marche des idées, le triomphe des principes sont soumis à des lois qui se dérobent à la faiblesse humaine—soyons prêts à tous les sacrifices !” and, so saying, he flung his arms (as far as they could reach) round the black domino.

“Hold ! Sir Romulus,” cried Lady Bubble, repulsing him, “it is not by such public demonstrations that you can atone for private neglect.”

“Dame, si vous ne voulez pas de moi, pourquoi m’entraîner avec vous ?” demanded the postilion. But Lady Bubble preserved a dignified silence till she reached the carriage, into which, as soon as the postilion had insinuated himself, he said to Alcibiade, with a ‘maître de maison’ air,—

“A l’hôtel !” and off they drove.

We will merely remark, en passant, que “rien n’est moins en notre pouvoir que notre cœur, et loin de le commander nous sommes forcés de lui obéir !” and leave Lady Bubble to return home with her companion, while we accompany Sir Romulus from Monsieur la Porte, the coiffeur’s, next door to Meurice’s, where he procured as good a wig as the lateness of the hour would allow ; but which, as he facetiously remarked, put his head as completely under cover as one of the new penny-postage envelopes do the letters. His head once more decorated—though his forehead was by far too much hid for his own individual taste and for the benefit of phrenology—he again got into his carriage and drove to Doctor Epaminondas Tripe’s. As the carriage rattled along, Sir Romulus exerted himself to the uttermost to compose a witty impromptu either upon Jupiter or galvanism, which he knew would be the leading subjects of conversation, but all in vain ; for, as he himself said, his wit, if not his wisdom, appeared to have been lost with his wig. Arrived at the Rue Basse-du-Rempart, the time which elapsed between his ringing at the door of the premier au-dessus de l’entresol, and its being opened, enabled him to push his new wig back to the extremest verge which safety permitted, and critically indeed must the goddess of chances have balanced the Hyperian chef-d’œuvre, that it was not like “Philip’s god-like son, fallen from its high estate,” from the terrible bumble-bee-ing in Sir Romulus’s throat, and violent shaking of his head when he encountered Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, ‘nez-à-nez,’ upon the door being opened ; but not waiting to bandy looks with him, he rushed on into the salon, which he entered carp-fashion, bounding head-foremost. Indeed, such an impetus had Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald’s appearance given to the baronet’s movements, that he found him-

self at the opposite end of the room in less than a minute after his entrée, to the imminent risk of the equilibrium of Miss Tripe's chair, though she sat, according to her usual habit, 'à la Colossus of Rhodes,' with one foot east and the other west. Her evening dress consisted of a sort of lavender-coloured, coarse sieve-like texture, which, I believe, is called Italian net; round her neck was a small stiff ruff, tied with a piece of rose-coloured ribbon; above it appeared her face and very Babylonian-looking wig; her nose more resembled a lobster's claw in shape and colour, than any thing else, while her enormous ears bore an equally striking likeness to the body of the fish divided and the shell part turned outward; her hay-coloured moustaches at night, from appearing lighter, looked as if they had been manufactured out of the choke of an artichoke; the sleeves of her gown were not confined by any sort of wristband, but came down in a slope over her enormously large freckled hands, of which each thumb was so short and lumpy at the end, that it appeared as if it wanted a joint; in one hand she held a small black paper fan, which, whenever it embarrassed her, she stuck perpendicularly between her knees, which, on those occasions, and on those occasions only, she approached for the purpose; while, in the other hand, she held a coarse linen pocket-handkerchief, with which she occasionally frotte'd her face; her feet terminated in coarse white cotton stockings and black leather shoes, bound with the same material. With the exception of the members of the Bubble family, every man in the room was a 'Savant,' and every woman a 'Blue.' Near Miss Tripe stood a celebrated German, Doctor Stuffinmuchin, renowned for a treatise he had been twenty years writing, and which he intended publishing at the end of twenty years more, upon the Physiology of Cutaneous Irritation. Doctor Stuffinmuchin was exceedingly tall, gaunt, and wolf-like in his appearance, and wore black shorts, as trousers would have been endless; his mouth seemed to have never decided what shape it should take, and, therefore, had taken none; his nose was very small, very red, and very round, like a turnip-radish; his eyes had grown exceedingly like his spectacles, being large, round, green and shiny; while his hair, which was light drab, completely illustrated the description of some man in particular, or man the animal in general, as given by Thomas Campbell, in one of his poems, being "erect and free." The Doctor was evidently deeply interested in a conversation he was holding with a lady who sat, or, rather, fidgetted about a sofa near him. Like Belinda at her toilette, she was robed in vestal white; but some unprincipled person having, at an early period of her existence possessed her with the idea that she had a beautiful figure, she ended as "the lovely young Lavinia" began, by having

"No stay—save innocence and heaven!"

And from her white muslin draperies remaining in 'statu quo' all the year round she seemed to have become a convert to Lord Byron's opinion, that the real was far better than

"All the nonsense of their stone ideal."

Her face was of the discreet order, which said very little, but seemed to think a great deal, of itself; her hair, which was dark, was neither a crop nor a derth, but all the fat leechy-looking curls turned back the wrong way, like the feathers of a Friezeland hen.

As we before said, she sat upon a sofa, her right foot was tucked under her in the oriental style, while, from the rapid movement of her fingers amid the indifferent recesses of her muslin drapery, it was evident that she was giving practical illustrations (which amounted to a perfect fantasia on the Caledonian violin) of Dr. Stiffinmuchin's theory. Towering above and behind this lady was a tall thin figure in rusty black silk, with a face that looked as if it had been made of soot and then rolled in flour—so black was it, and yet so white; her nose was so co-equal with her cheeks, that she must have remonstrated about it at some time or other; but Nature had ungraciously answered her, "You have a nose, and that's flat." On her head was a something *via* cap, but having the appearance of an enchanted rag-bag turned into a cobweb, with large bunches of ivy flapping round her face; the idea of which she no doubt took from the seal of the ruin with the ivy twining round it, with the motto of "En adversité fidèle." This lady was not exactly a "bel esprit," she was merely a sort of amateur philanthropist, who infested every house in and out the neighbourhood, inquiring into the children's stuffings and studies, and into their parent's billings and bickerings; and, after the labours of the day, she haunted literary re-unions, keeping both the tea and the talkers in hot water, and flitting from victim to victim like a bat 'en rôle de Perruche.' She was now dividing herself, by keeping one hand on the back of the sofa and the other on the back of a stout gentleman's chair. This gentleman was a 'savant' of the first order—a Monsieur de Fleur-de-Miel; he was a great naturalist, and had lately written a very profound work called "L'esprit des Singes, ou Ourangoutangiana." His body was extremely broad, his head extremely small, and his neck extremely short; so that when reclining, as at that moment, in a large chair, he had the air of a huge tortoise on its back perfectly powerless. He was now leaning with one ear towards a table covered with green baize, upon which Jupiter was reposing, trying to catch the sound of the creature's breathing, while with the other ear he was endeavouring not to hear the incessant cackling laugh with which the black lady accompanied all her own sayings. On one side of the chimney-piece stood Colonel Lightbody, Cosmo, and Mr. McPhin, all with their mouths open to inhale the intellec-

tual atmosphere by which they were surrounded ; while, on the other side, sat Miss Prudence near a small table, upon which was a tray of orgeat, sirops, foggy-looking glasses of ‘eau sucrée,’ plates of geometrical-looking sandwiches, and ‘compotiers,” full of a particular, and luckily a rare (!) sort of cavier, that Ptolemy himself would have been deceived into thinking was a ‘béchamel’ of mummy !

Miss Tripe was opening, shutting, and rattling her fan backwards and forwards with one hand, and on one side, while she leant her head every now and then on the other to address Dr. Stuffinmuchin, which she did in the hoarse deep whisper of a link-boy labouring under a severe sore throat ; and she was gutturalising through one of these husky whispers just as Sir Romulus pitched into the room.

“Um—um—um” said the latter, as soon as he had balanced himself on a steady footing, after his first plunge forward ; “I hope I have the honour of seeing Miss Tripe quite well, and that she is nothing the worse for our little overthrow of yesterday ?”

“Oh dear, no,” ventriloquized Miss Tripe ; for the sound seemed to issue from her feet more than from her head, so deep and far-fetched was it ; “nothing ever hurts me ; but I’ll take care how I ever go in the same boat with you again ; for, as Monsieur Fleur-de-Miel said to me when he heard it,—

“Que diable alliez-vous faire
Dans cette galère ?”

“I am very late,” said Sir Romulus, “but I hope the doctor has not tried his new experiment without me ?”

“No ; for he has not yet made his appearance,” replied his sister ; “but I suppose he is detained by something unusual.”

“Ah, just so—just so—a,” assented Colonel Lightbody, passing his hand across his forehead as he spoke.

“Um—um—um,” bumbled Sir Romulus, arming himself with a tea-spoon and advancing towards the table where Jupiter lay, in order to wage war with his quills ; just as he was within an inch of them Monsieur Fleur-de-Miel seized his arm, exclaiming,

“Arrête ! tête de mulet !
Où vas-tu ? que prétends-tu faire ?
Combattre le dieu du tonnerre ?
Sais-tu qu’au feu de son regard
Tu sauteras comme un pétard ?”

“Bless my soul ! you don’t say so !” cried Sir Romulus, springing back several paces, which nearly brought him into Miss Tripe’s lap, who, shaking her gown with both hands, as if to get rid of so many crumbs, walked to the bell, exclaiming, “Well, it is very strange what has become of Epaminondas :” the bell was manfully pulled by Miss Tripe, and answered by Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, at whose

advent Sir Romulus took the precaution of slipping behind the window-curtain.

“Jonah,” said the lady, “where is your master?”

“Is it the dochther, ma’am?”

“Yes, to be sure.”

“Sorrow a know, I know where he is by this time; but he tould me to give you this letter when the quality wid be gone.” And here Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald rummaged in the side-pocket of his coat for a letter, which he presented to Miss Tripe.

“Very odd,” said she, “to go away on a Saturday, when he knows all the people come; but have you no idea where he is gone to?”

“He said something or other about a nace (niece); at all evints, it is to some mighty grand place—for he tuk the big dheressing box wid him, wid all his best lucks (looks) in it, and his new calves rowled round his boot-trees, ma’am.”

Miss Tripe now tore open the letter. “What a fool!” exclaimed she, when she had hastily read it. “He might have gone on for ever if he had not gone off!”

“Um—um—um—gone off!—is that the galvanic gun?” said Sir Romulus.

“Gun! no, it’s the galvanic blade—and I’ve no patience with him! What is to become of me and Jupiter, and all the skeletons?—a lone unprotected woman!” said Miss Tripe, fanning herself vehemently with her right hand and beating the floor equally rapidly with her right foot—“there, read that, and you’ll see what a pretty mess we are all in!” said she, putting her brother’s letter into the baronet’s hand, who read as follows:

“My dear Thomasine,

“Before you receive this, I shall be many miles on my way to Nice, with that misguided young creature, Mrs. Lightbody, who has conceived a violent passion for me, which is not to be wondered at. But knowing that I shall at least lose two thousand a year, by forfeiting my position in society, I did all I could to reason her out of it, but in vain; and as the poor creature would evidently die without me, I have resolved upon this sacrifice to socialism. She has promised eternal gratitude, and I have no doubt I shall be able to turn her to account in some shape or other. You need not send my last article, entitled ‘Moral Purity the only Safeguard of Society,’ to Guzzlecat this month, as he, poor fellow, is under sentence of death and not likely to appear again in this world, nor indeed in the other, till he has said ‘cordon s’il vous plait,’ as I shall do in another minute, though not prior to quite so long a journey.

“Your affect. Brother,

“EPAMINONDAS TRIPE.”

P.S.—As for Lightbody, it is impossible his face can look longer

than it always does; and I honestly told the sapient baronet on the bridge yesterday, that I would do something to-night that would astonish him; but this was a 'pons asinorum' he could not get beyond."

"Oh the Algerines!—the Algerines!" cried Sir Romulus, wringing his hands, and pulling the hind part of his wig completely in front. "The sea—the sea—and everything connected with it, has been my destruction! First, the Submarine Railroad—yesterday nearly pulverized by an upset out of that Algerine of a roundabout, which was also in the form of a ship!—and now my daughter ruined by that profligate old quack with his galvanism and sea-bathing!—Um—um—um—I shall go mad! Lightbody," said Sir Romulus, approaching his son-in-law, "you must blow his brains out!"

"Ah—just so—just so—a," assented Colonel Lightbody, without knowing whose brains he was to blow out, or what they were to be blown out for; and then perusing the letter Sir Romulus put into his hand, he exclaimed, with great fortitude, rubbing his hands, "There's an end of that—I never will see her again!"

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, as soon as she became acquainted with the matter under discussion, "Dr. Damnemall always said France was no place for young women!"

"Eh!" groaned Mr. McPhin. "it wad hove been far fitter for him to hove gone off with Modemoiselle Perpignon, ond no one wad hove molested him."

"I'll make a field-marshal of him," said Sir Romulus, "if a 'bâton' can do it!"

"And I'll make him a present of all he's got," said Colonel Lightbody, "if Doctors-Commons can do it."

"Oh, he has doctor's-commons already," grinned the black lady.

"And poor fare it is!" said Miss Tripe, rocking herself backwards and forwards, "when he loses two thousand a year by it."

"Um—um—um—we lose time," said Sir Romulus. "Pistols and postilions are the things!"

"Eh! si l'homme savait bien ce que c'est que la vie et la mort, il ne les donnerait pas si légèrement," philosophised Monsieur Fleur-de-Miel.

"Well now, do you know," said the white lady, proving by the nervous twitchings of her fingers amid the recesses of her drapery, as she spoke, that she was willing to do so on all occasions, "do you know, the Doctor was a sort of man who flirted so with every one, that I never thought he'd come to the scratch!—but you see he has at last."

"The Algerines! the Algerines!—but they shall pay for it!" muttered Sir Romulus, rushing out of the room, followed by Colonel Lightbody, Cosmo, and Mr. McPhin. In the passage was Mr. Jonah

Fitzgerald with his hands raised arranging a lamp against a wall ; and his back being conveniently turned for the purpose, and desperation making every one courageous, Sir Romulus took that opportunity of giving him a very substantial kicking. Now, as everybody knows that the example of parents has more effect upon children than their precepts, it will not perhaps be a matter of any great astonishment that as soon as Sir Romulus had released his foot from Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald's person, Cosmo darted forward like one inspired, and applied his.

"Oh! oh! murder! murder! wad ye be afther killing me. Och! but your hoofs are three divils harder than the ould ones; if I wancht (once) had the shaving of your fine cherry-coloured locks, it's I that wad bring you to raison my lad."

"Vary weel ond discreetly aimed," said Mr. McPhin, encouragingly, as his pupil continued his gymnastics against Jonah's defenceless form, which was completely pinioned with his face to the wall.

"Bravo! bravo! Cosmo," said his sire, patting him upon the shoulder, and placing a purse, containing ten Napoleons in his hand, "Bravo! I had no idea that the seeds of military glory would ever develope themselves so strongly in you. I'll enter you in the Shropshire militia as soon as we get home—I had once thoughts of the navy for you—but I've now done with the sea for ever, after the way the Algerine has behaved to me on all occasions."

"Praise is the hot-bed of enterprise," and thus commended, Cosmo whispered Sir Romulus to know whether he should go back and kick Miss Tripe too?

"Um—um—no my dear, that would be dangerous!"

"Eh! ye'll bear in mind, my young friend," said Mr. McPhin, linking his arm within his pupil's as they descended the stairs, "that there is nothing more cowardly than fighting on unequal terms, and there the odds against you wad be equivalent to four to one!"

This argument was so conclusive that Cosmo involuntarily quickened his pace till they reached the carriage. Misfortune has upon the feelings the same effect that moonlight has upon a landscape: it softens, mellows, and subdues, all that in sunshine would be rugged, harsh, and unpleasing, and such was the effect it had upon Sir Romulus. During the eight months that he had been in Paris, he had never returned home after midnight without dreading a curtain lecture, and without summoning all his energy to brave and to defy it; but now every feeling was summoned to a council as to how he should obtain his pistols, which he always kept in his bedroom, without awaking his wife, and how he should most gently break the sad news to her, in the letter he should leave before he set off for Nice.

"Prudence," said he, as the carriage stopped at Meurice's, "you must not say a word to my poor calamity, till I break it to her, of that Algerine Mrs. Lightbody."

"Ah! just so—just so a—but I beg, my dear sir, you won't call her by that name any more, as I intend to deprive her of it as soon as possible," said the disbanded husband, butting his head against the side of the carriage. As a reward for his late valiant attack upon Mr. Jonah Fitzgerald, Cosmo was given permission to accompany his father and brother-in-law in the expedition to Nice. "And if we don't electrify the doctor, in return for all the times he has electrified us, my name is not Bubble!" said Sir Romulus, energetically flourishing his right foot as if to keep it in practice. So saying, he left his relatives and Mr. McPhin, with injunctions to be ready to start in less than an hour; and, having ordered six post-horses, he noiselessly ascended the stairs leading to Lady Bubble's bedroom. Arrived at the last landing place he rummaged for his pocket-handkerchief, applied it to his eyes, 'en règle,' blew out the candle, and groped his way along the passage, at the termination of which he passed his hand along the wall, and felt for the handle of the dressing-room door, which having found he gently turned, and noiselessly opened. All was total darkness (the persiennes being closed outside the windows), save a faint streak of light that gleamed from under the bed-room door. Now the reader must know that as soon as Lady Bubble had succeeded in capturing the 'postillon de Longjumeau,' she brought him safely home, and having taken the precaution to dismiss her maid before she went to the 'bal masqué,' she walked unobserved and unmolestedly into her room with her companion, whom she instantly overwhelmed with a volley of tears and reproaches. The poor postillon, thoroughly mystified, only knew for a certainty that there was some mistake; and Lady Bubble, not having taken off her mask, and he not knowing what might be under it, thought at all events he would be on the safe side,—so, with great difficulty kneeling down, he seized her hand, and panted out an harangue about "l'amour le plus tendre," and "fidélité éternelle!"

"Nonsense! Sir Romulus, this is a mockery!" said she, leaning back in the 'bergère' into which she had thrown herself by the bed side, fanning herself violently with one hand, and tearing off her mask with the other.

"Crénom!" muttered the postillon, trying to rise with the assistance of the bed, and nearly falling in the attempt; but, having at length regained his feet, he trusted to their fidelity to convey him without loss of time to the door, which Lady Bubble perceiving, she darted after him, and locking it secured the key in her bosom.

"No, Sir Romulus, you shall not return to that scene of iniquity,"

said she, reseating herself, and pointing to an opposite chair for the postilion, "and you shall listen to what I have to say."

"Enfin ! me voilà donc le prisonnier d'une vieille sorcière ! ah ! la jolie suite d'un bal masqué ! cried the postilion, shrugging his shoulders, flinging himself into the chair, elongating his feet, which were raised in the air, while he tattoo'd with his heels on the floor, and knocked the top of his whip backwards and forwards against his closed teeth, a proceeding which from its contemptuous appearance greatly exasperated Lady Bubble, who commenced a fresh tirade of tears and invectives, "Ah ! ça—mais pour qui donc me prenez-vous ?" asked her companion.

"Really, Sir Romulus, your persevering in the nonsense of pretending to be French, is too provoking ; but if I sit here, and watch you all night, you shall not escape me !"

In similar questions and replies, more than an hour elapsed, when the fire going out, and the atmosphere growing very chilly, the 'mari malgré lui' fell fast asleep, which accounted for the total silence that reigned just as Sir Romulus opened the dressing-room door—but before he had reached the centre of the room, the postilion awoke, and rubbing his eyes and seeing Lady Bubble sitting opposite to him, as large as life, he exclaimed, with a sonorous yawn—"Mais diable—je veux m'en aller—moi !"

"Barbarous ! obstinate ! vicious ! abandoned ! unfeeling ! unprincipled man !" sobbed Lady Bubble.

"Um—um—poor thing ! she is thinking of me," thought Sir Romulus, standing still, and pausing in the swimming evolutions, with which, with outstretched arms, he was steering through the darkness.

"Mais, par exemple, ma chère Madame Gobemouche, le tête à tête n'est pas des plus agréables—je veux me coucher, ou je veux m'en aller," said the postilion, in a loud and determined key—

"Um—um—um—this is no joke ; who the deuce has she got with her at this hour ?" and so saying, Sir Romulus boldly advanced to the door, and quickly turned the handle ; which not yielding to his efforts, he next knocked loudly.

"Who's there ?" cried Lady Bubble.

"Moi," replied Sir Romulus, in a squeaky feigned voice, like the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood."

"And who is moi ?" re-interrogated her Ladyship.

"Moi !" reiterated Sir Romulus.

"What do you want ?" asked Lady Bubble, who had now come close to the door.

"To find out who you have got locked up with you at this hour," thought Sir Romulus ; for which reason, he prudently said nothing. Lady Bubble repeated her question—but still no answer ; when curiosity preponderating, she unlocked the door, cautiously opening

it but a very little way;—but little as it was, it was wide enough for Sir Romulus to behold his fac-simile—the postilion.

“The Algerine!” exclaimed he, pushing open the door, and rushing forward: but before he could advance three steps, Lady Bubble had uttered a loud shriek—and by flinging herself into his arms, in a fainting state, completely prevented his advancing another step: in vain, Sir Romulus struggled—his arms being free, and the violent efforts he made with them, to get at the intruder, only caused the weight of his better half, thus hanging round his neck, to push him more effectually against the wall, where they both staggered and fell, locked in each other’s arms. The postilion taking advantage of this little moment of conjugal excitement, seized a candle—made for the door—rushed down stairs—screaming: “cordon, s’il vous plaît!” and before Sir Romulus had succeeded in regaining his equilibrium, and picking up Lady Bubble, was half-way down the Rue de Rivoli, turning the corner into the Rue des Pyramides.

“Madam!” said Sir Romulus, flinging Lady Bubble with great effort into the arm-chair, at the foot of which she had fallen—“what is the meaning of all this?”

“Oh! Romulus! I had no idaya you would ever so deceive me,” sobbed she, falling at his feet.

“Um—um—um—I fear the deception is all the other way.”

“Heaven is my witness!” exclaimed Lady Bubble, throwing up her arms, as she remembered to have seen Mrs. Siddons do in ‘Mrs. Haller,’ with great effect—“that I never had a thought but you!”

“Um—um—um—women have no business to think—um—um—um—especially when their thoughts are embodied in a d—d French postilion, six feet high: the devil is busy with my family, seemingly, for not content with my daughter, he wants my wife too.”

“Your daughter? what of your daughter?” said Lady Bubble; but before Sir Romulus could reply, she had poured out the whole history of her jealous visit to the ‘Bal Masqué;’ her having mistaken the postillon de Longjumeau for him, and the subsequent capture she had made of his liberty!—“indeed! indeed!” concluded she “—my dearest Romulus, I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!”

“Um—um—I hope so,” said Sir Romulus, now suffering her to throw her arms about his neck without repulsing her; for there hung such truth about her words that he did “not dare to doubt them.” “I hope so; for one such business at a time is quite enough in any family.”

“What do you mean, Romulus?”

“Um—um—um—I mean, my dear, that nature intended that mothers should look after their daughters, which you have not done, but never that wives—um—um—should look after their

husbands! which you have done. The consequence is, that Algerine, Mrs. Lightbody has gone off—and no mistake—and I have come home at two o'clock in the morning and found you locked up with"—

"Oh, Sir Romulus!" interrupted Lady Bubble, placing her hand across his mouth.

"All by mistake," concluded the baronet, who in his turn gave an explanation, as far as he knew them, of the particulars of his daughter's elopement, and his intended journey in pursuit of her. Poor Lady Bubble, who now, for the first time in her life, had really something to be miserable about, did not shed a tear, but giving one groan, and muttering "God forgive her! for I never will!" began mechanically busying herself in helping her husband to prepare for his departure, by dusting the pistols, which Sir Romulus had not touched since the morning of his eloquent oration from the window of the hotel, and which, unlike Werter, he did not kiss; such difference is there between lovers and husbands—even among fools and madmen. In another hour Sir Romulus and suite were 'en route' for Nice, where, on the third day, they arrived; and where some hours elapsed before they could ascertain the hotel where the guilty pair had taken up their abode. At length, having done so, and armed himself and his 'garde du corps' with relays of stout sticks, Sir Romulus reached the Hôtel du Midi just as the doctor had solved a problem, and was sitting down to breakfast, with that satisfaction which the consciousness of having surmounted a difficulty always inspires.

"My dear," said the doctor to his companion, a minute or two before the door opened and Sir Romulus and his staff made their appearance, "wid you like a divil."

"Yes, my dear Eppy, provided it is a clever one like you," replied the lady, patting the doctor's salt-petre looking cheek. "But why did you not take that nice house we saw yesterday; it would have been so much better than an hotel for us; more retired in the first place, and cheaper in the next."

"Why, you see, my dear, I heerd that Mr. Foxskin, who ran away with Mrs. Gosling, had been living there; and apparences are iverything in this world; for the less we practise it, the more necessary it is to talk about morality. If you obsarve, all my set write, and talk, and spachefy a power about virtue and morality, and all that sort of thing, which laves us all quite indepindant of such a troublesome and clogging commodity in our actions. Oh, my dear! talk is a mighty fine thing! in fact, it is the gravitation of society! Say (see) the time the Whigs have clung to office by it, and the shouls (shoals) of maneness, (meanness) lies, dirty tricks, and other thrifles it gits thim through! Give me that other loaf, my dear. I wonder what your legal long-shanks is about?"

“I hope making the tea I told him to be sure and get for me,” giggled Mrs. Lightbody.

“At all events, my dear, we have supplied him with hot water enough for the purpose,” replied the doctor, attacking a fourth egg; but before he had time to discuss it, the door opened, and Sir Romulus appeared, leading a van of seven or eight, including the servants, all twice armed with large bludgeons. Mrs. Lightbody screamed, upset the breakfast-table, and flew to her ‘cavaliero’ for protection; but, as Sir Romulus made straight for his back, he understood the danger of concussion between solid bodies too well not to take every precaution to avoid it; so, flinging Mrs. Lightbody from him as a good swimmer would a garment that encumbered him, he ducked his head, and darted with the velocity of lightning and the circuitous movement of an eel, under a piano that stood at the opposite side of the room; but, unfortunately, just as he was no doubt thinking “how sweet it was in harmony to dwell,” Colonel Lightbody kicked the instrument (which was a light cottage piano on casters) vehemently aside, and nothing was left for the doctor but to recur to what half a century ago had been a pastime to him, and now begin ‘*nolens volens*,’ playing at leap frog; but a heavy heart, and a stiff back, are not auxiliaries calculated to insure success, in a game requiring so much agility, consequently the doctor, who had sundry remnants of lumbago and rheumatism hanging about him, lost his balance and pitched upon his nose in attempting an all-four ‘*pas de grenouille*’ forward to avoid Sir Romulus’s proffered civility; but alas! a great man generally involves others in his fall; and, as the baronet stretched forward to seize the doctor by the collar, his own foot slipped, and he also fell full length over the former, not, however, before he had secured his wig, which he had grappled at in his fall. Thus released by the false hold the baronet had taken, and being of a slight and wiry make, Doctor Tripe made a great effort to separate mind from matter, and at length succeeded in withdrawing himself from under Sir Romulus, when, not to lose time he darted on his feet, and across the room to the door; but before he could reach it, Sir Romulus, who was lying on his stomach, and vainly flinging out his feet behind, like the second position in swimming, began flourishing the bay wig that had lately contained so much wisdom, and screaming out, “Stop the Algerine! stop the Algerine!—I’ll make a ghost of the first that lets him pass.”

The word ‘ghost’ roused all Cosmo’s spirit, and extending his arms, not indeed to embrace the doctor, but to impede his progress and prevent his escape, as people do insubordinate donkeys, colts, and cows who have a fancy for going beyond bounds, he presently succeeded in securely clasping Doctor Epaminondas Tripe’s thin, lath-like, cast-iron figure, when Colonel Lightbody and three servants, bringing up the rear, set upon him so effectually and so

unmercifully, that the Doctor's ejaculations of bodily agony completely drowned Sir Romulus's encouraging exclamations of "Bravo! bravissimo! that's right! go it!" accompanied by clapping the floor with his right hand, while he supported himself on his left.

"Oh! oh! oh!—my ribs!" roared the Doctor, by way of echo to the last two blows.

"Ah!—just so—just so—a—teach you for the future not to meddle with other people's ribs, you scientific old sinner!" said Colonel Lightbody.

Here Mrs. Lightbody heroically threw herself into the 'mêlée,' exclaiming; "Kill me if you will, but you shall not murder him!"

Sir Romulus, though still unable to regain his footing among the group, was not so completely floored as to lose that playful and elegant wit for which he was, on all occasions and under all circumstances so distinguished, now screamed out:

"Go on!—go on! never mind her!—hang all French fashions!—She has had Tripe 'à la poulette' long enough—now let her have it in the English style—with plenty of batter!—plenty of batter!—do you approve of that, Lightbody?"

"Ah! just so—just so a—but for variety's sake, let her have a little 'cervelles en marinade' with it," said Colonel Lightbody, aiming another blow at that part of Doctor Tripe's forehead where he himself had so lately suffered so severely.

"Eh, but I thank yer noo os complete a mummy os aver ye lectured upon," said Mr. McPhin, giving the final blow to the unhappy Doctor, and then, walking over with two servants, helped to pick up Sir Romulus. The landlord of the Hotel and several waiters had now joined the party, and, at Sir Romulus's command, proceeded to secure Mrs. Lightbody, who, screamed, kicked, and talked very bigly about prosecuting them for their infringement on the liberty of an English subject; notwithstanding which, she was forcibly borne away to the carriage by her father's orders, exclaiming, as she went, that no human power should long separate her from her adored Epaminondas! Meanwhile, her husband and father, considering her adored Epaminondas as completely beaten as a retreating army, left him to Plaisters and Philosophy, Meditation and Mathematics, while they retraced their steps back to Paris. Two days after their arrival in that city, the Bubble family returned to England, all more or less discontented with their continental 'séjour.' It was no wonder that, after his daughter had evinced so much, Sir Romulus should be a little 'dégoûté' with philanthropy, the result of which was, that he committed his journal to the flames, containing so many valuable hints on the cause and effect of Revolutions, and commenced a physiological work, endeavouring to prove—and in which he did prove, to his own and Lady Bubble's perfect satisfaction—that Galvanism and Sea-Bathing were the whole and sole causes of the demoralization of Modern Europe!

CONCLUSION.

"Never heed what Cynics tell,
Of the faithlessness of love :
Bound by virtue's golden spell,
Like yon fixed star above,
I have seen it shining through
The longest night of human woe,
Till hope began to bloom anew,
And all her witching smiles bestow."

MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Je puis vous marier, madame, à peu de frais ;
Le monde est tout rempli des heureux que j'ai faits."

M^{ME} ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

ALL that nature has given us of good, or of fine, of delicacy, or of sensibility in our characters, are only so many weak points for the world to take advantage of, and attribute folly to us in their stead ;—are you generous, you will have the reputation of extravagance—if you endeavour not to exceed your means, that comes under the denomination of stinginess—if you call vice, vice, and dare to condemn it, however successful—and virtue, virtue, and presume to defend and uphold it against that foul whirlpool—society, you are thought coarse and violent, two things unpardonable, especially in a woman—an animal who has but three privileges which she is unmolestedly allowed to avail herself of—imbecility, cunning, and endurance. Are you devoid of selfishness, you are an easy fool, who do not mind what is done to you or what is taken from you ; have you a heart easily moved at seeming affliction, you are an excellent target for your friends to aim every impostor at, of whom they wish to disembarass themselves. If you have met with much treachery, ingratitude, vulgarity, and impertinence, from more than one of your acquaintance—which if your position is either unfortunate or unprotected, you most assuredly have—then there are divers laments over your quarrelsome disposition, which won't allow you to keep well with any one ; if, on the contrary, you treat the delinquencies of your friends (!) with sovereign contempt—which after all is the wisest plan—and rub on with them the same, then that just and well-judging monster, called society, howls a dirge upon your meanness and want of spirit !—the only way, "*cui senatus singularibus verbis gratias egit*," is to pay the world back in its own coin, and for the few whose minds are too straight to wear the warped garment of hypocrisy, they should in self-defence take refuge in the arctic regions of reserve, and not show that they are made of "penetrable stuff."

Ever since the night Cecil had lent Mrs. Damnemall his carriage to take her home from the Mansion House, Miss Damnemall, who had been in town for a month since her mother's demise, made a point of asking him to lend it to her not only every day, but every

hour in the day ; this at length became such a nuisance, that he had serious thoughts of making the young lady a present of a carriage and horses in order to retain the use of his own. It was now April, London was very full, and the day of Miss Delville's long-talked of fancy-ball had arrived—had it been a Whig plot to shoot Her Most Gracious Majesty into popularity, greater excitement could not have prevailed—those who were invited were running mad after their dresses, and those who were not were running mad after invitations. Cecil was sitting with his feet stretched out against the fender, the newspaper in his hand, listening to the retreating sound of his own chariot wheels on their way to Southampton Street to take Miss Damnemall and her friend, Mrs. Whabble, out shopping, (we must in strict confidence, but in justice to Miss Damnemall, confess that this lady it was who instigated her to all her demands for Mr. Howard's carriage) when Gertrude entered the room, and gliding behind her brother's chair, placing her hands on his shoulders, and kissing his cheek, said,

“ You are coming to-night to Miss Delville's, brother mine, are you not ? ”

“ I don't know,” said Cecil, with a sort of spoilt child pout, as if he wanted to be petted into doing what he most wished to do ; “ I don't know—I've no carriage in the first place, and I don't know the lady in the next, as she's never thought fit to be at home when I've called.”

“ As for your first reason, it is not a reason but an absurdity,” laughed Gertrude ; “ and as for the second excuse, it is even more ridiculous—surely among us all your high and mightiness might find some mode of conveyance ; and as to the lady's never being at home when you've called, thanks to your own obstinacy, you never have called but once, and that was yesterday, and she was out, or only having returned to town the day before, perhaps did not choose to be at home.”

“ Well—I suppose I must go, since you insist upon it,” smiled Cecil.

“ Oh, I insist upon nothing ; only if you do come, you must come early, as I want to show you the house.”

“ ‘ There's no compulsion, honey, only you must,’ is that it ! ” laughed Cecil, kissing Gertrude's pretty little hand, which returned the salute with a slap—“ but has not Miss Delville a friend staying with her ? who is she ? ”

“ Twenty times you've asked me that, and twenty times I've answered you no, you foolish boy,” said Gertrude.

“ Very strange ! who could it be ? ” soliloquised Cecil.

Here the door opened, and Girouette announced Mr. McPhin, who darted into the room as if Mademoiselle Perpignon had been after him.

“ Eh, Maister Hoord, y'ell axcuse the leberty I tak, sir, but I'm

delighted to see you again," said the worthy man, dropping his hat and stick simultaneously out of each hand on the floor as Cecil extended both his to receive him.

"Ond Miss Monners, sir? the dear yong lady, hove ye heerd ony tidings of her lately?"

But the crimson flush of Cecil cheek, and the quivering of his lip, as he pronounced the word "no," made Mr. McPhin sensible that he had committed some great blunder, though he did not exactly know how, so clearing his throat, he added with great empressement:

"Ehem—ehem—it's the auld leddy I meant to be asking for, Meestress Monners, but my tongue's like Kikseywicksy, rather opt to stumble."

"Oh, she is quite well," said Cecil, smiling at the promptitude of the poor tutor's subterfuge.

"This is a sad business about Mrs. Lightbody!" resumed Cecil; "how does poor Sir Romulus bear up under it?"

"Eh, with tolerable defience, sir; it a' comes of this confooded morriage; it's you ond I thot are weel out of it!" replied Mr. McPhin, for the first time in his life feeling both proud and happy.

"By the bye, Mr. M'Phin," smiled Gertrude, "a very pretty young lady who has a fancy ball to-night, has expressed a wish to see you, having heard much about you, I think she said from Mademoiselle Perpignon."

"Mum," groaned Mr. McPhin, "aude (I have) no foney for young leddies, especially such os I'm raccommended to by Mademoiselle Perpignon."

"Well, but," laughed Gertrude, "there will be some excellent music there, will not that tempt you?"

"Why, mum, with regard to music, aum (I am) of the same opinion os Don Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondonedo, Preacher, ond Historiographer to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, wha used to obsarve that 'music, poetry, valour, ond love, are the four sides of folly,' not but what each might be commendable enough in its way with discretion, but because thot the like parts generally fall to the lot of persons of inconseederable, weak, and slender judgments '."

"Then you won't go," laughed Cecil and Gertrude both together.

"I'd rather be axcused," said Mr. McPhin; "besides I really can't, os I hove to escort Lady Bubble to Dr. Domnemall's Chopel in Holborn, for ye see she takes Mrs. Lightbody's conduct in the Methody line, while puir Sir Romulus, I fear, will presarve the recollection of it in brondy if he gangs on os he's begun."

"And do you like going to Dr. Damnemall's Chapel?" asked Cecil.

¹ For this sapient remark, see a most ridiculous old book, page 47, written by this worthy, published in Portugal, and translated into English in 1697, entitled, "The Government of a Wife, or wholesome and pleasant advice to Married Men."

“Augh don’t dislike it; it’s a cool ond pleasant place enough; ye see Momselle—hoving turned Catholic—never shows her face there by ony chance.”

“And do you never persuade her to go?” laughed Cecil.

“Eh, sir,” cried Mr. McPhin, starting on his feet, pulling a letter out of his pocket, and hastily buttoning up his coat, “it wad not be right to antroduce Purgatory into the Church of England sarvice; but here is a letter (ond thot’s what I came about) that Sir Romulus wishes forwarded to thot unnatural curiosity, Miss Tripe, immediately.”

And so saying, notwithstanding Cecil’s proffered hands, Mr. McPhin took his leave by respectfully bowing, and backing out of the room.

“Poor Mr. McPhin,” said Gertrude, rising, “the name of Mademoiselle Perpignon effectually drove him away. Well, good bye, Cecil; I shall come for you at half-past nine, so don’t keep me waiting.”

“Half-past nine is very early,” said Cecil; but before he could finish the sentence, Gertrude was gone,—and, strange to say, he was ready at half-past nine!

“To Miss Delville’s,” said Gertrude, as soon as her brother got into the carriage.

“But are we not ridiculously early?” said Cecil.

“No—I wish to introduce you to her, before all the people come.”

Cecil made no reply; and they both relapsed into silence, till the carriage stopped in Whitehall, and the echo of the thundering knock aroused them.

“Ah, this is the right style of house” said Cecil, looking round at some of the chef-d’œuvres of sculpture in the hall, as he and Gertrude ascended the wide snow-white marble staircase, and their footsteps fell noiselessly amid the velvet pile of the violet and gold-coloured Axminster carpets.

The large folding doors of the drawing rooms were of plate glass, with a massive trellis-work of richly gilt carving over them, on the outside; while violet velvet curtains, embroidered with golden violets, fell before them from within, so as to conceal the rooms from the gallery. These rooms, which were magnificent in themselves, and so long as to be three or four times divided with Acolite pillars, and richly gilt Corinthian capitals,—were also rich in pictures of the best masters, all of which were skilfully lit from Psyche lamps, held by statues; while the light from these lamps was again artfully reflected from the mirrors that intermingled with the paintings and carvings of the ceiling. The suite was terminated by a beautiful conservatory, so lit as to resemble daylight; and at either end were two fountains, the silver and tinkling sound of whose waters accorded well with the chef-d’œuvre of sculpture that

was placed near each, one of which was Gibson's "Hylas and the Nymphs," and the other, Wyatt's "Nymph stepping into a Bath." A profusion of beautiful Eastern birds, with their gorgeous plumage, seemed perfectly contented and happy in an artificial temperature resembling their native atmosphere, while "all Arabia breathed" around them. At the end of the conservatory was a small fairy-like door of carved ivory and gold, opening into a boudoir that might have belonged to Titania. The curtains were of the palest pink satin, with white lace over them, and frilled with the most delicate Mechlin imaginable, as were the pillows of the sofa, which were made of the same material. There were a few small modern-shaped chairs, of ivory and gold; and others in the form of 'prie Dieu,' whose old point-lace coverings—thrown out, as they were, by the soft pink lining—gave them the appearance of old ladies blushing to look young. The walls were also of pale pink satin, with lace fluted over them. There were no pictures here, but exquisitely done small enamels, in deeply carved silver frames, in imitation of the old open carving of branches and birds. Each small picture was suspended with strings of pale rose-coloured ribbon, fastened with rosettes of Mechlin lace.

The few books that were in the room—and which rested on an ebony table, inlaid with green and white ivory and gold—were all bound in green velvet, with filagree gold clasps and corners. One large silver modern Roman lamp, with chains, hung from the centre of the room; while in each corner were high bronze girandoles, in the 'iris' or 'fleurs de lis' form, the stems and leaves of which were bronze; but the lilies, which were studded thickly about them, so as to imitate nature, were of white ground-glass, with lamps in each of them, that shed the softest yet most brilliant light possible. The only piece of sculpture in the room, was an exquisite group, under a canopy opposite the fire-place, of a Sleeping Cupid, and a Psyche in the act of stealing the lamp. The sleeping marble, which had that delicate glow through the flesh that Praxiteles had the art of infusing into his statues, actually seemed to breathe,—and the bosom of the Psyche to palpitate from suppressed breathing, as one finely modelled finger was pressed on her beautiful lips. The head was partly turned back, and there was an imploring and resistless loveliness about the whole figure, that gave one the idea of its being the embodied soul of the sleeping God. A harp and a piano completed the furniture.

"I will leave you," said Gertrude, with a sort of triumphant smile "to look for Miss Delville."

She closed the door before Cecil could reply. He did not know why, but his heart beat violently—there was something in the atmosphere of the place that he seemed to love and to *know*, though, to his knowledge, he had never been there before. The

fact is, there *is* a mysterious sympathy in nature; and the air of any place that has been frequently impregnated with thoughts of us by others, finds its way to our hearts, and in its turn creates thoughts of them. Genuine love, if not virtue, approaches nearer to it than anything else; for when real, and untainted by ulterior motives, there is about it a purity, a sublimity, a simplicity, and a nature, so totally devoid either of vanity or of ostentation, that both its aim and its reward centre wholly within itself. Yet so different is it from all other self-existing resources, that, far from making us independent, it makes bondage absolutely necessary to existence! Alas! that love should be, in our life, the same unendurable point that our little life is in the wide space of Time! Love's delirium is to fancy itself eternal! while its chief attribute is constant change—not indeed of object, for then it is no longer love—but, like the moon, though its sphere is ever the same, and its every ray is reflected from another source, yet its own phases are continually varying, and influencing the destinies which it either mars or makes. After all, love at best is a malady, and often a fatal one, whose most favourable symptom is perhaps a soft melancholy,—with sufficient memory in it to make us dream, and sufficient hope to gild those dreams into futurity!

Cecil walked to and fro, with a restlessness that he could not control;—then he sat down, but it was only for a moment;—and the next he was pacing the room, as though by so doing he thought he should find a solution to his own complicated and burning thoughts. A magnificent album lay upon the table; over it was a filagree of gold work, studded with uncut rubies and pearls. He opened it; some beautiful drawings met his view, but could not rivet his attention; and he turned listlessly over the leaves, till he was startled by seeing a song in his own hand-writing that he had written more than two years before, in a book of Theresa's, but not that book. Where was he? Did he dream? He passed his hand over his eyes, and mechanically read the following words:

“ My soul is like a bee—laden, laden,
With honied thoughts of thee, maiden, maiden;
Yet the sweets I've rifled leave thee as fair,
As buds that have trifled with summer air,
Or blush'd 'neath the sun!

“ Life is but a stream sparkling on its way,
On whose banks we dream thro' youth's sultry day:
While bright hope's rosy smile dimples the hours,
Which love to beguile has strew'd o'er with flowers,
Like a child at play!

“ Still on the stream's rushing its arrowy course,
Now gliding, now gushing, now silvery, now hoarse,
Now o'er margins of roses, now over shoals,
Till a whirlpool closes o'er all the rash souls
Who braved its deep waters!

"Then, maiden, together still let us dream
On the fresh heather, leaving the stream
To the restless who seek all that we've found
In love's sheltered creek : for eternity bound,
Hope anchors in heaven!"

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed Cecil; "my lines! my writing! can she have given them to another?—Yet, no, who else would care to have them—Theresa must be staying with this Miss Delville—but what is that to me! she can never be anything to me now!"

He had scarcely arrived at this very unsatisfactory conclusion, when the sound of a door opening gently at his back caused him to turn round, when he perceived a large dog's head peering through the doorway, and at which he had scarcely looked before he recognized his faithful old friend, Bruno.

"Bruno! poor Bruno! you here, too, is it possible? He had no sooner pronounced the dog's name than the animal bounded forward, and in another moment his paws were on his former master's shoulders, his cold nose had made the tour of his face, and his cries of delight had echoed through the room, while his tail, like Mr. O'Connell's, seemed bent upon levelling every thing, for it swept several books off of the adjoining table. In the midst of these greetings between the two friends the door again opened, and three figures appeared; the first was Gertrude, and the second a man wearing the glittering armour of the Knight of the Star of the East, that had caused Cecil such bitter uneasiness at the tournament—in short it was no other than Lionel Manners, leading in his niece in the dress of Edith Plantagenet. Cecil's first impulse was to rush forward, nor was there anything very repulsive in the blush on Theresa's cheek or in the tears that filled her beautiful eyes, as she extended her small, white hand, and placed it tremblingly in his;—still he started back, as he faltered out,

"By what name am I to have the hap—the honour of addressing you?"

"Either by that of Theresa or of Delville," replied Miss Manners, smiling, and cordially shaking Cecil's unresisting but equally uncomplying hand.

"Then I have to congratulate you on your marriage," said Cecil, growing deadly pale, and dropping her hand.

"Come," said Mr. Manners, who compassionated the intense agony depicted in his face, "sit down, and I'll see if I cannot compress the last two years into a few words, and bring you to the point you are anxious to arrive at. My eyes were not so old," continued he, "that they did not very clearly perceive before I had been many days domiciled with my relations how matters stood between you and Theresa; I saw that you adored her,"—Cecil looked

grateful—"but that you did not know how to love her"—Cecil looked a flat and indignant denial. "It is nevertheless perfectly true," said Mr. Manners, in answer to his looks, "for it is the easiest thing in the world for any man to adore a beautiful, amiable, and fascinating woman, but there are very few who know how to love her, and you were among the number. Yes, I repeat it, sir, although you were to frown all the lights in the room into darkness, you were among the number, for you were jealous without a cause. Jealousy is a God, inasmuch as it creates everything out of nothing, but it is also the most heinous of idolaters—a self-worshipper, sacrificing all things on the altars of its most foul superstition, even to the immolation of the idol it affects to invoke—in short, it is the lamp of Psyche, which loses all in seeking too much. I saw you then with this lamp in your hand, seeking your destruction from morning till night; this I did not so much care about, but when I recollected the fiend-like power which the law allows, and the gordian knot with which custom has secured that power to man, I did care to see a young, pure, fond, confiding heart, exposed to such an ordeal, by being placed within the pale, and subjected to all the relentless tortures arising from the omnipotence of a marital inquisition. What was to be done? There was no sudden impulse in your jealousy—no, it was a sort of predisposition in your nature, and therefore I dreaded it, for what arrives by slow and quiet degrees, whether in morals or in physics, is always decisive and inevitable; I saw that yours was a character which met misfortunes by anticipating them, recoiled from them with honor when met, and then performed a useless penance of unavailing regrets over results which a little conduct and a little prudence on your part might have avoided. I therefore resolved upon a test by which you should be reformed, or reap the fruits of your broken promise of amendment; you know the result of my experiment, for the failure of which you have no one to blame but yourself. I then determined upon removing my niece from the influence of a man who, not being capable of managing his own happiness, was certainly not fit to be trusted with hers; but compassionating her lingering weakness in your favour, I yielded to her entreaties of remaining another month in England after your departure for London; during that month you had the grace neither to approach, write to her, or in any way to vindicate your conduct, or sue for a pardon that you did not deserve—a proceeding which while it alienated you from her good graces, reinstated you one step in mine, and in this antipodical frame of mind we sailed for India, Theresa not caring one straw for you—don't interrupt me, my dear—being fully convinced of the truth of the report that you were about to be married to Lady Annette Lovell."

"Good God!" interrupted Cecil.

"If either of you say another word I'll leave the room, and sail

for Calcutta next week.”—Cecil bowed—Theresa smiled—and Mr. Manners resumed. “Well, when we arrived in India, difficult as you may find it to believe, I assure you Theresa found a host of admirers, and among others a very old acquaintance of mine and a perfect Cræsus, Arthur Delville”—Cecil’s breath came short and quick—“for the last thirty years all the bales of marriageables imported from England had done their best to secure him but in vain; however, though he was by this time old enough to know better, he proposed for my niece.”—

“And she accepted him!” gasped Cecil.

“No, sir, she did not.”

“Thank you, thank you, God bless you!” said Cecil, not well knowing what he was saying.

“You need not thank me, for I did all I could to make her marry him—but perhaps she was right, for notwithstanding his protestations that he should never forget her, in less than three months he went off with—the yellow fever, first having had the complaisance to make his will, leaving her one million six hundred thousand pounds for having, as he expressed it, had the virtue to refuse the same when mortgaged by a disagreeable old fellow, but whose name he trusted she would not refuse to take now that it was disencumbered of himself; well, sir, would you believe it, Theresa had no sooner got this little independence than she fancied herself her own mistress, and wanted, right or wrong, to return to England; but I soon convinced her that all her money could not make me relinquish my authority:—the fact is, I again dreaded her coming in contact with a certain madman of the name of Cecil Howard whom I had met in Shropshire”—Cecil smiled, while Theresa gave him a look that might have turned any man’s head. “However,” continued Mr. Manners, after some time, “I myself began to have a great wish to shake hands with a Mr. Howard, member for——, a very different person by all accounts from my Shropshire friend; as all the world heard of his public career, and all I heard of his private one, which is the only real part of any man, delighted me, and as a proof of it I then volunteered to return to England; but we were too rich and too great to seek any one, which accounts for my not having called upon you; no, I thought it strange, on the contrary, that you did not hasten to pay your respects to us, when all London were half-killing themselves to testify their admiration of my friend Delville’s posthumous virtues, all of which he had bequeathed to Theresa, who had placed them in the English funds, and thus secured the esteem and homage of the greatest nation in the world, because the only one which acknowledges no good qualities in any individual but what are *sterling*; but as you did not know that in us you would find your old acquaintance, I confess you were much raised in my opinion by not being among the num-

ber of our worshippers ; and as Miss Delville and I have ever coincided in opinion (always excepting upon the one memorable point, of as to the fittest time for our return to England) I don't think you were lowered in her's by it. My tale is ended, and I have nothing more to say, except that if you have no peculiar or personal objection to the name of Howard Delville, you are welcome to take it as soon as you like,—for I command Theresa to bestow it on you, and she dare not disobey me !” So saying, Mr. Manners rose, and offering Gertrude his arm, added : “ Come, my dear, I don't see what further use you and I can be of here ; for although Howard has at length condescended to shake hands with me, and call me his best friend, and all that sort of thing, they neither of them seem to be able to find any conversation for us, so we will go into the ball-room, where we have a thousand dear friends ready to receive us.”

As Lionel Manners and Gertrude closed the door after them leading into the conservatory, they thought they saw Cecil's arm encircle Theresa's waist, as her head reclined on his shoulder ; but, as they never revealed this vision to any one, we cannot take upon us to assert that such was actually the fact, especially as what is probable is not always possible ! any more than what is possible is not always probable ; but being of Mr. Manners' opinion, that we can be of no further use, we will leave Mr. Howard and Miss Delville ‘*tête à tête*.’

Suffice it to say, that they did not make their appearance in the ball-room till very late, when many flourishing hopes were blighted, by the public announcement of Miss Delville's approaching marriage.

Political economists say that there is enough of food in the world for every body ; and optimists assert that there is happiness enough in the world for all—‘*quand même !*’ Be this as it may, we cannot see why because Miss Delville and Mr. Howard think themselves the happiest people in it, that nobody else should be happy. Though perhaps happiness bursts upon some, like sunrise, all at once, yet to others it comes, like college honours, by degrees. So it was with Miss Prudence. Several days had she been debating within herself (during the manufacture of a new black silk dress) as to the propriety of her calling upon Dr. Damnemall, to condole with him in person. Of the pleasure of it, there could be no doubt ; and hence her scruples. Luckily, when they were at their acmé, Theresa's marriage was announced to her, and she immediately felt the necessity of communicating the intelligence to the Doctor. For which reason—having discussed a very substantial luncheon—she started from Miyart's for Southampton Street on foot, at about four o'clock, P.M. with no other companion but her umbrella. The early part of the day having been very showery, she had much difficulty in keeping her new black silk dress immaculate till she arrived in South-

ampton Street; however, what with tucking it through the pocket-hole, and sundry other little precautions, it arrived uninjured. Not so the dimity petticoat, over which it was let down, as she knocked at Dr. Damnemall's door, which, after a second appeal, was opened by a cherry-cheeked maid, as the footman was waiting at dinner.

Now, though Miss Prudence loved the Doctor's man, and his maid, his ox, and his ass, and every thing that was his, she did not like (at least on the present occasion) "the stranger within his gate." So she took the precaution of inquiring whether he was alone.

"Yes, ma'am, quite," said the maid, "for Miss Damnemall is out with Mrs. Whabble, in Mr. Oward's carriage."

"Oh, then I'll go in, for I'm confident he'll see me."

"He's at dinner, ma'am," hesitated the maid.

"Oh dear! I hope he gets his meals comfortable, now he's a single man?" said Miss Prudence, following the maid into the passage, and raising her voice, so as that her anxiety might reach the Doctor's ears.

"Miss Bubble, sir," said the maid, throwing open the dining-room door.

One glance round the room, must have realised all Miss Prudence's hopes as to the Doctor's gastronomic comforts. On the table before him was a lobster '*à la chipolata*,' in a silver saucepan, for immediate use; the remains of three roast pigeons were lying neglected at the other end of the table; while the caserole in office was surrounded by sundry black bottles, a decanter of Madeira, and another of Port. Before the fire were two iron-barred shelves, with two scallops of '*macaroni au gratin*' on one, and two large Spanish onions on the other, while each hob was illustrated with plates. On the side table were a cold round of beef, the *débris* of a hot ham and a roast turkey, a Stilton, Parmasan, and Gruyère cheese, with sardines, cavier, char, and other condiments. The Doctor himself sat sideways at the table, supporting one foot upon a bootikin, from a recent attack of gout.

Miss Prudence's heart was full—so was the Doctor's mouth, as at her entrance he rose, and hobbled, or rather hopped towards her, removing his napkin from his chin, and applying his handkerchief to his eyes. Miss Prudence did the same,—but sorrow is proverbially dry; the Doctor poured out two glasses of wine—they drank them—they were better!—especially the Doctor, who was now able to converse about his "widowed state." Miss Prudence, with her usual perspicuity, thought the best antidote for that was marriage, and announced Theresa's; but marriages, like all other misfortunes, never come single (which means that, alas! there is no getting single again, when once you are married); and somehow or other, in less than an hour Dr. Damnemall had ascertained that the whole of Miss Prudence's forty thousand pounds in the five per cents were

entirely at her own disposal; and with some of that eloquence which she had so long admired, he assured her that she would ever be dear to him, even on those terms; but far be it from us to raise the veil which shrouds the mysteries of the heart! No! let the Doctor's professions, like his profession, be sacred; it is enough for the world to know, that before he and Miss Prudence parted on that eventful evening, he asked her "if she would be his?" and she replied, with her usual candour, that she "should like it beyond every thing!"

Little now remains to be told of the Bubble Family. It was decided, *nem. con.*, that, twelve months after the events above recorded, the marriages of Theresa and Cecil, and Gertrude and Lord Mornington, were to be solemnized at Bubble Hall. Nor was this sufficient. Hymen seemed busy with the whole family, for in the intercourse Marmaduke was obliged to have with the Mornington Family, he quite overcame his prejudice to widows, and committed matrimony with his first and last love, Lady Mornington.

There was but one thing in the course of all these events, which displeased Miss Prudence; and that was, that Dr. Damnemall did not unite all the couples; but as he was himself to figure as a bridegroom on the same day, she was forced to submit to the Bishop of———officiating in his stead.

The morning of the omnibus wedding, Sir Romulus took Cecil aside, as he was walking with the rest of the procession into the chapel.

"Um—um—um—my dear Howard," said he, "I have never said a word to mortal,—but I do hope you have been candid with Theresa about your cork leg, for it's not fair to deceive her."

"I assure you for the hundreth time, my dear sir," said Cecil, laughing, "I have no cork leg."

"Um—um—after that!" said Sir Romulus, turning up his hands and eyes, and walking on into the chapel, with the most bridal air he could assume. Colonel Lightbody was the only one of the family absent on the joyous occasion,—but he had had enough of marriage. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Delville set off for Earl's Court, a place of the Duke of Arlington's, about twenty miles from Bubble Hall. Lord and Lady Mornington went to Mornington Abbey, in Wales; and Mrs. Damnemall to the Rectory, where she first entered upon her conjugal duties, by inclosing a ten-pound note to her stepson in the 158th, with instructions about the best way of laying it out, which she said was—not to change it. Marmaduke alone, in order to do as other people do, remained at the hall, to dance out his own wedding; for, as he truly observed, both Sir Charles Grandison, Sir William Thornhill, and Tom Jones, had done the same.

Three weeks after all these bridals, poor Mademoiselle Perpi-

gnon took a fever, and died. It was supposed so many marriages, in which she had no part, did not agree with her. Peace be to her manes ! Mr. McPhin heaved a sigh to her memory, exclaiming with great pathos :

“ Poor creature, nae thing in life became her like the leaving it ! ”
He, worthy man, continues a fixture in the Bubble Family.

Miss Damnemall's marriage was celebrated a month after, with Mr. Alonzo Tripe (who wrote his own epithalamium) at Gorget Cottage, on which occasion Mrs. Whabble gave a ball ; but, although Lord and Lady John were staying at Bubble Hall, Major Whabble would not allow her to ask that gentleman, having again turned Tory,—and justly observing that any Whigs would disgrace their party.

Sir Romulus again enjoys the same unbounded personal liberty he did before he went abroad,—being able to go, without asking any leave or giving any account of his ‘ *démarches*, ’ from Dunderhead Common to Shrewsbury, provided he is in by six ; but having purchased from the Duc de Montébello, previous to his quitting Paris, a large quantity of Champagne, and his ‘ *Chef* ’ being a perfect adept ‘ *dans l'art de truffer les dindes*, ’ and in what the said ‘ *Chef* ’ calls ‘ *des véritables abrégés de Paradis, des petites bouchées de foie gras*, ’ Sir Romulus, from frequent attacks of gout, is seldom in a state to use, much less to abuse, his liberty ; Lady Bubble therefore confesses that he is quite a reformed character, and that she should be the happiest of women, could she forget her daughter's delinquency. With one exception, every thing remains in ‘ *statu quo* ’ at Bubble Hall, and that exception is, that Lady Bubble has never been known to drive postilion since her return from the Continent, and has been heard to declare on more than one occasion, that she would rather even travel in a stage coach than post,—such a horror has she of them.

Colonel Lightbody succeeded in getting a divorce, and has quitted the army ; but seldom comes to Bubble Hall.

Dr. Epaminondas Tripe has not married Mrs. Lightbody ; but continues to write highly moral ! and deeply scientific articles for his own and his friends' periodicals ; while Miss Tripe has set up a preparatory school of ‘ *enseignement mutuel* ’ at the “ *Barrière d'Enfer*. ”

Six months after his father's death, Sir Henry Clavering was introduced in the same tomb with his beautiful and ill-fated wife.

Blanche lives with her first friends, Cecil and Theresa, whose daily increasing happiness alone convinces her that there is such a thing in the world : but she is now seventeen, and Mr. Stuart Vernon, having recently returned from abroad and become Cecil's most intimate friend, seems in a fair way to convince the beautiful Blanche that there is more to be found.

Lady Annette is living with her father, on a limited fortune, with

no other occupation but that of spoiling her son, who already plagues her out of her life.

Many persuasions have been wasted upon Mr. McPhin, and even the example of his friends, to induce him to marry,—but in vain ! For he still asserts that if marriages are made in heaven, that it is only a proof that they are like all other ready-made things,—which seldom turn out well. The result is, that Sir Romulus's last ' bon mot ' which has reached our ears, consisted in bestowing the ' sobriquet ' of the Epithalamium on him. Upon Lord John's inquiring why of all men in the world he should call Mr. McPhin by such an appellation, when he was always railing at marriage, he facetiously replied :

“ For that very reason,—because he is *a verse to matrimony !* —*a verse to matrimony !* Do you approve of that ? ”

But, as we are happy to state, Mr. McPhin has not succeeded in instilling his own prejudices into his pupil, who, on the contrary, seems labouring under a growing affection for his cousin Johndina, who makes paper pillows quite as well as her mother,—there is no chance of the BUBBLE FAMILY becoming extinct.

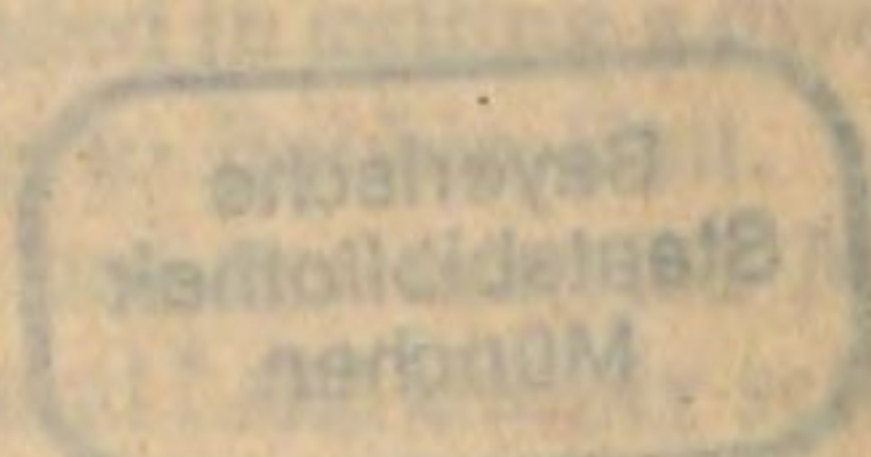
THE END.

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The Budget of the Bubble Family

Paris 1840

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